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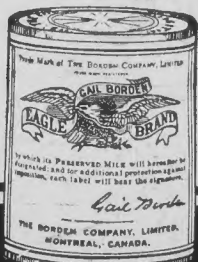
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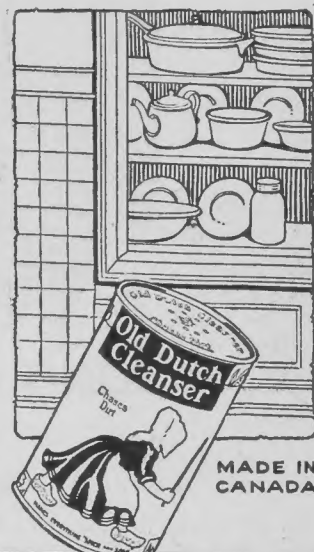
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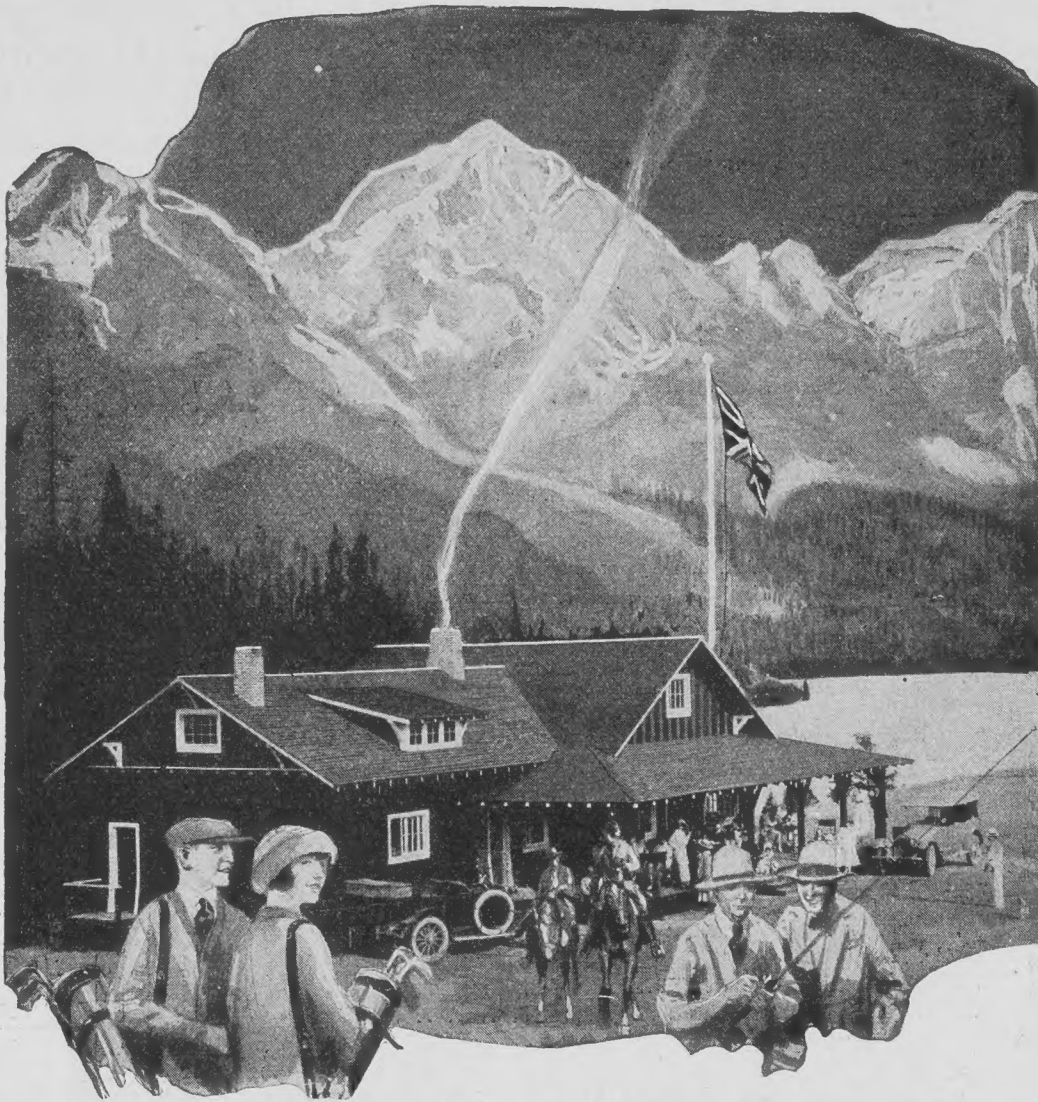
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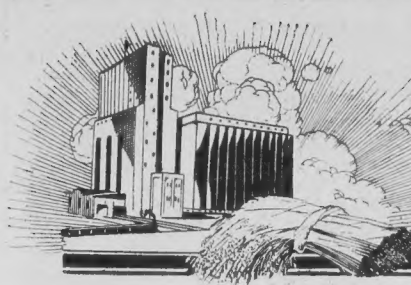
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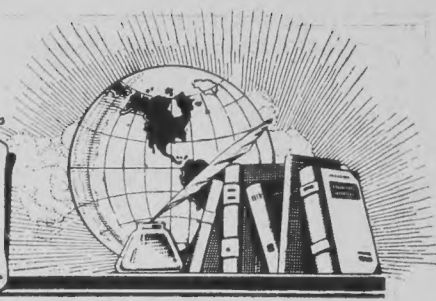
# CANADIAN PACIFIC

IT SPANS THE WORLD





# EDITORIAL



## Western Sport

**T**HERE is no country in the world that provides such fine opportunities for winter sport, as Western Canada. There are indeed those who say we have all gone sport crazy, with curling, skating, hockey-playing, tobogganing, dog-racing—everybody seems to be at it or talking about it.

Sport when properly conducted is a fine thing for an individual and for a community. No one who neglects play in his youth can expect to make the most of his life either for profit or enjoyment. It is natural for children to play and nature makes no mistake in implanting the play desires in the human breast. They are all for good if properly directed. Dr. Stanley Hall asks the question "What would happen if you cut off a tadpole's tail?" His answer is that if it ever developed it would turn out to be a dwarfed and mis-shapen frog. So is it with children. If you deny them opportunities to satisfy their God-given interest for play, they will develop into dwarfed and shrivelled specimens of humanity. Play is necessary for recreation; it provides an opportunity for running off surplus energy; it anticipates the actual struggles of life. If properly controlled it is invigorating, life-building, character forming.

Nor do children alone need play. Grown people must have their diversion, otherwise they lose their spontaneity, their elasticity and their charm. Play keeps people young and buoyant. It makes them interesting and cheerful. It is life's finest tonic. This is particularly true of outdoor play as we have it in the West.

To participate in play is not just the same thing as to watch others play, and there is a danger that people will become nothing but observers. In this city last week it is reckoned that fifteen thousand people watched the hockey contests. They manifested the same kind of interest as spectators of gladiatorial contests and bull-fights, only that the brutal element in the appeal was lacking. There was added, however, this significant fact that most spectators in modern hockey matches have a keen personal interest in the players. This is one of the things that gives Western sport its charm. It is possibly quite true that nothing does a small town more good than to rally around a group of young players to cheer them on to victory. Local pride is a good thing, and the best thing for a community to be proud of is its young people.

Sometimes one could wish that the same community zeal would be manifested in education and spiritual culture as is now manifested in sport.

There is a grave danger that the sporting element will be too much in evidence. There is more in life than sport, and there is more in sport than winning victories. To play the game is more to the point than to win the game.

As a rule professionalism and all that approaches professionalism in amateur sport tends to degrade. The strength of sport in Western Canada is the fact that it is controlled in the interest of amateurs. Nothing should be so thoroughly discouraged as an attempt on the part of any team to import promising members from other districts. The first condition of success is that contests shall be carried on under the supervision of a wise executive committee, that will do justice to all clubs and all players. The committee in charge this year has not to be congratulated on its arrangements.

Apart from contests in hockey there has been intense interest this year in sport because of the visit of the Scottish curlers. Their visit will not soon be forgotten. True they have not had the same opportunity of practising the game as Western-born people, but they know how to win and how to lose. It is a fine thing to say of any nation that it produces good sports, and we take off our hats to Scotland.

There is one exaggeration of winter sport concerning which nothing very complimentary can be said. The holding of a carnival has little in its favor. The election of a queen is not a pleasing feature, and the activities of the carnival do not develop qualities that count for much in good citizenship. The whole thing is too loud, too ostentatious, for Canada. It is in bad taste. It doesn't benefit people to attend a carnival, and it doesn't do a country or city any good to hold one. Like the stampede it has had its day.

But as for true out-door sport, whether free or competitive, it is a great thing for a country. Let us see to it that we keep it clean and respectable and free from every suspicion of professionalism and impropriety. Above all let us not overdo it. Life has a serious side.

## The Cost of Education

**P**EOPLE all over the continent seem to have aroused themselves in order to discuss the problem of school education. They say it is costing too much, and that it is not of a practical nature, that it is too pretentious and lacking in thoroughness—all of which may be true or partly true.

It does cost much more to educate a child than it did a few years ago. It also costs much more to live than it did then. Everything appears to have gone up in price. But in many districts incomes of producers, more especially farmers, have not increased, and so it is impossible to pay the cost of education. In one province one hundred and eighty schools are closed because the councils cannot collect taxes. In the cities and towns the burden is often felt to be excessive. Yet among the complainants are men who smoke a dozen boxes of cigars a year, and the cost of these would pay for the education of two children. Or to put it in another way a golfer's fees for a season will pay for the education of from one to three children. After all, is education so costly a matter?

Sometimes it is said pupils are lacking in earnestness and that as a result they are slipshod in their attainments. They are too fond of entertainment, of having a good time. There may be truth in this, and it may be that the pupils are merely following the lead of their parents. When old folks go daft on dancing and picture shows the young people are quite ready to imitate them. On the other hand it may be that in most cases the pupils are working just as faithfully as one should expect, just as diligently, indeed, as did their parents. We are all in danger of seeing our childhood days in a bright light. It is also possible that parents missed a good deal out of life that young people now are permitted to enjoy. The ideal is not to fashion children after their parents, but to give them the education best suited to present conditions.

It is also possible that the programme of school activities today is too elaborate. Once on a time we were satisfied to know how to read, write and spell, and we let it go at that. Today we expect children to learn in addition all the ordinary school branches and then temperance, physiology, civics, music, art and whatever else strikes the public fancy, and then outside of school, every pupil must be linked up with clubs of various kinds, such as cadets, scouts, C. G. I. T. groups, boys' clubs—all excellent enough, no doubt, but breaking in upon the quiet of home, and the seriousness of study. No boy can ever make much of his life unless he concentrates his attention on the performances of well-defined tasks. As a people, old and young, we are growing flighty. Perhaps we had better look a little more closely at our own behaviour than at the behaviour of the children.

Sometimes we think the school is at fault unless pupils are worrying over their work. Isn't it possible that people always get the most out of life when they are enjoying themselves? Might it not pay to stop scolding and urging for a time and to make school work so attractive through careful selection and wise presentation, that students will go wild over their work? The thing is quite possible if parents and teachers will join hands.

## Temperance Legislation

**W**ESTERN CANADA is deeply interested in the temperance question. There is reason for the interest because conditions are anything but satisfactory. British Columbia with its so-called government control is said to be one big dispensary. Saskatchewan, through unscrupulous traders has carried on a limitless traffic with the South and with other provinces. In Manitoba everything possible has been attempted by bootleggers and others interested to increase the distribution of liquor, so that the temperance act might be discounted. In Alberta things are reported as equally bad.

Is the free use of liquor advisable? It is not. It is damning to the individual and to society. The individual it hurts physically, mentally and morally. Society it impoverishes, disrupts, contaminates. It brings misery to the home, hardship and poverty to the wives and children. It ruins business. It destroys national spirit. It is the origin of bloody strife and the parent of lust and crime. It is not necessary to state further what everybody knows. There are no words to describe the evil at its worst. What it has done it will do again if opportunity presents itself.

What is the best way to deal with the problem? Clearly that plan is best which will reduce drinking to a minimum. By common consent the bar has been condemned. Can we not hope, in the name of our children, that it will never be restored? Government control has never yet meant control and never will so long as those shaping the legislation are favorable to the free use of liquor as a beverage. The safest thing to do with a mad dog is to kill it. The safest thing to do with liquor is to do without it.

Does this not interfere with the liberty of the individual? We do not hesitate to dictate to the owner of the mad dog, and we should not hesitate to dictate to those who would put temptation in the way of youth. But how about the privilege of using liquor in private? There are some privileges a man will not claim if he thinks of others rather than of himself. Really this is the only way to approach the problem. It is a question if one man in ten thinks about liberty while demanding it so loudly. How about the liberty of his family to live in peace, the liberty of the community to be free from strife?

Would not the state reap a rich income if it took over the liquor business? Suppose, if you like, that the people of a province drink to the tune of three millions a year. Does it not follow that the three million dollars will be held back from the merchants and groceries? It has been reckoned, and probably rightly, that a dollar spent uselessly in liquor means five dollars lost to trade. There is no argument so flimsy as that of the man who would increase provincial income by sale of liquor, knowing that the sure results must be destruction of trade and industry and the demoralization of the people.

The history of the temperance movement in Canada and the United States shows that drinking has greatly decreased under prohibition. This decrease has taken place despite the fact that the strongest effort has been put forth to discredit temperance legislation. The temperance acts which we have are not by any means perfect, and the enforcement of law has not always been satisfactory, but citizens should consider very carefully before adopting any policy which would make it more easy for liquor to enter the homes of the people. In a matter of this kind there are children to think about. They always stand first when moral issues are at stake.

## Respect the Law

**T**HERE is a marked contrast in the murder rates in Canada and the United States. The frequency in Canada is 1.7 to the hundred thousand, and in the United States .5 to the hundred thousand. The leading actuary, in the United States on mortuary statistics, Mr. Hoffman, vice-president and statistician of the Prudential Insurance Co., sees reason for investigating conditions in the two countries with a view to getting an explanation. He says in part:

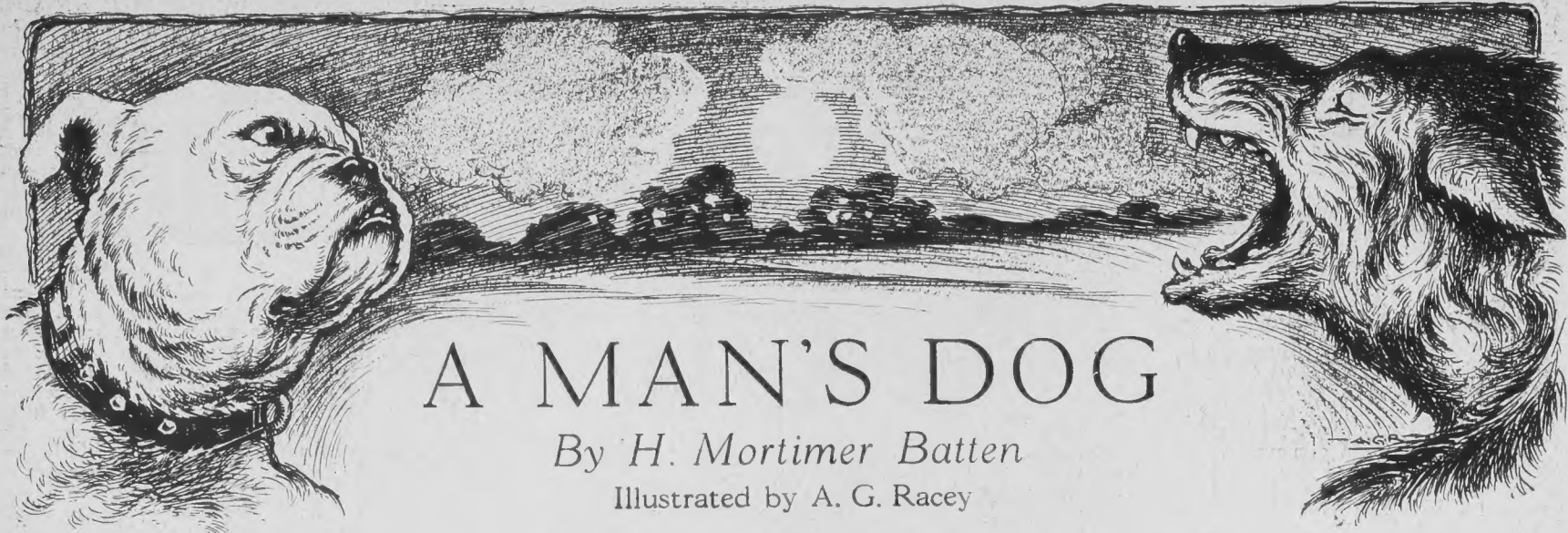
The accounts of murders in the newspapers and the less frequent extended accounts of murder trials do not leave upon the public mind an adequate comprehension of what is really involved. More or less than 10,000 persons annually meet violent deaths in this country, while the proportion apprehended, convicted and properly punished is a matter of more or less vague conjecture. But prison statistics and legal executions confirm the opinion that we are grossly derelict in taking the question of murder and its consequences as seriously as we should.

It would seem well worth while to initiate an inquiry into the methods of collecting judicial statistics in Canada and Great Britain, while at the same time investigations might be made as to the underlying causes and conditions responsible for the decidedly lower frequency of homicide immediately across the border.

According to the Canadian judicial statistics for 1921, of the seventeen murderers convicted seventeen were condemned to death. Whether any of these sentences were subsequently commuted to servitude for life is not indicated, but it is extremely doubtful. As long as capital punishment is the law of the land it should be enforced. The question is debatable whether it is a proper deterrent of capital crimes and whether it is not followed by other evils of even greater magnitude, but wherever capital punishment is the law it is of the very first importance that the sentence imposed should be carried out and without unnecessary delay.

The murder problem in this country goes to the very root of our civilization. Public apathy as regards capital crimes must be looked upon as moral obtuseness which must needs disastrously react upon other forms of indifference toward law and order.





# A MAN'S DOG

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by A. G. Racey

IT was just prior to the breaking up of the ice that a pack of timber wolves ran a deer out of the timber, and killed it on the open lake, in full view of Marragatta. A number of citizens witnessed the whole incident, heard the fierce snarls of the two adult wolves, and the excited yapping of their four cubs, and one could only conclude that the animals, blind to all save the chase, were in new territory, and had hardly noticed the mining camp across the white expanse.

Be that as it may, the incident caused no little stir, but the actual kill was nothing compared with what succeeded it. For, following at the heels of the wolves, left miles behind, but running as though he considered himself one of the pack, came a white bull terrier.

The terrier did not mince matters. He went straight up to the biggest of the wolves, the father and leader of the pack, and caught him by the ear.

It was at this juncture, luckily, that the other wolves noticed the camp, and proceeded forthwith to make themselves scarce, but the leader was too busy to notice anything save that bull terrier. So the whole city turned out and poured on to the ice to witness what the north country loves, a real, tough fight.

For years man has striven to produce a fighting dog which is equal to the timber wolf, but with singularly successful failure. There are, of course, dogs which have killed their wolf in single combat, but if the fact be sifted down, it is invariably found that the wolf was sick or out of condition—hence his appearance within civilized areas which led to his meeting the dog. But this wolf was extraordinarily fit, and in no way at a disadvantage.

As the crowd surged up it looked very much as though the terrier were getting the worst of it, and so busy was the wolf that even when the men gathered round in a circle, shouting and gesticulating, the wild beast did not heed them. So, for half an hour the two fought, till it was clear that the terrier was on top of his work, and at this juncture a woman, no longer disposed to watch the ghastly combat, went forward with a revolver and shot the wolf dead.

Thereupon the terrier, covered with blood from head to tail, wagged the latter good naturedly and seemed very pleased to see everyone.

"The Duke! Where's the Duke?"

The enquiry passed from one to another, and presently a very nervous, fair haired young man came slowly across the ice from the direction of the power station, rubbing his hands shyly. They called him Duke because of his English Varsity accent, and because he was always broke. His real name was Stanley Lee.

Now that the Duke should be carried shoulder high just because he owned the hero of that fight, savoured very strongly of mining camp humour, for the Duke himself was certainly one of the least war-like of people, but he accepted the novelty of finding himself a hero with such simpering appreciation that the boys, of course, overdid it, and finally succeeded in dropping the Duke off the plank which led up to the landing stage.

After a distinctly checkered career, Stanley Lee had at last obtained a distinctly good job—that of winter care-

taker at the three idle power stations dotted along the Marragatta River. He spent his time travelling from station to station; at each a half-breed was located, and the Duke was responsible for these men.

That night when Lee and the breed were seated by the stove—for Lee at the moment was located at the station just across the lake from Marragatta City—there was a knock at the door, and a big, red-faced jovial individual entered, Emberson, the hotel keeper. With a cheery greeting, the big man threw off his furs and took his place by the stove.

"Duke," he said, "I saw that scrap this afternoon, and I don't mind telling you I took a fancy to your dog. He's just the kind I've been looking for to keep around my gin mill. How much do you want for him?"

A SCARED look came into the Duke's eyes. He shook his head gravely. "I don't want to sell him," he answered. "Money wouldn't buy that dog, Emberson. My sister gave him to me, and I wouldn't part with him for anything." Then he looked up quickly. "I heard you've sold the hotel, and are leaving these parts?" he added.

"O—er—yes!" Emberson replied. "That is so, of course, but maybe I'll open another saloon, and I want that dog all the same, Duke. I've made my pile, and I don't mind saying that price ain't much object. Suppose we say a hundred and fifty dollars, now—right here on the nail?"

It was, of course, a good offer, even in that country where the price of dogs ran high, but Duke, who was quite well able to see whence his next meal was coming, was unmoved. Emberson coaxed and persuaded and insisted. Finally he lost his temper, called the Duke a maudlin woman, and stamped out of the cabin, leaving the hero of the day very crestfallen and sad. But Dingo, the terrier, seemed to understand, for he ceased to nurse his gaping wounds and sat at his master's feet looking up sympathetically.

It never occurred to Lee why Emberson wanted the dog, and that the man might profitably have paid several hundred dollars for him, for the young Englishman was new to the northland. Meantime Dingo's fame spread along the creeks and to every outlying camp within a hundred miles radius; Emberson and his bar tender could talk of nothing else, and every prospector who came in from the bush was given a vivid account of the dog that had "killed a wolf." Invariably on these occasions Emberson's vociferous remark, made, casually while he reached for a demijohn or breathed into a glass, that that there wasn't a dog in the country which could beat the Duke's purp, was followed by a heated altercation from the men who knew of or owned dogs which "would do it." In these conversations the name of White Aurora generally cropped up—Aurora who was famous over half the continent among the shady fraternity of dog lovers who showed their love in so strange a way.

The Duke had no friends to speak of, and seldom conversed with anyone save his half-breed assistants. He was not regarded as a man's man, and seemed

strangely out of place up there. He would have been the last person on earth to suspect what was in the wind, and so when a few days later the time was ripe for him to move to his next station two day's journey up the river, he as usual, left Dingo in charge of the breed at Marragatta. For Marragatta was regarded as Dingo's home, and being a short-haired southern dog, he was not cut out for the northern trails. His paws were too small and soft; he would have sunk in the snow and become ice-lame, had the Duke taken him on these jaunts during the winter months.

On the second day of Lee's absence Dingo vanished. The half-breed searched high and low, but a slight snow had fallen, blotting out all tracks, and eventually the man very naturally concluded that the dog had set out after his master.

Meantime the news was murmured over the counter of the Emberson Saloon, at least a dozen times per hour, that on Saturday next, something worth seeing was to take place in the back quarters of that decidedly shadowy establishment—nothing less, indeed, than the long discussed fight between the world-famous White Aurora and the bull terrier which had killed a timber wolf. No bills were posted, and none were needed. Such a turn required little publicity, and the knowledge of it was handed out on the strictest q. t. almost as a personal favor.

Meantime the news was murmured of his life, for each day he was taken out into the back premises of the hotel, where many shady things had happened. There was about an acre of land, surrounded by a high board fence, and at the opposite end was a spacious ring, railed in by a six foot wire netting screen. There were rough benches all round it, rising in tiers, and it was within this ring that Dingo spent a glorious half hour every day, worrying trade rats, cats, hares, chickens—anything that could be found for him to worry. So he rapidly threw off his superfluous flesh, and moreover he came to think that the ring was specially sacred to his own possession, and that anything found trespassing within it deserved all that it got.

BY eleven o'clock Saturday morning the Emberson House was full, and quite a large percentage of the gentlemen present were already noisily quarrelsome. Emberson and his bar tender were taking bets twenty to the dozen, more or less, on the "I win or you lose principal," and the rustle of paper money filled the room. Emberson was clearing out shortly, whither no man knew, and this was to be his last coup. He could not have been more sure of his ground, for nothing short of a miracle could bring about the miscarriage of his plans.

Meantime Dingo found himself in a wooden box in which he could neither sit down nor stand up. It required a good deal to rouse Dingo's temper, but that box came very near it. It was provided with wooden bars in the front, like a chicken coop, and directly opposite the box, facing the wooden bars, was another box of the same kind, similarly placed, and inside which was yet another dog. That dog, for some reason,

was angry with Dingo. It was snapping at the bars of its own prison, striving furiously to get at him. Dingo wondered in his slow bull-terrier way, why it was angry with him. He had not stolen its bone or anything of that kind, and his feelings towards this neighbor captive were, if anything, tempered with the brotherhood of sympathy. The two boxes were standing in the centre of the wire ring, and an attendant stood by, watching with uncertainty the bull terrier's indifference.

PRESENTLY his attendant got up, and proceeded to prod Dingo in the ribs and to jab him about the mouth with a sharp pointed stick, hissing the while. Dingo tried to get out of the way of the discomforting stick, but finding this impossible, he simply bit it off short. Still the attendant prodded him with the stump, but this went on two or three minutes ere it occurred to Dingo that it was time to get angry. Then he got very angry, at which the attendant went away, and Dingo, finding himself face to face with the other angry dog, no other than White Aurora, snarled and snapped and told the other dog in the plainest of language, clearly what he would do with him next time they met—if it wasn't too much trouble.

The attendant went back to the hotel, and whispered to Emberson that he was about ready. Emberson went out, prodded and hissed at both of the dogs, leaving them in a veritable fury. Then he returned to the spit and sawdust department, and announced in a loud voice that anyone who wanted to see the show might pass along into the back premises at five dollars a time.

Most of the men thought five dollars a bit stiff, but they were there to see the show at any price, so the assembly became a mob, which surged with one accord towards the single narrow door. They were milched man by man, and when the last had passed through, the door swung to. Any more that came were to be milched ten dollars, and many came, arriving sweating and breathless. They came from great distances, no hour having been stated for the opening of the contest.

Emberson, seated in an exalted place above the ring, continued to take bets, while the more cautious peered into the kennels to see what they could of the dogs before laying their money. Very soon things simmered down, but the saloon keeper, with one eye on the door, was reluctant to open the contest while the gate was still doing business. He gained time by making a speech, while the ring man did more prodding with the pointed stick, but the boys began to see through the ruse, and were becoming unruly. Not till they began to throw things at him did Emberson's speech cease, for the prospector is not particular what he throws.

The kennels were roughly dragged to respective sides of the ring, and the ring man, having discreetly put himself on the outside, gave the signal. Simultaneously the barred fronts were hoisted from the boxes, and, as the dogs vacated them, the boxes were hoisted out.

White Aurora was a fine beast, more wolf than malamute, and presented a taking picture, albeit that his poor, misused body was a mass of scars. His



master was behind the wires, whispering softly. On leaving his box, White Aurora stood still, closely watching Dingo—waiting with terrible intentness for an opening.

But Dingo did not know the rules of the ring, and having got out of his box he shook himself, as much as to say—"Thank God for that!" Then he looked round at the closely packed faces, and he wagged his tail! Yes, he wagged his tail. Finally he looked at White Aurora, and was clearly in the act of ambling up to wish him a jovial good morning when—Aurora flew at him!

Dingo bounded aside, but even as he did so his right shoulder was gashed open. For a moment both stood still, and one could almost hear the bull terrier remark—"Look here, old chap, that's all very well, but—"

AGAIN White Aurora closed, and then, assuredly, the fight began. If such a fight could ever be worth seeing, this one was. Aurora alone was a picture—a dog not possessed of unusual physical powers, but of a fighting brain. At first he merely baited Dingo to discover his tactics. He learned Dingo's style, and adapted his own to meet it. So Dingo plunged hither and thither, grimly determined, striving to get hold—and goodness help the other dog if he did get hold! Always he was met by a spinning whirlwind, by a weasel snap and a blinding blow across the eyes from White Aurora's tail, as the latter spun round, and tried to ham-string him. Dingo was too slow—too slow!—and money once more began to change hands.

So five minutes went by, then the crowd began to realize that Dingo was as yet only just warming up. Already little red spots began to show about the ring, but White Aurora was unscratched. Dingo was just following Aurora hither and thither, always at a stiff-legged trot, and always wagging his tail. But Dingo was smartening his pace. Also he had changed his tactics a little, for he was no longer aiming at Aurora's ears and neck. No, he was aiming at his antagonist's nimble legs—fighting with his head at last, trying to rob the other dog of his marten-like quickness, for in this quickness lay Dingo's deadliest peril.

Gee! a shout went up, for Dingo had caught Aurora by a foreleg, and with a lightning upward twist had thrown him! In an instant Aurora was up, but nursing one paw. For the first time in his career he had received a foreleg wound. Emberson grinned. White Aurora's owner wiped the sweat from his eyes.

This was to be a fight to a finish, and both dogs knew it, for now Aurora also changed his tactics. Each time Dingo charged he crouched, covering his legs, chopped, and leapt back, but Dingo was determined now to close, for in a close fight he stood a better chance. There were no corners into which to force his foe, but Dingo got him against the wires, and heedless of all punishment, went right in. He got the bulldog grip, but Aurora's hair was deep, his skin was thick, and his fangs were everywhere. Aurora stood on his head, raking horribly with his hind claws, panther fashion, and Dingo, striving to readjust his grip, somehow lost it and received a blinding wound across the eye as the other dog tore himself free.

Both dogs lay down, panting, and cold water was poured over them. Speculation ran high as to which was the more effective—a wounded eye or a wounded forepaw. One man, who had been a wild animal trainer, pinned his faith in the wounded eye. He said that such a wound causes the other eye to water, and is calculated to render even the hardest fighter more or less hors de combat for the time.

Aurora was up like a wild cat, and ere Dingo had time to realize that the second round had opened, the malamute had obtained a huge grip of the bull terrier's ear, and now simply hung on limply, resting. And for the first time Aurora's owner smiled.

At that moment there was a slight disturbance at the gate, and Emberson, looking round forebodingly, saw the Chink he had left in charge, descending the slippery steps head foremost, a ghastly grin on his yellow countenance. Last night a knowledge of things had

reached the Duke in a very ordinary way. A prospector, returning to the woods, called at the power station for the benefit of a free meal and a night's shake down.

"So you've sold the purp!" he remarked in quite a casual manner, over the coffee.

The Duke stared, then asserted that money could not buy that dog. The prospector looked surprised, and for a time was silent. He had possessed many dogs, and loved many. He did not love Emberson, for he knew the man as a crook. Moreover, this son of the trails stood steadfast in the laws of the trails, and one of those laws which permits the smashing of a man's nose or the stealing of his wife, forbids trespass upon two things—his dog and his canoe. So,

it behind. It ain't likely to be of much use to you, and may cause trouble." For he knew the bitterness of quarrels into which a man's dog enters.

The Englishman hesitated, then he took the gun from its holster and flung it to the bench.

No matter what condition the trail, the Duke arrived at Marragatta just before noon next morning. There were old woodsmen who, discussing the matter later, expressed wonder as to how he had done it.

The Duke went straight to the Emberson. He found the saloon empty—not a soul in charge. This rather disconcerted him, till he noticed the narrow back door. He went over and tried it—it was locked, but away in the back he could hear the murmur of voices. He knew



But the scream was cut short as wiry fingers closed about his throat.

ground, and the Chink got the club—also the burly ruffian got the pointed shaft of the axe in the pit of the stomach with a force no mortal man could have endured. He went down, and the Duke saw the white of his eyes. He turned upon the Celestial, and literally hurled him out of his box headlong down the steps. Yes, he was a fighting man in his present mood, was the Duke!

Emberson glanced round, I say, and muttered, "My stars!" He saw the Duke coming down the steps after the Chink, and there was something in the Duke's red eyes which no sane man could have ignored. Moreover the Duke's eyes were upon Emberson, and in one hand the madman still carried the axe.

Emberson stooped and whispered to one of his toughs. "Stop that fool!" he said. In an instant several toughs drifted out of the crowd, and went to meet the Duke. That gentleman, however, had the axe, and he used it as a Brazilian bushman uses such a weapon in tough bush. He simply walked straight through them, his eyes still upon Emberson, leaving behind him a hopping, cursing string of wounded—one nursing his wrist, from which blood gushed.

THEN, believe it or not as you will, Emberson screamed! Yes, screamed as a bad woman might scream on finding herself in at her own funeral. But the scream was cut short as wiry fingers closed upon his throat. His eyes bulged, his tongue lolled out, and someone in the crowd shouted—"That's it! Strangle him boy!"

Then the spectators beheld a strange thing. They saw a little wild-eyed man, who looked half witted and who had no physique to speak of, raise the burly saloon keeper high overhead, and pitch him, as one might pitch a doll, over the wire screen and into the trodden area of the ring. Emberson fell with a sodden thump, and did not stir.

Silence fell, save for the ghastly sounds from the two life and death combatants, and breaking upon the silence came a voice, clear as a bell, a voice with 'Varsity accent, but which at length bore a message, above the words uttered, from man to man.

"Boys," said the voice, "Emberson's a swine, and everyone here knows it. He stole my dog from me for the sake of this brutal contest—stole it!—so if you're white men, lend me a hand."

They had no scruples, most of them, but they were men of the trails, and on the trails a man's dog is sacred. There was a lull, as when a mob is undecided. But the mind of a mob is not the mind of many men, but of one man. Now that man led—it was the Duke! An oath, unthinkable and vile, an oath he had never before uttered, probably never before heard, or known to exist, broke in meaningless blasphemy from his lips. Emberson lay unconscious in the ring—something must be done, and that man did it. He tore down the wire screen as though it were herring netting. He went over to the two dogs, clutched one in either hand, ready to tear them apart when the chance came. And behind him surged the mob.

They had come here to see the show, and they had paid their money! Well, they felt themselves cheated—by Emberson! They were entitled to a show of some sort, even if they provided it for themselves. Emberson was down and out under the feet of the crowd, but his cash box remained, and they scrambled for its contents. They tore up the ring, but the two silent dog owners, each with his hands upon his dog, striving to release the death grip, were left alone.

They tore up the ring, I say, then they surged towards the house. The gate money was scattered broadcast, and in the saloon beyond glass crashed from its shelves, the tills were burst open, and the fire hydrant distributed an impartial torrent. In the midst of it a diversion was caused by the reappearance of the Duke, closely followed by his dog. A veritable howl greeted him, and today there was no irony in their jests as they bore him shoulder high—the Duke, truly the hero of the fight. And leading the unruly procession down the main avenue, wagging his tail most frenziedly and apparently little the worse for his adventures, ran Dingo, the bull terrier.

there in the flickering light of the red-hot stove, the prospector told the simple truth in simple quiet language—that Emberson had acquired possession of Dingo, and that tomorrow Dingo was billed to appear in mortal combat with White Aurora, the hardest fighting dog in the north country.

For a time the Duke was silent, but into the weak face something new was dawning. "It's Friday night isn't it?" queried the Duke.

"Yes," answered the stranger, "but you can't make it. The trail's in rotten shape. Half the ice ain't safe, and night travelling would be fool's play."

The Duke took up his high lace boots and donned them. He wriggled into his parki, and over it he strapped his hunting belt, complete with knife, revolver, and cartridges.

"Going?" queried the other.

The Duke just nodded.

"Then leave your gun behind," advised the other. "Take my tip, and leave

instinctively what it meant, but he did not know that three sharp knocks, a pause, then two knocks would have caused that door to open. He only knew that between him and the dog he loved was this locked door.

There are fools who step in where celestial steps hang back, and now a new light came into the Duke's eyes—also a look of dogged determination which was not pleasant to witness. He recalled having seen a glass cupboard in the saloon containing an axe and a fire hose, so he went silently and swiftly back, broke the glass, and took out the axe. Then he again approached the door, and—well, the Duke was no weakling, from the manner in which he used that axe. He shattered the door in less than half a dozen blows, and went through, but on the other side was a burly ruffian armed with a club. The club came down with some force, just as the Chink, who was there to collect the money, leant forward to clutch the Duke. The Duke ducked, almost to the

#### EAST AND WEST

By Douglas Malloch

Men look to the East for the dawning things, for the light of a rising sun, But they look to the West, to the crimson West, for the things that are done, are done;

The eastward sun is a new-made hope from the dark of the night distilled; But the westward sun is a sunset sun, is the sun of a hope fulfilled!

So out of the East they have always come, the cradle that saw the birth

Of all the heartwarm hopes of man and all of the hopes of earth—

For out of the East arose a Christ, and out of the East has gleamed

The dearest dream and the clearest dream that ever a prophet dreamed.

And into the waiting West they go with the dream-child of the East,

And find the hopes that they hoped of old are an hundred-fold increased.

For here in the East we dream our dreams of the things we hope to do,

And here in the West, the crimson West, the dreams of the East come true.





# A MATTER OF NEIGHBORS

By Jack Kelly

Illustrated by A. G. Racey



O lumber, owned and operated by his uncle, Tom K. Shane. The woods over which this company held sway were the finest pine lands in the North and the company should have been rich and prosperous had Nature not decreed otherwise; Nature working in the form of a crooked river and a very onery old man,

with no rapids or falls; but when it swung around the Horse Shoe it changed into a wild, raging torrent which leaped down falls, took a hundred quick turns and churned itself into banks of foam on countless rapids. A very nightmare it was to lumbermen. Seldom did a batch of logs go for more than a mile without jamming into towering masses which took time and money to break.

There was only one way to overcome these obstacles and that was by building a canal through the half mile of swamp at the heel of the shoe and thus eliminate the sixty miles of bad water. But Hiram Melvor foreseeing this, had bought all the land in the Shoe after Tom Shane had beat him to the ownership of the Moose Lake pine lands. Melvor thirsted for revenge, so when the Double O tried to buy enough land in the Horse Shoe to build a canal, he had gleefully refused to sell them an inch.

For three years the Double O had struggled along hoping that some day they would get the needed land. Before Peter could do the thing he had set his heart on he must have a raise in salary but when he went to his uncle for it, he was told that there was no

**H**IRAM McIVOR was wrathful. In fact he had seldom been more so in the seventy-three years of his life and during that time he had been "considerably riled up" on more than one occasion. He glared from under thick, shaggy, grey eyebrows at the cause of his present anger, Peter Tugman.

"By the Gods of Rome I won't sell you a blasted foot of that land," roared Hiram and he banged his desk with a gnarled hand. Pete fancied that sign outside the office, which bore the words, "Real Estate Agent," jumped from it's perch. "I will not sell! Do you get that?" Melvor fairly screamed the words.

Pete was flabbergasted by the ire of Hiram. He tried to think. He knew that his college professor had lectured the commercial class on the proper method of handling a fractious old codger of Melvor's type, but to save his life he couldn't remember it. Peter felt his skin scorching under the terrible, white hot anger of the other. At last he stammered, "Yes—I see—err—I gather that you don't want to sell just now."

"You see! You gather!" sputtered Hiram, choking with rage and waving his hands like a windmill gone mad. "Get out of here before I kill you! You—young imp! Get out!" and grabbed up his heavy cane from the corner of his desk.

Now Peter Tugman was a good business man and he hated to go back to the Double O Lumber Company and admit defeat in the first big deal that had been intrusted to him but he was also a very sane young man and a good sprinter, so when he saw Hiram pick up a cane he made record time to the street, one story below. Once there his steps turned towards the Royal Hotel, out of sheer force of habit. The scare, which Melvor had given Peter, so completely upset that young worthy that he passed two dog fights in as many blocks with only a glance at the combatants.

Arrived at the Royal, he climbed the creaking, linoleum covered stairs to his little room with the inevitable torn wall paper and cracked wash basin of the small town hotel. On the dresser stood a photo of a pretty young lady and to her Peter unburdened his mind.

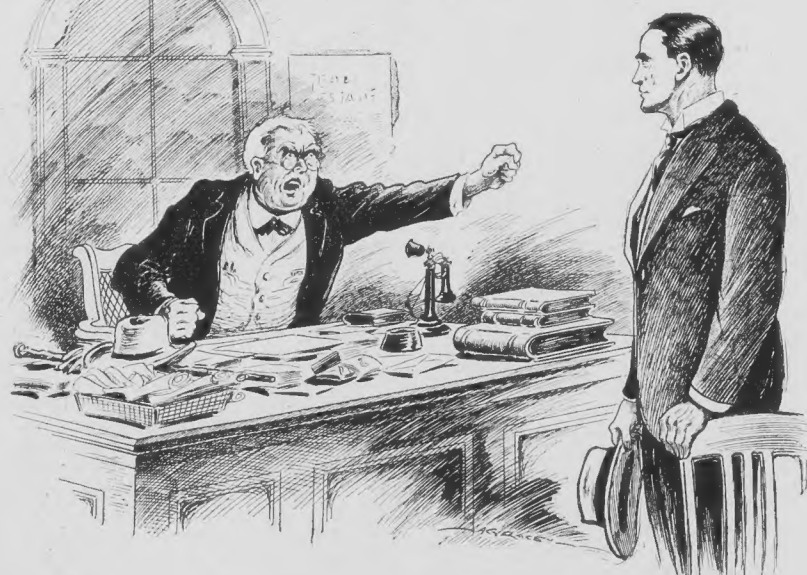
"Lenore! It's a devil of a mess. That old fossil will listen to reason about as well as a jug of T. N. T." He shook his head sadly. "Unless something turns up I'll never be able to do it."

For the next hour Tugman walked the floor and figured. Briefly, this is the "mess" he was in. He had recently left the state University after a career at that institution during which football, track meets and midnight escapades were given more time and thought than the subjects prescribed in the official calendar. Soon after finishing his course in Commerce he had "landed" a job as assistant manager of the Double

Hiram Melvor. Half a mile of low swampy ground, owned by Melvor and that gentleman's steadfast refusal to sell or rent it, stood between the Double O and riches; between Peter Tugman and the thing he wanted to do more than anything else in the world.

During the winter the lumbermen hauled thousands upon thousands of feet of pine logs out onto the ice covering Moose River. Each log was "bark stamped" and "butt stamped," OO. They were the property of the Double O company. In the spring, when the ice moved out, the logs started with it on

"By the Gods of Rome! I won't sell you a blasted foot of that land," roared Hiram as he banged his desk with a gnarled hand.



their long journey to Mill City, which "city" boasted a population of some two thousand human beings. For one hundred miles of the drive all went well but after these hundred miles of deep fast water the river made a horse shoe. Unlike other horse shoes this one was bad medicine and especially so to the Double O lumbermen.

**H**ERE it was that the company's profit on the drive dwindled to almost naught. For some unknown reason the Moose River changed it's general direction at this point and wound aimlessly about for sixty miles through rocks and hills until at last it swung back to within a half a mile of the point from which it had started on it's wanderings. Up to the Horse Shoe from the point at which the Double O started their logs off, the river was ideal for driving logs, straight, deep and fast,

hope unless he could get Melvor to be reasonable. Of course Peter could have hunted up a better job somewhere but Hiram had got under his skin and he determined to stick with his present daily labor.

Later on when hunger made him think of a certain restaurant, the assistant manager of the Double O lumber company betook himself down to Henri Morne's eating place, which basked under the title of Paris Cafe. Peter happened to be the only customer in the place at that hour so after Henri had got Peter interested in the qualities of a big steak, he lit a cigarette and sat down for a chat.

"Zat ole man Melvor ees wan fonny ole geezer. He sell hees beeg house an' build new wan, just because Tony Angelo who work at zee mill, move in next door to heem. He's preety classy ole

feller allright, he lak to live in—what you call heem? Exclusive section? Now he has built heemself a beeg house in zee wes' end of town and he buy all zee lots around so only swell peoples can build near heem."

Pete picked up his ears at this and poised a cup of coffee in mid air, "The Devil! Is that right Henri?"

"Oui. For sure ting. I hear heem from zee man who contract for build dat house."

"Melvor must be pretty well fixed for money, eh?"

**H**ENRI shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands "Oh—so—so. He get a leetle from some shares he have in zee mill and he sell a leetle Assurance. He not make awful much but hee's so p'ticular where he live you tink he was ver' rich."

That evening Peter was strolling along the banks of the Moose River idly watching the last logs of the spring drive swing into the booms of the mill. He was doing nothing in particular except waging war on the hords of mosquitoes that were attacking the back of his neck. His brain was a blank, he was in a fix and saw no way out of it. Dully he wondered if he could make Melvor sell by using a revolver. Something had to be done, but what? No, a revolver would be too melodramatic. Hiram would merely laugh at him. The words of Henri, "Hee's so p'ticular where he live you tink he ver' rich," kept repeating themselves over and over in his mind.

Across the river was the cabin of old Mose Thompson, the colored boom tender. Playing and squalling around the shack were a dozen or more of Mose's progeny. Peter killed two blood thirsty insects and considered Mose's shack again. Mammy Thompson had never heard of sanitary laws and scientific diets for the rearing of children, but to judge from their lusty howls, her's were healthy enough without the aid of science.

"Hee's so p'ticular 'bout where he live—" sang a little imp into Pete's ear. Slowly Tugman's jaws fell agape, his eyes got round, he stood awed. He had seen a great light, no it was an inspiration.

"Lord!" ejaculated the inspired one, "I believe it will work."

Whenupon he killed another "skeeter" and made tracks for the hotel. Before he had reached his room the inspiration had crystalized into a definite plan of action. That night he caught the midnight train for the Capital City some hundred miles away.

The next day Peter was a busy young man. First off, he spent a full hour in the office of his uncle and after much eloquent persuading, won that gentleman's consent to his plans. Then he went to the offices of the Northern Pulp Company. There he was received with open arms by his college chum, who now sat behind a door labeled "General Manager." The two talked long and earnestly and at last reached an agreement although the General Manager plainly showed he had little trust in the scheme.

Continued on page 14



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



## Healthier homes with the sanitary housecleaner

Begin your Spring housecleaning this year by buying a 10-bar carton of Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's. Your house will be *cleaner*; your work, *easier*; and your health, and that of your family, *safeguarded*.

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Fels-Naptha, in the washing-machine, loosens the dirt before you start to use the electricity. Chip it in and dissolve, or make a soap-paste.

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Like a fresh coat of enamel, Fels-Naptha restores to woodwork the "smile" that dirt has masked.



### Makes dishes really clean

Fels-Naptha makes short work of a boresome job. Won't harm the most delicate pattern. Leaves no greasy streaks.



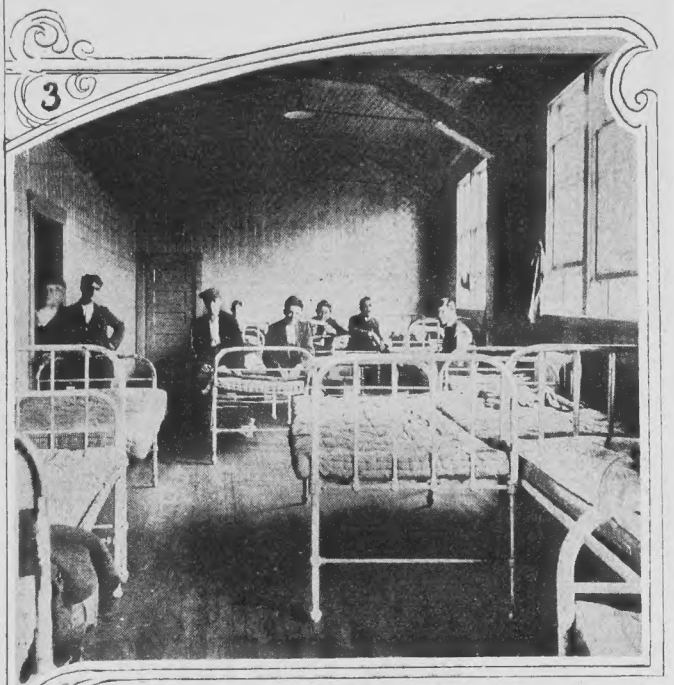
### Removes spots from rugs

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves grease—cleans and freshens rugs, carpets, draperies, etc. Try it.



# UP THE ST. LAWRENCE WITH IMMIGRANTS

By E. L. Chicanot



1. The Pilot boat coming out. 2. Young Immigrants. 3. Hospital at Immigration Shed.

WINDSOR Station, Montreal, and its immediate environs are particularly interesting during the summer months, when, periodically, the special trains running from the trans-Atlantic steamers at Quebec arrive at the depot and the stream of dishevelled and burdened humanity floods waiting room and concourse, at the same time imparting an effect which is strikingly picturesque and furnishing an additional touch of that cosmopolitanism which is the prominent characteristic of the Canadian metropolis. On such days, from the arrival of the trains until the transcontinental leaves late at night, all available benches are occupied by the journey-weary passengers and their baggage. Families camp there solidly as if in fear of straying in the unfamiliar city outside and missing the train which is to take them to a destination just as new and unknown. In the streets tributary to the station one encounters families laden with the lighter pieces of baggage, bearing that look of bewilderment and wonderment, standing hesitant before stores or restaurant windows, embarrassed as yet in the exotic atmosphere. They are of all nations, all types, all stations in life, but form one great class in their human contribution to the Dominion.

During the summer of 1921 immigration from overseas has been largely and distinctively British, and of a gratifyingly high standard, so that the atmosphere of the station and surroundings was to a great extent free from that agglomeration of swarthy faces, that babble of harsh sounding tongues, and that heterogeneous aggregation of mid-European types which has so often in the past made the atmosphere not nearly so bearable and decidedly less odiferous. Instead one came upon the youth in cricket flannels and sports coat; the more elderly man in knickers and golf hose; women and girls in skirts obviously designed to give the limbs that freedom nature intended for them and shoes exhibiting all the capability of a twenty mile hike. By their garments you shall know them—not quite the nattiest things perhaps, but worn with ease and utter unconsciousness in the face of critical glare and comment. They present a stern contrast, these new arrivals, with the spruceness and correct thing as viewed from the corner of Peel and St. Catherine, in all the conventionality of Canadian business

attire, but the newcomers do not seem to notice it, or let it affect them. That English phlegm covers a multitude of thoughts, however, and in a very short while they will be Canadian in dress, even if it takes longer to assimilate other qualities of the country.

Just what exactly is an immigrant? Webster defines him or her as one who leaves his country for another with the purpose of residing there. But many of our British newcomers are inclined to resent the term as applied to themselves, limiting its interpretation to suggest an economically enforced exodus, a landing with the minimum of cash the authorities permit, and a general state of shabbiness. In conversation with new arrivals, one has to be chary of the use of the word, for emigration, for some reason, has come to suggest to them a lack of choice in the matter of leaving homes. However, the Dominion's interpretation coincides with that of the dictionary, and all seekers of new homes in the Dominion are regarded as immigrants and entered as such in the country's records.

It is an illuminating education and a keen psychological pleasure as well as the most delightful of physical holidays to take a trip up the river on one of the

trans-Atlantic liners and accompany the hundreds of new Dominion citizens on the last stage of their long journey. It is a privilege that few but the ships' crews, bored and hardened to emotion from voyages rapidly following in monotonous order, may enjoy. In addition to being one of the most entrancing water trips imaginable, two days upon the calm azure of the St. Lawrence, gliding between its high wooded banks, one lives in an atmosphere where the old world and the new meet, where homes of birth, tradition, and sentiment are left irretrievable behind on the strength of a vague, somewhat indefinite promise. As a study of psychology and human emotion it is unrivalled and when experienced gives a clearer insight into the characters of, and deeper feeling and sympathy for that vast army whose stream to our shores never ceases.

The earliest point of contact between the vessel arriving from across the Atlantic and the great Dominion is Farther Point. Probably most Canadians have never heard of this little village and to those who have the name in all probability suggests little beyond the lamentable tragedy of the Empress of Ireland, of which it was the scene some years ago. Yet this little Quebec

Continued on page 20



1. Sunday on the River

2. Father Point where the Pilot goes out

3. Preparing to leave the vessel





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## A "Four" That Sets a New Standard

*The "Master Four" Touring 23-35 Special \$1295*

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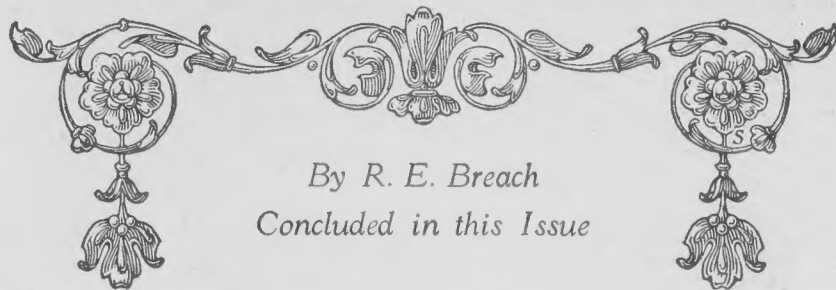
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# LAND'S END



By R. E. Breach

Concluded in this Issue

BUT next morning she had regained her usual gentle courage, and methodically assisted the prospector in his last work about the camp. Carefully he looked to cache and shelter, saw her rifle and ammunition in good order, gave her final instructions for her own health and safety. He was glad to see that her emotion of the previous night had disappeared. Her cheerfulness strengthened him. What a girl to win! Courage, resource and strength of soul, all the qualities that he admired in man or woman he saw in her. Her beauty filled him with an intense yearning. Perhaps after all she might learn to love him; he would serve her and wait.

Adam, for all his hard experience among men of all classes and colors, still preserved in his inmost heart a great deal of the chivalrous mystic. Woman, as an abstract, was an ideal to him, and whatever of her fallen estate his wide life had shown him, was contradicted by the purity and strength of his mother's example and influence. He was absolutely free of cynicism. Even his intimate study of the scientific facts of life had not robbed him of faith. As a child he had believed in fairies, as a young man in romance, now at the full height of his manhood, he preserved an ideal, of what he could not rightly say, but only that it stood for all that was good and great which he longed to attain.

He had watched the awakening soul of this spoiled darling of wealth with intense interest, but never had he seen her flame into such glowing life as on the night before. The tears which had surprised him had washed away the last remnants of her selfish egoism. Pain and hunger, cold and fear, had broken the bonds of her artificiality, and the little gust of tears had been the last regret for something to which she could never return.

HE watched her slight figure swinging the bucket. She was going to the spring for water. Shouldering his rifle, he plunged into the cedar thickets. He wanted a shot at the elk which he had seen across the ravine yesterday.

But the elk had moved in the night. He roamed around until he found track of a fox, and followed that for a time, though he had no hope of ever seeing Reynard. If Anita had regained her poise, he had not, and his mind milled about hopelessly, from one aimless thought to another. But his main impression was of a great loneliness to be realized when this girl would pass out of his life.

He swung round uphill again. He was below the spring. Then he saw her footprints in the snow. There was no mistaking the small broad shoe that he had contrived for her out of elk-hide. Whatever had brought her so far down the hill? Then his eye caught the white shine of broken wood. To his amazement he saw a cluster of well-grown holly bushes. How had they come there? Some settler long lost with his tiny settlement, a trapper carrying a treasured seed or treelet to a friend, but there they stood, their glistening leaves and crimson berries shining against the white snow. The girl's sharp eyes had seen them, and she had come down the hill after the treasure. He must warn her again. It made him very uneasy that she should wander so far from the hut. Rip's pad-marks followed the little footprints up the hill.

But presently, beside the double line of foot-marks, he saw, clear in the

snow, a third mark. Heavy pads, wide-stretched in stealthy tread. He could almost see the pale eyes and low-hung body of the great cat. A panther was stalking the girl through the forest.

The blood flew to Adam's head and his ears rang, but his mind worked clearly. He unslung his heavy rifle, and began to run up the hill. It was a hundred yards to the spring from the holly bushes and the way was clear, but there was thrice that distance of heavy timber from the spring to the clearing. Ahead was silence and no sight of any living thing.

He could not see her from the spring, but the great paw-marks followed. He ran on, expecting to hear any moment the crash of a heavy body through the underbrush, the anguished scream of the girl. Where was the dog, that he had not scented the beast. His breath choked him, his limbs were made of lead. As in a nightmare, he ran and made no progress. Then, without warning, a great weight fell upon his bowed shoulders, his face was crushed into the cold snow: struggling to rise, he felt blow upon blow fall upon head and sides, and the world disappeared in a haze of streaming blood.

IN Anita's cap shone the sprays of holly that she had broken from the holly bushes below the spring. The short walk up the hill had tired her, and she wished that she had left the water for Adam to bring. The heavy pail and the rifle weighed her down so that she could hardly lift her feet for the ascent. At times she paused to rest. A squirrel chattered at her, and she shouted back at him. He ran scolding along the lower limbs of the trees, followed by Rip. The dog hated the squirrels, who teased him, and kept out of harm's way. Rip was sitting panting before the door of the hut when she came into the clearing.

Anita set her pail down inside, filled her kettle and came out to make her fire. The dog rose from the threshold and growled.

"More squirrels, Rip? What an old goose you are to allow so small an animal to tease you."

The scream of the charging panther, the crashing of the trees under the plunge of its heavy body, reached her startled ears. Then a strangled cry of distress—a human cry—

"Steve!"

Whence had she heard that name? She had never spoken it, but perhaps it had lain long-hidden in her mind, his home-name, the love-term by which his mother had called him.

"Steve! Oh, Steve!"

Anita ran towards the leafy tunnel that led to the spring, the dog racing beside her. A hundred yards down the path she saw the dreadful thing—saw and was transfixed. The last shred of her artificiality was torn from her. A screaming cave-woman, rushing to help her mate.

The panther turned its jade-like eyes on its new foes. Flat ears, lashing tail, stretching its foam-flecked jaws in a spitting growl, it crouched upon the prostrate form beneath its clutching claws. The girl shouted and screamed at it, stamping her feet in a frenzy. She was afraid to shoot for fear she might kill Adam, if indeed he were not already dead. In desperation, she picked up a stone and threw it full in the panther's face.

The beast snarled and left the man. As he crouched, tense-muscled for a spring, Rip, who had been fencing for



## LAND'S END—Continued from page 10

an opening, dashed in and seized him by the flank. With a scream of rage, the great cat whirled upon him. Anita raised her rifle and fired. The panther paused, clawed and scratched frantically but aimlessly, and dropped. The girl whirled her rifle and dashed in. Blow upon blow she crashed upon the beast's head, while the Airedale tore at his bloody flanks. The panther was dead, but only exhaustion stopped the girl's rage.

And as she hung trembling to the thick branches, looking at the bloody horror at her feet, truth came to her. She loved this man. He was hers. She had fought death for him. Life, raw, elemental, divine, surged in and upon her. She knelt beside him, and raised his mangled head.

He was not dead. She could feel the faint beating of his heart. But she could not see his face for the red upon it.

Up the hill to the hut, every foot a torture, every breath a terror, she dragged Adam's helpless form to safety. She dared not drop her rifle, for fear of the panther's mate. At every step the great weight of his body tore at the strength of her weak arms. At every rustle of the branches, fear numbed her weary mind. But she struggled on. Whenever her strength and courage failed, she thought: "He carried me, he carried me," and sobbed, "He is mine. I will keep him."

"Better? I think so." His eyes searched her face. "Yes, I know so. Anita!"

A questioning cry, but the girl knew. Her eyes drooped before his, her hand fumbled with the covers, trembling. She knelt suddenly, and buried her face on his shoulder, her hand seeking his under the panther's skin.

LONG quiet in the hut, while the fire crackled, the wind souged outside. The dog on the floor champed his jaws. But from the firm clasp of the girl's hand, from the perfume of the masses of her dark hair against his cheek, the feel of her life against his breast, Adam found strength to draw himself back to life.

Anita raised her head. "Oh, Steve, you were right. And I thought you would never wake again, and I had not told you."

"You love me, then?" "Yes, I love you. I have awakened. I knew, when I thought you were gone forever. How I have suffered when I thought I was too late. But this will never do," she added getting briskly to her feet. "I must change your bandages."

"My hands and face are wet. I thought it was blood."

"Rip has been licking your face again. Dirty dog!"

The culprit wiggled. Anita returned with a bowl of venison broth and a basin of hot water.



Ranch house on Royal Ranch owned by H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

"Making the grade." That was a favorite expression of Adam's. She must make the grade now. No time for mournful brooding, for self-pity, now. She was the protector, she must save him. "Make the grade." Her father had often used it, too. Poor daddy! She had hardly thought of them all for months, why should she think of them now? And of Bobby.....except that he was a poor fish. .... She raised her stooping shoulders, and set to work.

ADAM opened his eyes and saw the rough logs of the shack wall. His mind was still dark, and the dim light smote his sight. He closed his eyes again, and memory began to throw silhouettes across his consciousness. Then in a blinding flash all was clear. He raised himself. The panther was lying across his knees. His voice bubbled in his throat. Rip was whining somewhere near. His hands were wet, then his face. Blood! His head hurt terribly, and he fell back again.

"Rip, stop that noise!"

He knew that voice, or one like it, softer, lacking the sharp incisiveness of these tones. He rose again, somebody was there who might help Anita. He saw her then against the bright square of the doorway.

"Go away. Run, the panther!"

"Oh, Steve! You're awake!"

"Run, Anita. Quick, to the hut!"

"Steve, Steve, oh, you poor boy! The panther is dead, ages ago. See, this is only his skin. Stupid me! to put it on your bed. But it's so warm. You're going to get better, aren't you?"

"I am glad you are nearly healed," she said. "Our bandages are worn to a thread."

"Where did you find bandages?"

"The remains of my undervest," laughed the girl. "It made so few strips, that I had to constantly wash them. There, how's that?"

"Fine. Am I much damaged?"

"There will be one scar on your cheek, just in front of your ear, but the wounds were mostly on your scalp. Fortunately you fell face downward. And boiled water was all the medicine I had. That and your own good health. But you mustn't talk any more. Lie back again. I have to do chores."

He watched her while she carried away the basins. Anita—yet she was changed. He could not understand. Presently he heard the blows of an axe, and she carried in a large armful of freshly split wood. Her face and figure were animated by some new vigor. She walked erect, who had formerly drooped. He saw that she who had loved the fire so well had been working in the snow with bare head and arms.

"How long has it been, Anita?"

"A month. I think. I have lost track of time. You had such a fever at first, and were delirious. But it's all over now, and you're going to stay with me. Don't think about it."

"And the panther?"

"I killed it—Rip and I. Isn't it a fine skin?"

"Did you skin it?" asked Adam, in astonishment.

Continued on page 12



## The Price

### Of pretty teeth—Just film removed

Millions have found a delightful way to beautify the teeth. You see the results now wherever you look—in teeth you envy, maybe.

Perhaps no other creation ever did so much to enhance women's beauty. Or to bring about a better dental era. You owe yourself the test we offer here.

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The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. Now careful people of some fifty nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

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You can feel your teeth now coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Most teeth had film-coats under old methods, for old tooth pastes do not effectively fight film. Tooth troubles were constantly increasing, for film is their major cause.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people, under old methods, escaped those film-caused troubles.

### New methods found

To meet that situation dental science searched for ways to fight film. Two ways were finally discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

### Found other needs

Modern research also found two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

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## LAND'S END—Continued from page 11

"Yes," replied she, nonchalantly, as though skinning wild beasts were part of her ordinary routine," but I didn't do it very well."

A new Anita. And through the days that followed, while his body healed, he watched the miracle of Anita, strong, self-reliant, courageous, yet gentle and loving as he had never dreamed. He would watch her for long hours without speaking, content to be merely in her presence, pondering on her love which enveloped him, showing itself in her ministering to his wants, in her cheerfulness, in her strength supporting his weakness. Then a sudden question would reveal to him some resourceful trait of which he had deemed her incapable.

"Where did you find that stove, Anita?"

"It was in the old cabin behind the hollies. It was half-eaten with rust, but I lugged it up here, and rubbed it with deer-fat. It smoked dreadfully at first, but I contrived a chimney of planks. Who do you suppose ever lived there?"

"Possibly an early settler."

"Not a trapper?"

"A trapper wouldn't plant trees. Must have been a married man, too, for it's the woman who brings the trees and gardens. How did you get your stove up here?"

known that the sight of the dog would drive him up."

"You were so frightened about me that you didn't stop to think, Steve. Don't worry about that. Your accident was the best thing that ever happened for me. I had to step into the breach. Think of it. All my life I have been waited on and adored. You were just as bad as anyone else. I had to see you torn to pieces before I knew I loved you, and that I could be of some use in the world. As for being a failure, let's hear no more of that, dear. When we go home, I shall place you beside the men I know, and watch them fade. There's no one can hold a candle to you, except daddy."

"Your father won't want a tramp of a prospector for a son-in-law."

"You don't know daddy. Why, he's been worrying his heart out for fear I might marry a lounge lizard. Don't you know that he started as a brakesman? He's a real man, is daddy, and he will know a man when he sees one. Cheer up, Steve, I never knew you to be blue."

"You dear! But, sweetheart, I'm a poor man compared to your father. If you marry me, you must be a poor man's wife. Can you be that? Think of all you'll miss. Poverty is hard and ugly, Anita."

"Maybe daddy would help us."



Where willows keep a patient watch

"On my sled. Oh, Steve, it's such fun to contrive things out of nothing. You should see what I have made."

"You're a great contriver, I can see that. I used to think I could instruct you. But, my dear, weren't you afraid of panthers?"

"Not a bit—they're such cowardly things. There's a family of bears on the other side of the ridge, to the left of where we came up. You can see them out any fine day. I have found lots of things."

"Tell me."

"No, wait until you can walk about. Then I'll show you."

ADAM grew daily stronger. Soon he was able to walk about the hut, dizzily at first, hanging to the walls. He had suffered a terrible blood loss, and his strength was drained by fever. Helpless as a child, he leaned upon the girl, who fed him, encouraged him, urged him to new efforts when he would have given up the effort of convalescence.

"Stick to it," she would say. "You mustn't leave me now, Steve. If you do, I shall go back to my old slough. You must get better so that you may help me."

"Forgive me, Anita. I presumed to instruct you, once. But you are too wonderful for me. When you are home again, I shall be nothing to you. I am incompetent, a failure."

"How have you failed? Because you didn't find radium?"

"Oh, bother that stuff! No, I meant to do so much for you, to save you so many months of hardship. See what's happened. I was a sick fool on your hands, who knew no better than to run under a panther's perch. I might have

"No, Anita. I couldn't take you on those terms. Much as I love you, and that's more than my life, you must be my wife, not your father's daughter. What are you laughing at?"

"At you, you dear old goose. How you fell for that old gag! Don't you suppose that a cottage will be a luxury after this hut? I'll want some occupation, Steve, for I've said I'll never go back to my old useless life, haven't I? They say that home-building is such a fascination for a woman. Besides, dear heart, you have promised to take me with you wherever you go. We will hunt for your radium all over the world. Perhaps we'll find that dream valley you talked about."

"When did I ever tell you about a dream valley?"

"Oh, Steve, when you were so ill that I didn't know whether you were going to live or not, you talked all the time about your dream valley and a dream house you wanted to build. Oh, you tore my heart out with your dreams. I was so blind that I hadn't known. You want me in your dream house, don't you?"

"Yes, I do want you. Don't cry, dear heart. I'm not going to die. Just a little while longer, and we'll go seek the land of dreams together. As soon as I am a little stronger, I'll start south again."

"You will? I start with you!"

"But you are not strong—"

"Strong? Why Steve, I'm as strong as a bear. I can run up hill from the hollies without stopping. I can carry a log that would tire you to lift. I work all day bareheaded in the snow, eat like a horse, and sleep twelve hours out of



## LAND'S END—Continued from page 12

twenty-four. When you go, I go with you—and carry half the load."

"A wonderful girl, this little wife-to-be of mine."

"I need to be," said Anita, humbly.

"I had to be strong, for there was so much to be done, and the time was short. I hope to be worthy of you, after a while."

"Worthy of me? You are beyond me. Just be you. A dear, impulsive generous girl. Such a brave little soul."

"I wasn't that way at first."

"Yes, you were. Even with your wilfulness, I could see your dear heart underneath. And your courage. Women don't know how much men admire courage in them. You'll forgive me for being a brute to you?"

"Oh, Steve, you should have flogged me! What a wicked, ugly-tempered little pig I was. That seems such a long time ago. It was another girl, truly, not the real I."

"I know it, dear. A lovely garden choked with weeds. But don't reproach yourself any more. I need cleansing, too. You have raised yourself so far above me; now, help me upwards, too."

ANITA stood straight as a young pine, staring wide-eyed into the flaming sunset. Over her the stars twinkled in the dark sky. Adam watched her, and worshipped. Love had cleansed and awakened this young spirit. She loved him, and would be with him all her

"You?"

"Yes, Steve." The words came in a rush now. "I made them with the paper and plates you showed me. The little plates you had in your knapsack. You remember how you showed me this test while we were waiting for the La-jeunesse at Land's End. You thought I paid little attention to you, then, or was merely amused. But I never forget anything I hear. And I thought that since it was my fault that you hadn't been able to do your work, that I'd try, at least. So Rip used to watch you, and I worked all through this district. There is a great vein of that queer pitchblende—you know you showed me samples of it at the beach—and so I got the plates and the paper and tested it. The rock at the old hut, and over the ridge by the bear's cave—that's how I found the bears, or, rather, they me—will make these pictures. Is it—is it radium, Steve?"

"Oh, you dear little girl, you dear wise little girl, it is radium. It must be. Do you know that you have made our fortunes? The rock at the cabin, and over the ridge, you say? This whole slope must be radio-active rock. Oh, if it were only morning!"

"I'll show you in the morning. Have I really helped you?"

"Helped me? You're the greatest little prospector ever. Now, come here and tell me all about it."



Down by the Old Mill Stream

life. He had ended his quest. He had found Radium, the healer, the life-giver, the seed of light.

In the quick twilight, they returned to the hut. Anita heaped the rusty stove with fuel, prepared their evening meal. The invalid reposed upon the panther skin, and found himself starved. He ate until Anita would give him nothing more.

"There's nothing for you but meat, Steve. You'll bring your fever back. Now, be a good boy, and I'll show you something pretty."

"Just a little more, 'Nita. Hang it, I'm hungry."

"I'll give you some broth, then. Now, shut your eyes, and guess three times."

"Bread?"

"Pig! Where would I find bread?"

"Butter?"

"Can't you think of anything but food?"

"Coffee?"

"You've lost. Now open your eyes, very slowly."

A little square of cloudy glass, a camera plate. On it, a darker circle, the shadowy photograph of a ring—Anita's ring. She laid another glass upon the table before him. A picture of his knife, this time—others, a pine board, a key, a broken twig.

One by one, Adam examined the plates in silence. The girl watched him wistfully, saw the thin dark face take on the lines of keenness, strength. Would he never speak? At last he laid down the plates, and called her, gently:

She came to him.

"Where did—how came they here?" He pointed to the photographs.

"I made them."

She told him, with the joy of a woman who has done something wonderful to prove her love.

Next morning she led him to the scene of her find. Excitement and the bracing atmosphere made a new man of Adam. They tried the ridge first, and he climbed easily, with a helping hand from the girl to steady him over the rough bits.

"Now show me exactly where you placed your plates."

It was two days before he was satisfied with his inspection. He could hardly take time to eat or sleep. Anita hovered around, saw that he was dry and fed, wandered off to hunt for fresh meat, and shot a deer. Then she sat patiently apart from him, lest she disturb him at his work. Finally he announced himself convinced. Plates which he had set himself were printed by the rock.

"We are made, little girl. Wonder the corrosion of the rock didn't attract my attention."

"Is that a sign?"

"Yes. Disintegration, corrosion, is constantly taking place in these radio-active substances."

"I wonder if our friends the settlers were looking for radium?"

"Probably had never heard of it. He's been after gold. Why, you've been packing that knapsack for two days, girl. Give it to me."

"No, let me carry it. I feel as if I were helping you. We're at the hut now, anyway."

"Anita, if I cut some steaks off your deer, will you fry them? And after supper, let's pack."

"But are you able for the trail—"

Concluded on page 62



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CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY LIMITED  
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg

### A MATTER OF NEIGHBORS—Continued from page 6

On the ground floor of the building in which the Northern Pulp had their offices, was a telephone booth and on leaving the building Pete ducked into this and arranged to dine with Lenore that night. In the evening seated at a table secluded by palms he poured into her pretty ears his plans for bringing McIvor to time.

"Oh! Peter!" said Lenore in a horrified tone. "that's an awful trick."

"Huh!" snorted Peter, "and McIvor is an awful stubborn old ass too."

"But really, I don't think it is fair to do it."

"If I don't get that land, I won't get a raise. And if my salary doesn't pick up I can't do that something I'm longing to." He let his eyes rest on his companion.

She smiled at him.

A WEEK later it became known in Mill City that the long expected mill of the Northern Pulp Company was to be built there soon, for Hiram McIvor had sold the four lots adjoining his residence to the company. On these lots the Northern Pulp planned to build fashionable bungalows for their officials.

Hiram was well pleased with himself. The lots had brought a good price and what was more he would be in the centre of a new and exclusive section. He sat on his broad veranda, smoking one of his black cigars and dreamed of pretty cottages and the beautiful lawns that would soon surround him.

The weeks went by, engineers came from the city, worked over the sight of the proposed mill, made notes and went back to the city again. McIvor was as happy as his perverse nature would allow him to be. This afternoon he left his office early and came in hand sauntered home, his mind filled with rosy dreams. No sooner did he come within sight of his house than he suddenly stopped short. He gasped, rubbed his eyes and took another look. The sight that met his astonished eyes would have been cause enough for heart failure in anyone else except McIvor. As if by magic, four hovels had sprung up on the lots which he had sold to the Northern Pulp Company.

A gang of workmen who were evidently responsible for the newly built shacks, were just packing up their tools when Hiram came tearing up spouting fire. With remarkable agility for one of his years, he reached the side of the nearest workman.

"Who in Hell did this?" he thundered, waving his cane furiously at the hovels. The carpenter nimbly got beyond the reach of McIvor's cane and then surveyed the irate one coolly.

"Well, I reckon we built 'em."

"But who told you to, you blasted idiot!" screamed Hiram.

"Got our orders from the Double O this morning," was the reply.

"Double O? What in the devil have they to do with it I'd like to know?"

"They bought all the Northern Pulp holdings. Didn't yuh see it in last night's paper?"

"No I didn't" snapped McIvor. Seeing that he could not wreak a vengeance on the workmen he betook himself into his own house. There he found his wife displaying all the symptoms of one of her "nervous wrecks." She was sitting in a morris chair with an ice pack on her head. As Hiram entered she opened her eyes just enough to see him.

"Well! I hope you are satisfied now. You would sell to those people even when I told you not to," said Mrs. McIvor in a tone that plainly told she had washed her hands of the job and cared not a bit how her husband liked it.

"How the Sam Hill could I know that the Pulp Company would sell again? They promised to build good houses."

Mrs. McIvor did not even deign to answer. She merely closed her eyes again and gave her shoulders a shrug which meant, "Really I didn't expect that you would. Sometimes I wonder how you even manage to exist!"

"Say what—Oh! the Devil!" Hiram turned away disgusted, went upstairs to his den and locked himself in.

From among a pile of reading matter he resurrected yesterday's paper and read, "The Northern Pulp Company have decided not to build the proposed mill at Mill City, due to the fact that the amount of pulp wood in the district does not warrant the outlay. The company has sold all its holdings in Mill City to the Double O Lumber Company." Hiram laid aside the paper and growled out a "Humph!" which showed he smelt a rodent.

From his cigars he picked the fattest and blackest and after lighting up, savagely puffed dense clouds of smoke. With his hands tightly locked behind his back he strode up and down the den and with each stride emitted a puff. More than anything else, he resembled a volcano about to erupt and vomit forth a deluge of fiery lava. His face was drawn into a ferocious scowl. The end of his cigar was chewed to bits. When doing an "about turn" at one end of his beat, his coat tails tipped over a long stemmed ash tray which fell in his path. The lava came. With one kick, in which all his anger was centered he sent the costly tray crashing into the fireplace.

This done, McIvor's pressure fell and he became calmer. At last he stopped in front of the window, drew aside the curtain and glared at the squalid shacks. For a long time he reflected. Why should the Double O build such miserable houses? No one would live in them! Hiram could make nothing of the situation, so he went to the telephone and got Pete Tugman after telling central the number only four times.

"Say what did you build those shacks next me for? For your workmen! Now see here Tugman, I just can't stand the sight of those blame shacks. My wife is a nervous wreck already. What will you take for the lots?"

Pete's voice crackled in the receiver. McIvor jumped as if he had got a shock. "So that's your game eh? Well you'll wait a long time before you get it," and with a vicious bang he snapped up the receiver.

At the Royal, Peter was hugging himself. He had stirred up Hiram already and he had a big jolt to deliver yet.

THE next morning Mrs. McIvor refused to leave her room. Her nerves were completely gone. The noise made by the men building the shacks! disgusting surroundings! and a dozen more reasons of a like kind were given. Hiram decided that he would not go down to his office.

At one o'clock that day several important things happened. McIvor seated himself on his sun porch, his wife (having decided to get up) came out where he was. The mill whistles howled, and as they howled four motor trucks rattled up the street and stopped in front of the much despised shacks. From each truck a family of real, genuine Southern niggers alighted. They were good sized families too. As near as the wretched Hiram could judge, the minimum number of children was eleven and the maximum anywhere between that and twenty. You see Peter's advertisements had specified big families. There were little pickaninnies, bigger ones and the next size. Little half clothed niggers and some who did not have as much clothing, tall ones and short ones, slim ones and fat, light colored and some that were blacker, but one and all they piled out of the trucks with a whoop and set to work moving their stuff into the shacks.

When Mrs. McIvor saw her new neighbors she gave an agonized scream and fainted away. Hiram swore great sulphurous oaths and went inside to look for the smelling salts. For some unknown reason he conceived the idea that he might find them in the basement. While searching there he imagined that he felt rather faint himself and so he took a stiff hooker of private stock. At last when he returned to his wife with the smelling salts he found her quite recovered.

"Hiram McIvor!" said she, and when she spoke in that tone Hiram did not argue. "I've had just about enough of this. You've simply got to buy those



## A MATTER OF NEIGHBORS—Continued from page 14

lots back or else get a new house and that's all there is to it."

Hiram thought there was a great deal more to it but he held his peace, remembering about mild answers turning away wrath.

"Well! What are you going to do? Don't stand there like an idiot!"

"But how can I buy them back? The Double O owns them now."

"Why buy them the same as you would from anyone else?"

Her husband groaned, "But that's easier said than done. They want that land in the Horse Shoe in return for chasing these niggers off and tearing down those blasted shacks. Can't you see it's a kind of left handed blackmail?"

"Why not sell them that old swamp? It's no good."

"Because as long as I own that land I can make Tom Shane and his gang squirm."

"Humph! Well see here, Hiram McIvor if you haven't either got a new house by tonight or bought those lots back, I'll take a hand in this—"

Just then one of the little colored children from next door came into view, swinging Felix, Mrs. McIvor's Persian cat, by the tail. Felix was protesting with a will against this indignity. His mistress took in the situation with a single glance and with terrible fury she descended on the little darkie, landing several cuffs and rescuing Felix with astounding rapidity. The astonished culprit fled, howling with all his might.

McIvor watched his wife as she sat petting Felix back into good humor. He wondered just how she would "take a hand," but he knew for a certainty that if she said she would take a hand, that she would. So at last he got his

hat and cane and went off downtown to see about improving his surroundings. The first thing he did was to call on a real estate company and inquire as to the possibilities of his renting or buying a new house. Much to his dismay he found there was not a house for rent or sale in town. A visit to the rival firm of real estate men confirmed the verdict. In desperation Hiram at last tried to sell his house, but word had gone around town that the "exclusive section" had lately become very inclusive, and no one would touch it.

McIvor did not go home for lunch but at lunch time his wife phoned him. When she heard that he had met with no success in his efforts to procure congenial surroundings, she commented forcibly. Hiram shivered.

During the afternoon Mrs. McIvor called at Tugman's office. When she left, she carried a packet of papers and Peter's promise to rid the "exclusive section," of niggers if Hiram signed the papers she had in the packet.

No sooner was Mrs. McIvor out of the office than Peter let out a joyous whoop and with a reckless disregard of office furniture, turned a hand spring. Then turning to his amazed stenographer he asked her to send a telegram to Tom Shane saying that the Double O would own the Horse Shoe in the morning. Then he heaved a long sigh, at last he could do the thing he wanted to most. He sent the stenographer out to get a soda and once she was out of hearing, he got a certain number on long distance. "That you Lenora?" queried Peter. "Well I got Hiram's goat and—er—will—oh hang it! You know what I mean. Will you?"

The answer brought him happiness.



## She lacked poise

TWO women at luncheon were engaged in conversation. Although they were apparently of the same age, one was more vigorous and well-preserved. In her every manner were displayed poise, confidence and animation that were noticeably absent in her companion.

The other woman showed that in her mind was constant fear or uneasiness. You might have said, "She was self-conscious". Really she lacked poise.

The two women had been friends in early girlhood. The first woman was the president of a large club; was prominent in many activities, and in addition, had three children and many household duties. She was keen enough to observe her friend's sub-conscious anxiety and worry.

### "Why worry over your health?"

"It seems too bad," she said, "that you should permit yourself to worry over your health, because to my mind it is entirely unnecessary. There is no reason why you should not be as vigorous and strong as I am."

The second woman told her that she had observed the many women of her own

age who had been obliged to drop their work and who had become semi-invalids.

Said the club president further: "You should by all means take a reasonable amount of exercise."

"Of course you cannot do any of the strenuous things that as a girl you might have done; but there is no question about the value of dancing, swimming and walking."

"Many women are careless about their diet and the matter of regular sleep. To be careful about these things is only common sense."

### Feminine hygiene

"But then there is one thing to which many women fail to take heed. I refer to the vital matter of personal cleanliness or feminine hygiene."

"This means more than 'soap-and water' cleanliness. You must attain it as the doctor does—by using an antiseptic effective for personal hygiene. It is this last and highest degree of cleanliness that brings a sense of security."

"Lysol" Disinfectant, originally prepared for use by the medical profession, is ideal for personal hygiene. In proper solution with water, it is not caustic and does not irritate. Sold in all drug stores.

Use "Lysol" as an antiseptic solution  
 1 1/2 Teaspoonful to one quart water  
 For personal hygiene  
 When baby comes  
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 For the sickroom  
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**Lysol**  
 Disinfectant

The ideal personal antiseptic



An Alberta Sunset.

### Grass

By H. B. Doughty

The stormy blast came down last night as oft it has before,  
 And piled a snowdrift six feet high against my cottage door.  
 For fifteen years or more I've spent each year a week or so  
 In digging out a little path to my door through the snow.  
 Each year when wintry storms begin I read the travel news,  
 I long to go where summer reigns and miss the snowdrift blues.  
 The wanderlust is in my bones, but beggars cannot choose.  
 The most unkindest cut of all comes when the drift is done,  
 And in my easy chair I reach the wire-less telephone.  
 Los Angeles is on the air and brings tears to my eyes.  
 "The birds are warbling in the trees beneath our smiling skies."  
 "Fair bathers wander near the sea attired in one piece suits,"  
 "Come down from out the frozen north, come to the land of fruits."  
 I fain would go and spend a while where snowdrifts do not grow,  
 But hark! once more the storm is on, and I must shovel snow.

### Snowdrifts

By Donald A. Fraser

Once upon a time,  
 Oh, so long ago!  
 The first wee fairies came to earth,  
 To settle here below.  
 But the world was new,  
 About, indeed, half-done,  
 And when the fairies tried to dance,  
 They didn't have much fun.  
 The ground was bare and rough,  
 And as they tripped it o'er,  
 They stubbed their toes so very hard,  
 They soon became quite sore.  
 So they asked old Sun,  
 If he'd be so kind,  
 To smooth the earth so they could dance  
 With ease and peace of mind.  
 Then they woke one morn,  
 And saw a lovely scene!  
 For all the ground was covered with  
 A carpet of rich green.  
 How they danced that day,  
 Every lad and lass,  
 And sang Sun's praises for his gift,  
 The soft, cool, pleasant grass.



# THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN

WE are all so constituted that we like to know the origin of things. We are particularly interested in the origin of humanity, its division into races, its languages, its customs, its discoveries. For this reason we are interested in anything that promises to throw light on the past. The recent discoveries of Lord Carnarvon in Egypt have therefore thrilled the world, for they give us an insight into life about 3,500 years ago, and when the writing is all deciphered and the deposits in the tomb of King Tutankhamen are fully examined and catalogued we may have the record of Jewish history as found in the Bible verified in a marvellous way or we may add to the Jewish account much information that we have been anxious to obtain.

The story of Egypt goes back about five thousand years before Christ. There were thirty-one dynasties preceding the time of Alexander the Great and the reign of the Ptolemies. The fourth to sixth dynasties gave us the pyramids, but the eighteenth dynasty is at this time to us the most important, for during that period there arose a king by name Amenophis IV, who was perhaps the most remarkable character in the long line of the Pharaohs. Up till that time Egypt worshipped a multitude of gods, some of them local, and some general. Of the gods in general we have Ra, Seth, Osiris, Ptah, Thoth, Horus, Ammon and of these the greatest was Ra. For some season—jealousy or politics or religious enthusiasm—King Amenophis IV broke away from the faith, and instituted the worship of Aton or the "Sun's disk." At the same time he changed his name from Amenhotp (Ammon is satisfied) to Akhenaton (pious to Aton). He erased the images of Ammon from all the monuments he could reach and went so far as to desert the old city of Thebes, with its memories of Ammon, and to build a new city of his own at El Amarna. Here were erected temples, tombs and everything else sacred to the new god Aton. So engrossed was he in his religious work that his kingdom was partly lost to conquerors, and when he died at the end of the seventeen years, he left to his successors a monarchy of doubtful value.

THESE successors were his two sons-in-law, the first of whom reigned but a short time. Whether he died a natural death or by violence is not certain, but it is quite clear that the second son-in-law was only too ready to succeed him. The name of this man was Tutenkhaton, but as he had none of his father-in-law's religious scruples, he was easily induced to leave El Amarna and return to the old capital, Thebes, where he lived for four or five years in royal splendor. His name he changed to suit the circumstances, and it is known in history and on the old records as Tutankhamen.

And so Lord Carnarvon digging in the valley of the kings—that is the burial grounds outside of the city—near Luxor; came upon steps that led down to a great gate, sealed with the cartouche or symbol of Tutankhamen. Now this was enough in itself to cause excitement, for this Tutankhamen is possibly the very Pharaoh who oppressed the People of Israel and who drove them across the Red Sea. It will take time to find out.

When Carnarvon and his co-worker, Howard Carter, reached this wall they discovered that it had been broken through by somebody and re-sealed. When the wall was broken and the debris cleared away, the workers came upon a large outer chamber filled with a jumble of furniture, beds, chariots, a throne inlaid with precious stones, jewel cases, boxes for holding clothes; all inlaid with gold, ivory and precious stones. There was also food for the dead; candlesticks and alabaster vases. Full details are not yet revealed. The belief of the Egyptians was that the soul after death will require these things, and so such care was taken to preserve the body of the dead, and to



One of the life size statues of the King which guarded the sealed doorway of the inner chamber. Hanging over the left arm is the remains of a linen fabric used as a protective covering.

supply it with everything necessary for its journey to the next world.

But if there was interest in the material in this first chamber, there was increased interest when on Sunday, Feb. 11, the workers broke through the second wall and entered the inner chamber. This is almost filled with a shrine or canopy. The walls are lined with gold and blue and under the larger canopy is a smaller, under which is probably the mummy of the great king. All around are texts and carvings, no doubt recording the deeds of the king and the happenings of his reign. Beyond, there is a small room filled with

shrines, boxes, statuettes and other wonders, many of these being in pure gold. It may be that the sarcophagus is in this inner chamber. It may also be that the "Book of the Dead" which gives full instructions to the departed soul on his journey may be found close to the mummy. On the other hand there may be great disappointment. It will take two years to remove the material and classify it properly. It would be a crime to move quickly when everything is so significant.

The researches will be completed by trained archaeologists, and the immense wealth will go to the Egyptian

government and the explorers, who will doubtless transmit it to the great museums of the world.

The two things of particular interest are the inscriptions and the statements of religious belief. The former may add to the power of men to interpret the hieroglyphics and semi-alphabetic symbols of the ancient Egyptians, the latter may explain the origin of the accounts we have in various literatures of the creation of the world and mankind.

OLD Egyptian writing was known as hieroglyphic. A picture represented an object or characteristic of an object. Thus a picture of a fox might mean a fox or it might mean "cunning". Symbols to represent royalty were usually compounds of two or three pictures or signs and were enclosed in ovals. These are called "cartouches". In time a symbol came to have alphabetic significance as well as the old pictorial significance and because of this double use of figures there is great difficulty in interpreting the writing. There is an added difficulty in this that there are really three Egyptian forms of writing, first the real hieroglyphic, or ideograph language, then the hieratic or sacred language, then the demotic or people's script language. When the Rosetta stone was discovered it was found to have the same inscription in Greek, hieroglyphic and hieratic and the astute Champollion with infinite pains solved the riddle of interpreting the unknown alphabets. So it will be comparatively easy for modern Egyptologists to interpret whatever new may be found in the tomb of Tutankhamen.

It will be even more interesting to get further information regarding the religious beliefs of the Egyptians. It may be that the predecessor of Tutankhamen had espoused monotheism because of the influence of the Israelites who had settled in Goshen in the time of Joseph.

It may be that there is something in common between their views and those of the other nations of the world at that time. The Egyptians evidently came from the north rather than from Ethiopia. It would be strange if there were not something in common in their religion and that of the peoples who in early days lived in Assyria, Babylonia, Chaldea. Nor would it be wonderful if all of these people had a common explanation of such events as the creation and the flood.

In the meantime it will be of interest to study the pictures that accompany this article. One thing is clear, the people of thirty-five hundred years ago had little to learn from us in some forms of art. Their devotion to art probably accounts for their unwillingness to drop their old hieroglyphics and adopt an alphabet. They would rather have a beautiful looking page than one too quickly read.

The following quotations from Clodd's "Story of the Alphabet", are particularly interesting at the present time. "The Osiris (soul of the dead) has not only to be able to recite the names and titles of the gods, but every part of the boat in which he desires to cross the great river flowing to Armenti—the underworld that leads to the fields of the Blessed. And then before he can enter the Hall of the Two Truths—that is of Truth and Justice—where the god Osiris and the forty-two judges of the dead are seated, the jackal-headed Ambis requires him to tell the names of every part of the doors, posts and woodwork generally."

The common problem—yours, mine, every one's—

Is not to fancy what were fair in life  
Provided it could be; but, finding first  
What may be, then find how to make it  
fair

Up to our means—a very different thing!  
My business is not to remake myself  
But make the absolute best of what God  
made.

—Robert Browning.



A view of the Antechamber looking West. Objects of note are parcels of mummified food, the royal couch, vases and chair on right



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The soft, rich, green color of Palmolive Soap is the natural color of the rich oils from which it is blended.

Nature put the color in these oils, just as she does in grass and foliage.

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Palm and olive oils not only impart their color to Palmolive Soap—they also give it their own soothing mildness. The rich, creamy Palmolive lather is lotion-like in its effect on the skin. It is ideal facial soap.



## The Springtime of Life

—How to keep that youthful bloom throughout the years



HE joyous time—the time of youth and blooming, when every young girl should charm the world with her flower-like freshness.

This greatest of all attractions is girlhood's rightful heritage as well as the most admired beauty of later years. The pretty girl will mature into the beautiful woman if she keeps that schoolgirl complexion.

### Don't let it fade

All too often this alluring schoolgirl complexion is allowed to vanish with schoolgirl days. Yet simple treatment following school-days will retain it as the greatest attraction of mature years.

Be careful how you cleanse your skin—don't let harsh methods rob it of its natural delicate texture. Or, just as dangerous to complexion health, don't omit the daily washing with soap and water for fear that its action is too harsh.

Instead, choose the facial soap which you know is so mild and soothing that it keeps the most sensitive skin smooth and soft.

This soap is Palmolive, as millions of women already know. It is blended from Palm and Olive oils, known since the days of ancient Egypt as nature's beautifying cleansers.

These two rare oriental oils, by whose aid Cleopatra kept her youth, impart their mildness to the smooth creamy lather of Palmolive. It cleanses thoroughly, removing every trace of the oil, dirt and perspiration which otherwise clogs the skin pores. It leaves your skin soft and glowing with a delightful sensation of freshness.

Used regularly, every day, Palmolive keeps your complexion fine of texture and free from blackheads and blotches. Yet it never robs the skin of its own beautifying oil provided by nature to keep it smooth.

Apply a touch of cold cream after gently drying your face with a soft fine towel. Normally oily skins won't need it except possibly when the weather is very cold.

### A low-priced luxury

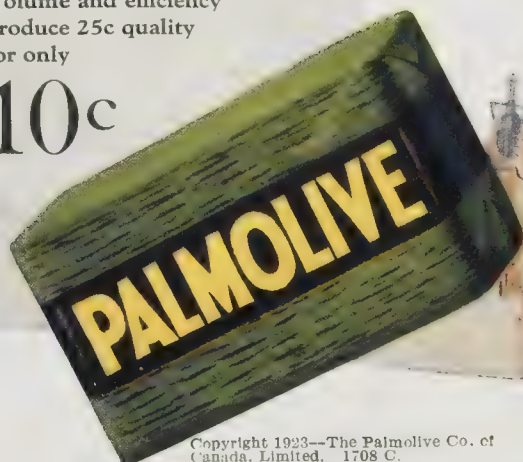
If you imagine that Palmolive, because of its super-fine qualities, must be very expensive, you are wrong. While in Cleopatra's days Palm and Olive oil was the luxury of the rich, modern manufacturing methods combined with world-wide popularity makes Palmolive a low-priced soap.

We import these rare oils in enormous quantities and the Palmolive factories work day and night to supply the demand. Palmolive is only 10c a cake—a price which puts it within the reach of all for general toilet use.

*Palm and Olive Oils—  
nothing else—give  
nature's green color  
to Palmolive Soap.*

Volume and efficiency  
produce 25c quality  
for only

10c



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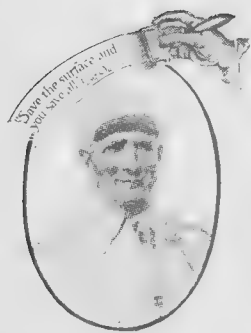
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LUXEBERRY gives a pure radiant white that stays white permanently. Its soft, subdued lustre is very different from the hard icy glare of other enamels. Instead of projecting crude contrasts into a room it produces harmonious blending.

Luxeberry Enamel is the perfect finish for wood, metal, plaster or cement. It will not discolor with age and is kept fresh and beautiful by wiping with a damp cloth. Besides pure white, it comes also in ivory, cream, pearl grey, French grey and light grey.



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# Luxeberry Enamel

Radiates Sunshine





1. Huskies on Banff Ave. 2. Girls Hockey, Vancouver and Calgary for Alpine cup on Bow River Rink. 3. Ski hill at Banff. 4. String of Huskies from the Pas. 5. Miss Lillian Rich, Movie Star in Alaskan carryall.

# THE DOG DERBY AT BANFF

By Charlotte Gordon

THE great dog derby at Banff, Alberta, the main feature of the Banff winter carnival, ranks as "a classic" in the history of dog races on the continent, featured, as it was, on one of the finest courses of its kind ever planned. Minnewanka Lake, in the very heart of the Rockies, with towering mountains standing on guard, and a world of peaks going off into purple mists, was the great, natural stage. At each corner of the triangular course, five miles around, Indian tipis were picturesquely arranged, while a number of tipis marked the starting point, each with their cluster of pine trees, planted on the ice, making it a miniature Indian encampment. The posters on the tents indicated the headquarters of the judges, the moving picture company, magazines, newspapers, such as "Life," "Adventure," "Field and Stream."

It was in the early morning, and the weather had a keen edge, that we drove from Banff to Minnewanka, over the eight mile trail, and through the town of Banffhead, impressed by the dignity of the little Catholic church on a remote hill, "solemn and lonely," its cross touched by the early hint of sunrise. We passed the strings of sleighs, loaded with the racing dogs in crates, their drivers running along beside them, thus saving the animals the eight mile run before their race. After a cup of steaming coffee and a rest before the cosy grate fire, at the bungalow camp, we were ready for the big event.

Fourteen strings of dogs with their hickory sleds, or carryalls, lined up. It was a scene that will long live in the memory—the majestic Rockies looking on in their usual calm dignity, their snow crests touched with gold, glistening, gleaming, the dark pines giving a warm background and the crowds of people on the lake, excited, eager, enthusiastic.

At five minutes to ten, the teams were in position and the men eager to be away, while the dogs, many of whom were lying quietly in the snow, leaped to the command of their drivers, and began tugging at their traces and yelping. On the minute to ten, there was the crack of a pistol, Mr. Laurence Pringle shouted "Go," there were cries of "mush," "mush," from the drivers, and the dogs sprang forward, snapping, the men cracking their whips, bells jingling merrily, the crowds cheering. Thus in the "St. Moritz" of Canada did the one-hundred mile championship dog grand prix for the "Strongheart" trophy begin.

The order of the start was Morgan, Tom Creighton, Sam Pranteau and Shorty Russick. One of Solomon Cook's

dogs was injured in a fight the night before, and he competed with a string of six dogs. The first lap of five miles was done in 29 minutes, the second lap in 37 minutes, and the third lap in 38 minutes. Travelling in the afternoon was slower and faster at night towards the finish. The first 20 miles was accomplished in two hours, ten minutes and 37 seconds, the first 30 miles in 3 hours and 23 minutes. It was the first all-visible dog derby ever arranged in the history of the work, and field glasses were everywhere in evidence, following the strings around the course.

SEVEN teams of racing dogs from The Pas were in the contest, including Earl Brydges, champion boy musher of the North. It was whispered that the promoters of the race had a hard time securing permission to take the young lad from school. He comes of a family famous for their accomplishments with the dogs of the North, and his three sisters are "mushers" of a high order. The representation from The Pas, include Dr. R. D. Orok, president of the Dog Derby Association of the North; Reece H. Hague, secretary; G. R. Bancroft, Mr. J. Isman, Mr. C. B. Morgan, and B. B. Snybol.

The owners and drivers were C. B. Morgan, whose team won the two-hundred mile race at The Pas, with the driver, Bill Grayson; Tom Creighton, with driver Baptiste Campbell, and a second team with driver Charles Staback. W. Winterton, Sam Pranteau, Solomon Cook, Shorty Russick, Henry Riviere. The teams entered by the Trimble Murfin Productions Company had as drivers, Allan Bowe, an accomplished musher, who has for some years driven the mail out from Fort McMurray into the Arctic Circle, William Wales Sproat, Phil Chandler, Carl Weaver.

Sam Pranteau and Solomon Cook, Indians from Grand Rapids, at the head of Lake Winnipeg, found the train journey quite a novelty, and it was the first time that they had ever seen a street car. Such modern means of travel quite disgusted them, and Pranteau declared that if he "got home alive, never again such a trip for him."

Towards noon good, wholesome buffalo meat sandwiches were handed to the men as they ran by or sometimes it would be a bottle of coffee, the men taking their refreshments as they ran along. The dogs were not given anything to drink all day, just taking up the snow as drink, and were given some very light food. Thus the day went by with an interest renewed as a team whirled by the winning post, their drivers, jaunty, jovial. Finally only five

teams were left in the contest, and all were speeding up to the final lap.

It was sixteen minutes after eleven that Shorty Russick, Russian musher, drove his team to victory, after traveling steadily for thirteen hours and sixteen minutes. The moon shone bright after a heavy wind and drifting snow of early evening and the barometer registered below zero, but the crowd, in listening attitude, with strained eyes, across the frozen stretches, for sound or sight of the team that would win the race, and it was amid lusty cheers that Rusty drove gallantly in with his huskies, while the dogs, full of the spirit of the fray, came with heads high and tails wagging. If ever there was shown a test of endurance it was then, for while Shorty received congratulations and shook hands all around, he had to keep a tight rein on the animals, they were eager to be away again, seeming as fresh as ever. Morgan's team, with "Bunt," the famous leader, came in three minutes behind the winning team. "I am the proudest individual in the world," said Shorty Russick as he finished the race, a winner.

During the race, Brydges led for two laps, Russick for three, Grayson for seven and Staback for eight.

Most of the dogs ran the race bare footed, but several wore tiny moosehide moccasins, to prevent the snow coming up through their feet and making them sore. After the race the dogs were given very light food, wrapped in blankets, put in the crates and driven to Banff.

DURING the day the moving picture company were busy shooting scenes, camera fiends were everywhere in evidence, and the colorful note of carnival costumes made a scene of interest and beauty. Winter togger reached a climax in the rainbow blanket coats, for if there is one thing that is typically Canadian, it is the blanket coat. There were rare furs, bright sweaters, sporting costumes, and toques, ski-ing suits, combrers, beaded moccasins, belts, a marvel of Indian workmanship, the mounted policemen in smart uniforms, pioneers in good old buffalo coats, Indians with their attractive native costume, and their stoicism—the North, South, East and West, all mingling in a happy camaraderie in God's great outdoors.

A popular figure in the carnival festivities was Miss Lillian Rich, movie star, at present with the Trimble-Murfin productions. That she is the wife of a former Winnipegger, Mr. Leo Nicholson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Nicholson, is of special interest. Miss Rich wore a

colorful sport costume, something the color of deep blue forget-me-nots. It was especially made for her with long, tightly buttoned knickers, pull-over sweater, long mittens, scarf and toques with pale, yellow strips and fur trimmed moccasins.

The queen of the carnival, Miss Fern Brewster of Banff, was a picturesque figure in a coat of baby caribou, which looked like grey-brown squirrel. It had a lining of shepherd's plaid, edged with scarlet flannel, and a vivid sash. She gave her crown and sceptre to Mr. Frank Patrick of Vancouver, who was elected queen for 1923, accepting with grace the rainbow hued blanket coat, one of the insignias of office.

IN the interest of good sportsmanship, an appreciation of the historic part played by the sleigh-dogs in the development of the North-west, and with a desire to perpetuate and develop the sleigh dog, the Banff Winter Sports Association have formulated a definite set of rules and rule number one states that the race is open to the world. Each team must finish the race with the same number of dogs and if a dog should die, his body must be brought in at the finish of the race.

Dr. Orok, president of the Dog Derby Association of the North, has been a resident of The Pas for twelve years, and has been energetic in his co-operation with the citizens of the frontier town, the gateway to the Northland, in developing a thoroughbred type of racing dog. Formerly the Indian treated his dogs very badly, and that is probably how the term "dog's life" originated. The animals were poorly fed, overworked, and not properly housed, so the men set about to show the Indian that with good care, he would get many times as much work out of them.

Three things were required in a good racing dog—intelligence, endurance, and good feet. Intelligence comes from the Scotch collie, endurance from the hound, and good feet from the husky with its wolf strain.

There is a work of humanity in this development, for the dogs can go where a horse could never travel, and Dr. Orok tells of a "musher" racing all night, sixty miles, to The Pas for a doctor, and returning in time to save a man's life. There are many such instances of the dogs of the North giving wonderful service.

Quite an interesting industry has been established in the care of the dogs during the summer. A "dock," on one of the lakes, in good fishing ground, is acquired and a man will take four or five hundred dogs in charge, with the

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## UP THE ST. LAWRENCE WITH IMMIGRANTS— Continued from page 8

cape, jutting out into the St. Lawrence where it is still an ocean, stands for the meeting place of two worlds, where the European immigrant gets his first touch with Canada and the Dominion, which has been the subject of such exhaustive speculation, and anticipation begins to become a reality, where after days of horizon rimmed ocean the beauties of the St. Lawrence banks begin to appear.

To the average citizen Farther Point would appeal as a place to be passed as rapidly as possible, and having known some desolate localities of remoter Canada, he might be tempted to accord it the superlative place. Tourists have never discovered it. It is off the beaten track and reached only by car from Rimouski. Even so there is nothing to commend it to the ordinary holiday maker. A few scattered houses, the ubiquitous pretentious little church of the French-Canadian village—to most eyes it has no attraction whatever. Only do the fresh breezes from off the St. Lawrence blow over it giving it an atmosphere ever cool, bracing and invigorating. Only do the woods behind stand out in their emerald against the sombre gray of the rocks of the point, or blend with the darker hue of the river. No place for the ordinary holiday maker, but what a haven for the neurotic and broken down, the brain-taxed and wearied toiler, in its brooding hush, its meditative calm, its healing quiet.

BUT great interest centres in the little hamlet, for that army with its many ramifications which in Canada is concerned with ships and ocean traffic. Near the extremity of the point stands a modern lighthouse each night flashing its warning light across the twenty miles of water. Close by is the giant foghorn which blasts its stentorian signal when fog enshrouds the light. Upon the hill stands a wireless receiving station which receives messages from every vessel entering the gulf before it proceeds up the river. A coastguard and life saving station completes the precautions for preserving life and shipping.

But what holds the greatest interest is the little "Eureka," the staunch little government pilot boat which leaves its pier on the point to take out a river guide for all vessels steaming up to Quebec and Montreal. Fully half the inhabitants of the little village would seem to be pilots, either employed by the government or by private shipping concerns. They live in the arrival of vessels, and when the wireless report is received of the approach all eyes are turned across the ocean of water to the distant horizon and glasses and telescopes are focussed upon the speck as it appears over the rim of the earth.

The tiny dot grows larger and larger until it assumes distinct shape and one defines a giant liner bound from Europe, its passengers forming a blurred, dense, opaque mass as they crowd against the railings. When it has approached to within half a mile or so the pilot boat leaves its pier and steams gracefully out to meet its mammoth sister. In a very short time it is within hailing distance and forms and features take shape upon the giant liner as the little boat makes a deft turn about and is alongside.

Passengers in masses on the deck hang over the rail as the rope ladder is lowered and the pilot and immigration inspector clamber on board hand over hand. The casual passengers of the pilot boat become the cynosure of all eyes. There is much interchange of banter, waving of hands, fluttering of handkerchiefs, and as the pilot boat again pulls away cheers and wishes of good luck. The huge vessel again vibrates to the propeller as it starts off again on the last portion of its voyage which is to end at Quebec or Montreal. The first intimate touch with Canada has been effected.

On board ship a dance is in progress, quite a formal affair, the majority of both sexes being in evening dress. The lounge makes an excellent ballroom, and there is never a tremor as the vessel glides through the calm waters. Coming from the rude primitiveness of the little Quebec hamlet the brilliant scene presents somewhat of an incongruity. One wonders what certain of the young

men will do with their glad rags when they exchange them for the overalls of a Western farm, and how the girls in their soft, shimmery, flimsy gowns will look when they have exchanged them for the more practical gingham of a farmer's mate. Its a wonderful transition, but meanwhile there is not a care or worry in the world for them, the past irretrievably put behind, the future unanticipated as they disport themselves in waltz and fox trot.

They are not all budding agriculturists by any means. Every class, every type, all conditions are represented in that species of democracy which is born on the ocean. Pairs are strolling about the decks, some trios, some quartettes, but overwhelmingly in pairs, for there is nothing so potent in generating romance as a sea voyage, though in a few weeks most will laugh at the fervor which they managed to put into these affairs. A ship's officer looks on with a rather bored expression and a cynical twist to his mouth. He has made many voyages and seen the same volcanic love-making so many times. Questioned, he attempts to fathom the causes which produce this atmosphere of romance, but can get no deeper than venturing the opinion that some exotic quality influences women on the ocean—something akin to the power of the moon, but more potent. He quotes summer resort flirtations to back his theory up, though indications would tend to show that the male sex is just as badly afflicted by the same happy malady. He complains petulantly of a young couple who disturbed his slumbers the previous night by talking their sweet nothings under his port hole until late into the night. The loves of an ocean voyage are wonderfully sweet, but oh how brief!

Among the motley aggregation on board are many aspiring farmers, young and old, bound in the main for the Western prairies. In a common sympathy and taste they seem to have discovered each other and sit seriously in groups pouring over farming handbooks, or discussing agricultural questions with that authority born of little knowledge. Stalwart, husky, and muscular in the main they form a most welcome contribution to Canada, and one for which she has the greatest and most urgent need.

One would have thought all the war brides and brides-to-be to have arrived in Canada long ago, but they continue to come. Some are enthusiastically happy, others in no little doubt as to the state of their own feelings, after such an absence from husband or fiancé they saw so little of. One good looking English girl informs the others that the husband she married in khaki in England is to be at the wharf to meet her and should she find that she no longer likes him she is prepared to book her passage back immediately. Another girl according to passengers has wept the whole of the way over at the prospect of meeting the husband she married during the war, and one naturally wonders what kind of a sense of duty induced her to book a passage at all. Truly the war was responsible for more than the tragedies of France and Belgium and we are still in the aftermath.

THERE was the passenger who had been in Canada before and wanted all others to know about it. His description of Quebec, the construction of the ramparts, the assault on the citadel, was glorified guide-book with that egoistical touch which suggests that the narrator was intimately involved in these stirring events. Buttonholing some poor unfortunate he would expatiate at length until the victim, his sense of politeness taxed to the uttermost, would forcibly tear himself away leaving the discourser to pounce upon some other unoccupied wretch to listen to his diatribe, which he would do immediately without the slightest embarrassment and apparently impervious to rebuffs.

There was a dear old Scottish lady on the way to her Alberta ranch after touring Europe with her husband and daughter. She was unforgotten delighted at the prospect of the bald-headed prairie, the smell of the sage-rush, and the manifold duties of a ranch household. One



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## UP THE ST. LAWRENCE WITH IMMIGRANTS

*Continued from page 20*

is however rather surprised to learn that her daughter is just as delighted to be going back and counting the days until she is again astride her cayuse, after having had all that Europe could offer and being quite a social success. One perhaps finds it difficult to understand the longing in face of all these opportunities for which most girls would sacrifice anything, until one sees the girl herself tall, stalwart, clear-eyed, with that gleam which visioning long prairie prospects always imparts. Though she might grace assemblies in any country, she is clearly a daughter of the West her heart and love in its soil, not to be wooed away.

Bachelor homesteaders would be sent into rapturous transports could they see the host of unattached girls on board. Country girls with the roses in their cheeks, county girls fresh and athletic; girls who confess they have never left London in their lives before—another glorious contribution to the Dominion, future mothers of generations of Canadians.

On the lower deck the foreign element congregates—of so many nationalities that one hesitates to analyse or enumerate them. Gaily they go through their national games or perform their folk dances to the music of accordion or mouth organ. There are foreigners and foreigners amongst our immigrants, and many in criticising broadly this element of our immigration tide have no knowledge of the many excellent colonies of European peoples in Western Canada and the national bulwark they have at times proved.

And all the while the beautiful wooded, village-dotted banks of the St. Lawrence seem to come closer and closer together as the good ship makes progress up the river. Passengers rush from one side of the vessel to the other as some quaint old French-Canadian hamlet is hailed. They cannot but enthuse over Quebec; Three Rivers, unfortunately greets the newcomers with the nauseous blasts from its pulp mills; but the countless little settlements perched high up on the banks are each one a gem. It is all new, strange, and wonderful to these people who are to make new homes in this great land, and to whom the first views and impressions mean so much because they are so lasting.

Somehow one would expect the immigrant, torn up by the root from his environment, separated from all old friends and the associations held dearest, for the time homeless and the future, to an extent at least, uncertain, to be of a somewhat perturbed and unsettled state of mind, attended by a certain amount of worry and distress. Nothing is further from fact—at least no such feeling is evident. On the surface he or she is all enjoyment and buoyancy, bent on getting the most out of life and permitting the future to take care of itself. And it persists up to the last day in the bustle of clearing decks and piling baggage in the alley-ways. There is always a dance held on the last night to be spent on the vessel unless it happens to be a Sunday, and certainly none would suspect from their care-free demeanor and absolute abandon that on the morrow these dancers will embark on a life totally strange to them, fraught with uncertainty, and accompanied by a certain amount of hardship.

In the morning they awaken with that thrill of expectation which anticipated events instil into the subconscious mind, in an atmosphere of bustle and noise, of creaking ropes and whirring machinery, of the shouts of sailors and stevedores. They go on deck to see before them the tall grain elevators backed by the stately spires of Montreal. Laden with baggage, in the echo of farewells and hasty promises, they move down the gang plank, in the same buoyant manner, the same sporting spirit which will see them through the game. Nearly have they arrived at their goal. For the course of a day they will add a deeper old world touch to the cosmopolitanism of the Canadian metropolis and in the evening depart for the West to be distributed over the Dominion's broad expanses and their identity as immigrants soon lost.



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# John Lawler's Resurrection

## An Easter Story

By Geo. H. Barrett

IT was Tuesday evening, and the Rev. James Nanton sat, in the study of the Hurstleigh manse, reading a magazine.

The day had been a busy one, the morning being spent in preparation of an Easter sermon for the following Sabbath, and the afternoon in visitation on a distant part of the charge. So with a sense of leisure well earned, the minister was seeking pleasant relaxation in the opening chapter of a good story. Suddenly there was a rap at the study door, and in answer to the minister's hearty "Come in," John Lawler, an elder of his church, entered.

Pushing the magazine aside, Mr. Nanton rose to welcome his visitor. The usual greetings over, they were soon comfortably seated, and engaged in an animated conversation concerning town and church affairs.

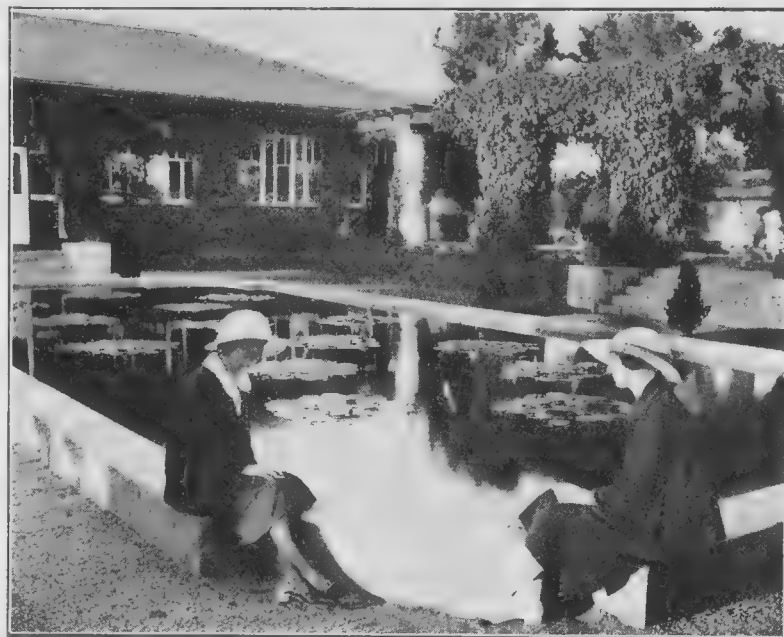
John Lawler was not an infrequent visitor at the manse, for he had found the minister very good company, while he had a sincere respect for his character and ability. His visits were usually welcome to the minister, for although they had had some rather troublesome

therefore to the real prosperity of the church. He discovered that the elder's theories of the Christian religion and the church of Christ, differed widely from those of evangelical Christians, and that his working faith was little more than a bare credence of some of the primary truths.

To him the Christian religion was merely a fine system of morality based upon certain fundamental truths, and the Christian church simply a school of morals.

The only faith he understood and exercised was a simple assent of the intellect to these things; resulting in an acceptance by his conscience of the Christian standard of morality, except for certain reservations and compromises on the ground of present conditions; and an honest endeavor by his own strength of nature to bring his life into agreement with it.

To John Lawler, God was very far off and surrounded by clouds and darkness; Christ was little more than the great exemplar, and religious experience simply an honest struggle to do right, with a hope of God's favor at the end.



Very attractive is the Water Lily Pond. Lilies growing just within reach

differences of opinion, there were some fine traits in the elder's character, and some admirable things in his life.

The Rev. James Nanton had been minister of the Hurstleigh Presbyterian Church some three years, while John Lawler had been its ruling spirit for over fifteen years.

When the minister accepted the call to Hurstleigh, the church was in low condition, but believing that there were possibilities in the place, he had thrown himself with optimism into an earnest endeavor to raise it to a prosperous state.

After three years hard work though, he had to confess to partial failure, and great discouragement.

In his heart the minister held that the failure and discouragement were, in large part due to the opinions, attitude and course of John Lawler.

The Elder's position and means as a prominent merchant and large property holder, gave him great influence in the town; while his liberal support of, and active interest in the church, combined with his position and influence without, gave him chief place and power in the congregation. His favor went a great way towards success and his opposition was a serious thing with which to reckon.

At first the minister had been very hopeful of him; but as he came to know him better, and to gain experience of the working of things within the church, he saw that the elder was really a serious barrier to the spiritual progress, and

Every effort to get people beyond that had either met with coldness and opposition or had been regarded with suspicion; while every expression of deeper experience had been treated by him as enthusiasm if not positive madness.

This had been a serious check to operations and a source of great discouragement to the minister and to those of his workers who sympathized with him.

Although they had warmly contended the positions at various times, their friendliness had still been maintained, though latterly the minister had begun to think, that to secure the end he sought was an utterly hopeless task.

Just a little while before Christmas a Miss Burton, with her aged mother had come to live in Hurstleigh, and she had brought with her a letter of transfer from the church in the town where she had formerly resided.

She had proved to be a sincere earnest Christian, and an active worker in the church.

She was a little woman, slight and fair, and though somewhere in the upper thirties still bright and fresh. Her presence was like a sunbeam, and her enthusiasm positively contagious. Her advent had caused quite a revival of interest in the Sunday school. Her clear sweet voice in the choir had given a new tone to things; while her presence and prayers in the prayer meeting had proved a blessing to a number.

With this addition to his forces, even the minister took heart again, until he



## JOHN LAWLER'S RESURRECTION

Continued from page 22

discerned the attitude and manner of John Lawler towards the new member.

John Lawler was a bachelor of about forty years of age, and held very decided opinions regarding the position and work and wiles of women.

Some said he had been jilted in his younger days, and others that the woman had never been born that would satisfy his fastidious tastes and fancies. But be that as it may, the facts remained that he had reached the age of forty, was still unmarried, and showed a decided antipathy toward anything touching the larger freedom and work of woman either in church or state. As soon as the character and course of the new member became manifest, he began to show strong disfavor, and at last undertook to snub and oppose.

This had greatly grieved the minister, and had thrown him into a worse state of discouragement than he had been in before Miss Burton's arrival.

IN considering the matter the minister had thought that if John Lawler could be brought to know and understand Miss Burton, his prejudice would be disposed of, and his attitude towards her changed. It happened this Tuesday evening, that after the minister and elder had been conversing some time, and had got well into church affairs, that some matter with which Miss Burton was connected was mentioned, and John Lawler ventured his candid opinion respecting that lady.

"I can't endure that Miss Burton," he said with considerable warmth. "She is nothing but a fussy old maid, with a lot of hysterical enthusiasm about things which only exist in her own imagination. If she thinks the world is going to be changed by such cant and humbug, she is out of the reckoning. It's a pity she was not married years ago. She'd have found her proper place and work by this, and been forced out of the world of fancy and fad into the sphere of 'fact and reason.'"

"Why sir, Your are very severe upon Miss Burton," said the minister, "and I really think you greatly mistaken respecting her. She has appeared to me, and to a number of others also, as a bright, earnest, active Christian."

"Oh! she's bright enough, anyone will allow," answered John Lawler with a laugh. "but you must remember that she is still unmarried, and some are attracted by that sort of thing. And no one will question her earnestness and activity; but regarding what is behind it there may be two opinions. Anyway I have my doubts respecting her."

"Well, whatever you may think, sir," replied the minister, "I have no doubts as to the religious experience, the high principle, and the right motives of Miss Burton."

"I happen to have a very close friend residing in the town from which Miss Burton came, who has been well acquainted with her for years and has had a chance of closely observing her life and character."

Soon after Miss Burton's arrival I received a letter from this friend and in it he spoke in the highest terms of her character and work, and gave me a few facts of her life which tell a tale of quiet heroism with which one but seldom meets.

It seems, that about twenty-five years ago, Miss Burton, then a little girl of eleven years came to this country with her parents from Belfast, Ireland. They settled in Montreal, where her father entered into business, and was for some years very prosperous. Then reverses came. The strain told upon her father's health, and eventually he died.

Upon her father's death, she and her mother were left absolutely without means; while the latter's health had become completely broken through the adversity and bereavement that had befallen them.

In order that she might devote herself to her mother, Miss Burton sought release from an engagement with one to whom she was strongly attached, and who could have given her every comfort

in life; and had bravely and patiently faced a life of hard toil and pinching poverty.

After many struggles she had worked her way up to a responsible position, which afforded them a plain but comfortable living.

In her position, she was looked upon as a smart capable business woman, who had by her diligence and integrity, gained the confidence of her employers.

Notwithstanding the demands upon her business and in the home, she was an active member of the church, ready for every good work, and had greatly endeared herself to the congregation.

He said, moreover, that during the time he had known her, she had received several offers of marriage from men of good standing, personal friends of his; but had steadfastly maintained her devotion to her mother, lest any change should jeopardise her interests.

He said that her leaving was a distinct loss to the place; while it would be a decided gain to us; and he hoped that we would do our best to make her welcome.

All that I can say is, that if her religious experience and enthusiasm result in a life and character such as have been described to me, they have my unqualified admiration; and I am

prepared to learn what I can, and catch what inspiration I may, from them."

At this, a laugh broke from John Lawler, in the midst of which, he exclaimed, "well! well! It's very clear Miss Burton has a strong champion in the minister. I never thought when I ventured my opinion of her, that I would draw such a fire; but I am very sorry if I have at all mistaken the lady."

Then the conversation drifted to other things, and in a little while John Lawler wished Mr. Nanton good night, and made his way homeward.

For the rest of the evening John Lawler found his mind continually reverting to the story of Miss Burton's life, until at last he was forced to a full review, and finally decided that possibly he had been mistaken.

Next day, he was reminded of it, with renewed freshness and force, by a call Miss Burton made at his office on a matter of business.

It was the first time that he had had such an interview with her and, after the incident of the night before, it was of special interest.

He could not but note her bright joyous face, her agreeable manners, and her quick shrewd answers.

When she had gone, he fell to thinking upon her life again, and he was forced to the conclusion that if these

things were as stated, then there was a power behind her life, of which, as yet, he knew nothing.

This conclusion forced him, at intervals of leisure through the day, to think out his own exact position in these matters.

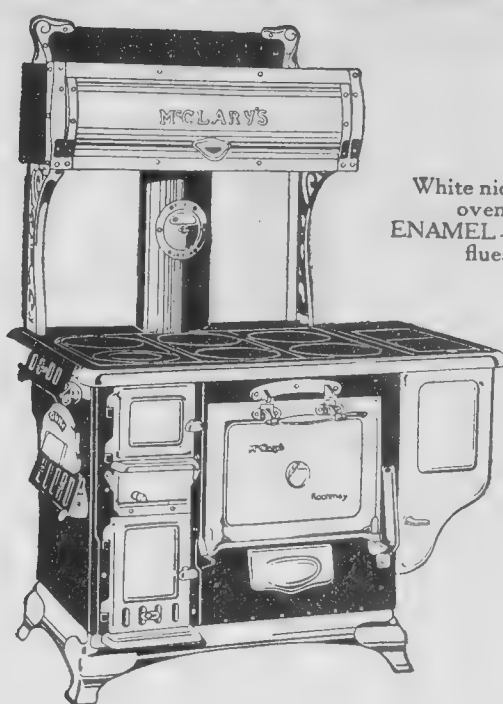
At night he went to the mid-week service, and his manner was markedly subdued and retiring; while it was noticed by the minister that he went out of his way to greet Miss Burton.

The next three days thought, on the part of John Lawler, was largely occupied by the contrast of his life, work and motives with those of Miss Burton. Then he saw, that compared with the divine standard as exemplified in Miss Burton's quietly heroic life, his life had been little and narrow and utterly selfish.

He saw that his conception of the Gospel of Christ and of the character and work of the church had been far below the reality; that his knowledge and experience of the grace of God had been exceedingly small; and that his life had been a proud attempt, with not a few compromises to conform to, what is to human weakness, an impossible morality.

He further saw, that at the same time, he had narrowly and selfishly refused to credit or allow, that others knew or

Continued on Page 45



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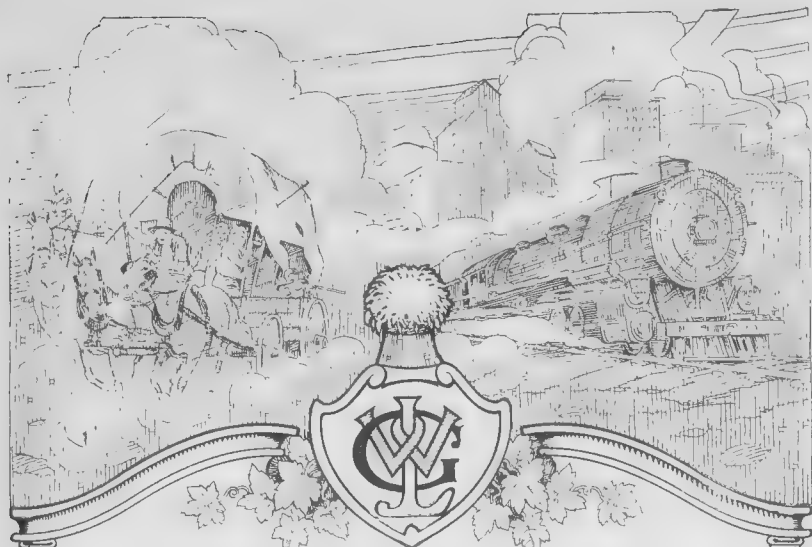
It is really an economy to have a modern Kootenay with its white nickeled steel oven (washable) and its smooth glistening interior.

Easy to care for, easy to clean, a sure baker! It's a comfort every day—a range you would certainly be proud of and enjoy.

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# McClary's Kootenay



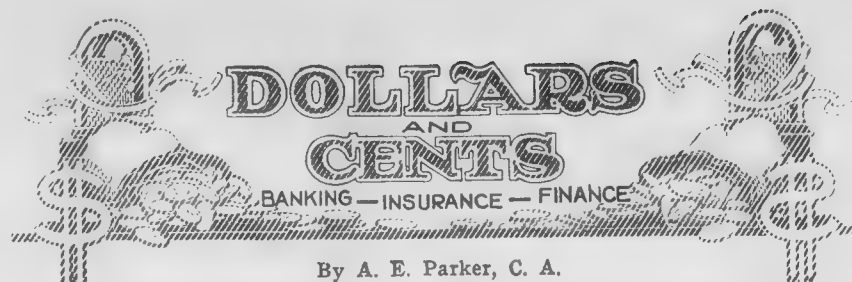
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**DOLLARS AND CENTS**  
BANKING — INSURANCE — FINANCE

By A. E. Parker, C. A.

### Income Administration Needs Revision

**W**ITH the near approach of the time for filing income tax returns with the Dominion Government, our thoughts naturally turn towards those features of the administration of this income tax which need revision. There are at least three important objections which have arisen, namely: (1) The need for a system of averaging the tax payable by an individual over a period of years; (2) The necessity for the publication of rulings made by the government from time to time; (3) The need for the creation of the boards of referees, provided for in the income tax act, throughout the country.

The act at present requires that the taxpayer must treat each year's business as a separate period for taxation purposes. To illustrate, we may suppose that a taxpayer received a taxable income of \$6,000 in 1919; \$7,000 in 1920 and suffered loss of \$13,000 in 1921. That taxpayer would pay taxes on \$6,000 in 1919; \$7,000 in 1920 and would pay nothing for 1921. Take another individual who had no income subject to tax in each of the years 1919, 1920 and 1921—he would pay no tax in these years and yet the net result in his case is exactly the same as that of the taxpayer mentioned first. The following calculation demonstrates this:

|                                |          |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| First Example, Income, 1919 .. | \$ 6,000 |
| 1920 ..                        | 7,000    |
| 1921 ..                        | —        |
| Total ..                       | \$13,000 |
| Loss, 1921 ..                  | 13,000   |

|                                                |     |
|------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Result for 3 years ..                          | Nil |
| Second Example, Income for 1919, 1920, 1921 .. | Nil |

From these figures it will be seen that just because the first individual made a little money in 1919 and 1920 he was taxed, notwithstanding the fact that he lost it all in 1921, and he gets neither rebate nor consideration for his misfortune in 1921. The other individual breaks even each year and pays no tax.

These uneven incomes have been very common during the past three or four years and the unfairness of the present annual tax is obvious. The government would do well to follow the example of Great Britain and establish an average system. Over there the taxpayer is allowed to average one year with another over a three year period and the system works out all right and is certainly more equitable than ours is.

In the administration of the Income Tax Act the commissioner of taxation is given certain powers, including that of interpreting what the various requirements of the act mean. For instance, if you have received a certain sum of money and there is some doubt as to whether it is taxable income or not, the commissioner of taxation has the power to decide whether it is or not. There are hundreds of cases where the intention of the Income Tax Act is not clear, and you, as a taxpayer, may feel that a particular section of the act means one thing and the commissioner of taxation may think it means something quite different. In these cases the commissioner makes a ruling and that ruling is final unless you appeal against it. Hundreds of these rulings have been made during the past five years, but the general public have no means of knowing what they are. Surely the taxpayers are entitled to know the interpretation that the government puts upon debatable sections of the act, and there is a steadily growing agitation in favor of the publication of these rulings. If these rulings were made public, the taxpayer would see the unfairness from a business point of view of some of the requirements of the act.

and this would lead to a demand for a more equitable act, but with the rulings kept secret, one taxpayer does not know of any grievance except his own and so those who desire a better and fairer act, are kept divided. It has been said that the policy of the Income Tax Department is to "divide the rule" the tax-paying public. If the department's rulings were made public the taxpayer in Vancouver could be sure of getting the same treatment as the taxpayer in Winnipeg, and vice versa, but with everything secret it is alleged that the rulings in Winnipeg are sometimes quite different to those enforced in Vancouver. Publication of all rulings will ensure standardised administration.

The usual procedure at present when a taxpayer is dissatisfied with his assessment is to carry on a long drawn out correspondence with the district tax office, or with Ottawa. It is practically impossible to get a proper settlement this way and the usual result is a compromise or the taxpayer decides it is not worth fighting for his rights and he pays what the department asks. He may be a stubborn cuss and refuse to pay. His final recourse is to lodge an appeal. This results in more dilatory tactics at Ottawa and we have not yet heard of an appeal being properly dealt with. We were recently informed that a taxpayer who had lodged an appeal received a letter from the income tax department threatening to sue him if he did not pay up, but he refused to be bluffed. The Income Tax Act provides for the creation of boards of referees to hear appeals in each taxation district, and the public are entitled to have these boards at work so that appeals may be heard when they are asked for.

It is very hard to get the government to make the changes which should be made in the administration of the Income Tax, but if every taxpayer who is dissatisfied would drop a line to Hon. Mr. Fielding, and also to his own member of parliament, this would help a little.

### What do You do When Money is Scarce?

**W**HEN you go to the government and say "Taxation is so heavy it is just breaking our backs," and the government replies, "Yes we know but we cannot reduce expenditures," does it not make you revolt against the helpless attitude which our public men adopt on this matter of retrenchment. Of course, all governments are not like this, but quite a number are. There is one very good reason why this weak attitude is possible, and that is because thus far these governments have been able to levy more and more taxation each year and get away with it. But a day of reckoning is coming and the sooner it comes the sooner we shall be started on the right road. For a government to say it cannot reduce expenditures is plain nonsense. When an individual is broke, he has nothing to spend and his credit is usually gone too. Does he say he cannot economise? Whether he says so or not the world sees to it that he does economise. When a business man's income is cut in half by poor business, does he reduce expenses? He does, or else he goes bankrupt. His situation is just the same as that of a province or municipality which cannot economise. They have one of two things to do—economise or go broke. Which they will do depends mainly upon the people. If the citizens are content to sit back and see their governments spend more than they should, then bankruptcy is the end towards which they are drifting, but if the citizens take a united stand and demand retrenchment—they will get it. In other words the people of this or any other country get just what they deserve.

Continued on page 25

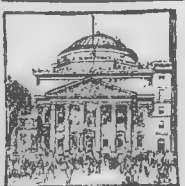
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## The Joint-life Policy

By Emily F. Murphy ("Janey Canuck")

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IN some European lands it is the beautiful custom for the bride and groom to exchange rings of gold, and to wear these throughout their wedded life.

On this continent, we have an even more practical method of showing affection and fealty by exchange of life assurance in what is known as "joint-life policy."

This is a well-planned policy wherein the husband and wife insure their lives, each for the other, thus securing the continuance and well-being of the home to the family.

Like the rings, this has a gold basis too, but it is a golden circle which draws within its circumference the boys and girls of the home.

"But my husband could look after the home anyway" says the young wife who discusses the subject with me; "Why should I insure my life for him?"

It was here that she slightly lowered her right eyelid and remarked quizzically. "Maybe, you have noticed, dear lady, that the Book of Common Prayer used in the Anglican Church of which we are both members, makes intercession for every class and condition in the world except the widower, and I'm thinking the compilers of the Book concluded that he was not needing any solace."

And yet, if the Prayer Book has failed to frame intercessions on behalf of the widower, we make brave to say that the average husband who has laid his sweetheart-mate away forever, and returns to the motherless home, is one of the most unhappy and helpless beings in all the world.

"What am I to do with the baby and the boys?" he asks. "Must I break up the home?"

He keenly realizes that the services of their mother, so freely and devotedly lavished upon them, must now be casually rendered by others and paid for in cash of the realm. But where is the cash to come from? Aye, there's the rub!

Realizing the possibility, nearly every expectant mother has asked herself the question, "What will become of my baby should I die? Who will take care of the other children?"

She is probably diffident about discussing the subject with anyone, and hides all these things in her heart like that Mary who was the mother of the Christ-Child.

Yet, because the situation has hitherto been unprovided for in the home-life of our nation, we find that at their last two annual conferences, the Canadian Association of Child Protection Officers devoted considerable time to its specific consideration.

This Association, be it stated, is made up of those persons who are engaged in the administration and enforcement of laws relating to the care and protection of children, and includes in its membership the Judges of all Juvenile Courts in the Dominion.

Although no decision was definitely arrived at by this body, it was strongly urged that a widower with a young family was, under certain circumstances much in need of a government allowance, and should receive it where he desired to keep his children in the home.

Up to the present, the only expedient provided for the meeting of this painful situation is that of the joint-life insurance policy, as above set forth.

"But just who gets the assurance money?" you ask. "Please be a little more explicit."

You had better make opportunity to discuss the subject with the representative of some Assurance Company, but in the meanwhile, perhaps these facts will serve as a beginning:—

If he dies you get it.

If she dies you get it.

If you both die your children get it.

If you both live you both get it.

Sirs, and Gentle Mothers, there may be better plans in the world but, up to the present, we have not learned of them.

## DOLLARS AND CENTS

Continued from page 24

Did the Government Interfere?—No!

OUR provincial governments have taken a keen interest in the welfare of those who deal with our chartered banks. The Manitoba Government has been particularly interested in this direction. In order to protect the farmers from these banks it commenced a rural credit scheme which was recently roundly condemned as a result of a government investigation. It also started a farm loan scheme, and more recently decided to assist the city folk by starting a government bank in which the wage earners could deposit their savings. The main purpose of each of these efforts was to protect the people of Manitoba from the chartered banks.

While all this was going on a couple of gentlemen were operating a kind of private bank, and on the surface were doing well. They persuaded hundreds of working people to deposit their savings with them. A week or so ago these two concerns were declared hopelessly insolvent. Did the Manitoba Government know these wage earners were being persuaded to put their savings in these institutions? Oh no! the government was too busy watching the chartered banks. Too busy even to exercise any supervision over these now insolvent concerns, which all goes to prove that a Canadian chartered bank is still the safest place in Canada for your savings.

GENERAL MOTORS, of Oshawa, Ont., have announced that the Cadillac car, well-known in Canada for its beauty and service-giving qualities, will now be made in Canada. A new company is being formed which will be known as the Cadillac Motor Car Co. of Canada, Ltd., and it is understood that the cars will be made of units manufactured in the Detroit factories, so that the old standard will be maintained, but the price will be substantially reduced. In this way the demand in Canada will be much greater and more people will be able to enjoy the many splendid qualities of this fine car.

Another reason which prompted the General Motors executives to take this move was the fact that there has been during 1922 such an immense nationwide demand for Cadillac cars, that the Detroit factories have been unable for some months to fill orders promptly. It is thought that by manufacturing in Canada for the Canadian trade, the Detroit factories will obtain some relief and enable the Cadillac organization, both in United States and Canada, to more nearly fill the demand for Cadillac cars.

The Cadillac will be marketed in Canada through distributors as formerly, but a more intensive sales policy is being adopted. The entire country is being organized, so that the Cadillac will have a nation-wide distribution in a few months with adequate service stations for the convenience of Cadillac owners.

This new venture on the part of General Motors adds one more industry to the thriving town of Oshawa, which is rapidly becoming nationally known as the motor town of Canada. The whole nation will profit with the addition of one more industrial organization, and all Cadillac purchasers will profit through the lower prices of the Canadian Cadillac, made possible through its manufacture in this country.

The officers of this new company will include Messrs. R. S. and G. W. McLaughlin as chief executives, with Mr. J. H. Beaton as sales manager, and Mr. W. A. Coad in charge of production.

### Signs of Spring

A newborn butterfly, frail of wing,  
An exquisite, tremulous velvet thing.  
Slowly opened his wings with care,  
And floated away through the sun-lit air;  
While far away in an azure sky  
A little white cloud went sailing by.  
Down by a sunny garden wall  
A row of daffodils smiled at all,  
And, shyly hiding their heads from view,  
I found a spot where the violets grew.  
—Lettice Bentley.

Be not hospitable to slander. It will soon perish if no one takes it in.



## Do you care about a Garden?

If so, you plant and plan: you share the anticipation, preparation, increasing value, and final fruition with your family. AND YOU DO IT TOGETHER—THAT'S HALF THE FUN!

## So you are a home-maker

If you are a home-maker, you want to keep the family together; to give them co-operative work; to produce by concerted effort; to protect and provide.

## If you are logical

you will want to carry on the game idea financially. Let the children help to make the future secure. Teach them to understand the meaning of Protection and Provision. Give them a pride—not in parsimony, but in wise planting for the crops to come.

## Do it with them

A weekly Premium Policy—properly understood—will awaken and retain their interest. Take one with them.

Work together!

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# Joseph Martin Radical

By Mark S. Wade

IN the British Columbia elections in the year 1898, my friend Francis John Deane, since deceased, at that time editor of the Inland Sentinel, a newspaper published at Kamloops, and then owned by Hewitt Bostock, M.P. for Yale-Cariboo, and now Speaker of the Senate, was opposition candidate in the electoral district of North Yale. One of the many speakers sent to oppose him on the platform was a lawyer named Hagel, imported from Winnipeg. One of Hagel's opening sentences when he spoke at an open air meeting one night, the old bandstand in Main Street, Kamloops, being used as the rostrum, was this: "I, who know Joseph, come

bered, is that of "Fighting Joe." He had at one time been a thorn in the side of a rich and powerful corporation, and when he took up his residence in British Columbia, and his activities and the course of events seemed to indicate that he might rise to be the most formidable political power in the western province, a vigorous effort was made to crush his aspirations. A Liberal convention had been called to meet in Vancouver, and the conveners set forth how the convention would be constituted; Liberal members and defeated candidates for the Commons and Provincial Legislature, editors of Liberal newspapers, Liberal senators, the executive officers, and a specified proportion of delegates from each provincial constituency.

The great corporation already mentioned, provided a fund of considerable dimensions for the purpose of taking care of the delegates with a view to influencing their votes when the sessions opened. Those delegations avowedly pro-Martin, were left severely alone, but the anti-Martinites, and those who had not yet decided which side of the fence to drop, were looked after by a host of willing workers amply provided with spending money, which flowed like water. The dignity of many sedate members of the select Vancouver Club, must have been sadly ruffled when delegations from the colliery towns on Vancouver Island, rough diamonds, invaded the sacred precincts of their club house, where they had been duly "put up" by fully fledged members with unblushing effrontery. The antis drew up a carefully planned scheme of attack to gain control of the convention, a plan that was carried out to the letter. The fight for supremacy was a bitter one. The late Hon. Fred Peters was chairman, and had more than he could do to keep a semblance of order, so fierce was the debate on almost every point raised. But in the end Mr. Martin came out victorious, and was later elected as leader of the Liberal party in British Columbia, a leadership which, however, failed to lead the party to victory at the polls.

As a result of the elections of 1898, and the success of the opposition, Charles Semlin, a stock raiser of Cache Creek, in the interior of the province, and who had led the opposition forces during previous sessions, was called upon to form a cabinet. This consisted of Hon. Mr. Semlin, Premier and Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works; Hon. Joseph Martin, Attorney-General; Hon. F. L. Carter-Cotton, Minister of Finance; Hon. J. F. Hume, Provincial Secretary and Minister of Mines, and Hon. Dr. McKechnie, President of Council. Martin and Cotton were soon at loggerheads and the rupture became so acute that Mr. Semlin asked Mr. Martin for his resignation. Mr. Martin went into opposition and carried with him more than once, J. B. Prencie, one of the members for the Lillooet district. On one of these occasions this defection brought about the defeat of the government. Mr. Martin was then called upon to form a cabinet, without any resignation of the Semlin government having been made. Mr. Martin made the announcement of his having been called upon by His Honor while the house was in session. The house was amazed, and when, shortly afterwards, the Lieutenant-Governor entered the legislative hall to prorogue the legislature, every member left the building with the solitary exception of Mr. Martin. The action was extreme, but it showed in no uncertain terms how intense was the disapprobation of the house. The episode has no parallel in British history.

Mr. Martin took as his colleagues men without experience in public affairs, and found it difficult to muster sufficient to take the portfolios. He himself took that of Attorney-General; Smith Curtis, Minister of Mines; Cory S. Ryder Minister of Finance and G. Washington Beebe, Provincial Secretary; J. S. Yates, Commissioner of Lands and Works. Yates was a lawyer in Victoria; Smith Curtis, a lawyer in Rossland; Beebe, a Fraser River farmer, ignorant, deaf,



Hon. Joseph Martin, K. C.

to tell you, who know not Joseph, what manner of man Joseph is." The Joseph referred to was, of course, Joseph Martin, who had come to British Columbia only the year before, and at once launched himself into the provincial political maelstrom, ranging himself on the side of the opposition to the Turner administration. As I was Mr. Deane's campaign manager, I was brought in touch with many of the leading men on the same side of politics, and among them Mr. Martin, whom I only knew by repute before.

I don't think the Winnipeg spell-binder told us anything true about Joseph that we did not know before, but he did say a good deal of what was not true, and much that had a semblance of veracity without being veracious; it was the special pleading of a lawyer doing his utmost to besmirch the reputation of a man whom he disliked. That being understood, it is not difficult to conjecture the sort of speech inflicted upon us. Mr. Martin could not avoid making enemies. He was too blunt, too outspoken, too lacking in the suaviter in modo methods, to make nothing but friends. He did not want to do so. He preferred having enemies. He had no very exalted opinion of those politicians who made no enemies. I recollect on one occasion, some years after I first met him, we were seated on the kerb of the sidewalk in Kamloops, discussing the political situation, and the then leader of the liberal party came up for discussion. The Liberals were in opposition. "I have no use for a political leader about whom his opponents say only nice things," commented Mr. Martin. He believed in the fortiter in re mode of doing things, and the more enemies he made and the more fighting to be done, the better he liked it. He fought to win, but not so much for the sake of winning as for fighting's sake. If he lost, he accepted defeat without whining, without re-ermination—and immediately girded himself afresh for another battle.

Like many another born fighter he fought in the open, and feared no odds. He has been termed the "stormy petrel of politics," but the name by which he is best known, and will be long remem-

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG



## JOSEPH MARTIN, RADICAL

*Continued from page 26*

illiterate; Ryder, formerly clerk in a store at New Westminster, and afterwards a shopkeeper in a small way, at a mining town on Vancouver Island. Ryder held his portfolio one month and his official act was to purchase a large quantity of lead pencils. He was succeeded by J. C. Brown, "Winchester Brown," of New Westminster, and one time its postmaster, a man of some ability of sorts.

KNOWING the underhand methods employed to "down Joe Martin," as the slogan had it, I entertained a strong sympathy for him in his plucky fight against stupendous odds. At the same time it was impossible to support him if stable government was to be enjoyed. In due course, he appealed to the electorate and placed candidates wherever he could find persons willing to run on his ticket. He requested me to be candidate in West Lillooet and offered to provide the necessary funds. When I declined, which I promptly did, he placed a man named Peters, "Six-toed Pete," in the field. Again I was campaign manager for Mr. Deane, who was opposed by a Martinite, and by a Conservative. The latter, it is almost needless to say, was elected. The Martin government emerged from the contest with a following of eight or nine and promptly resigned.

Mr. Martin, as I have said, made many enemies. Conversely, he made many warm friends. He had the excellent trait of not bearing a grudge against those who opposed him fairly and openly; he was too big a man to resent honest opposition. Many of those who fought against him politically, were his personal friends. They liked the man, they admired his many sterling qualities, but found it impossible to endorse his politics. I saw him in London in 1914. I was, in fact, in his ante-room at the time of his farewell interview with one of his chief supporters in East St. Pancras, and after that gentleman had departed, Mr. Martin told me what had transpired at that interview, that he was about to return to British Columbia, and had left his resignation in that gentleman's hands to be used at the discretion of the St. Pancras Committee. His opinion as expressed to me at that time with respect to politics in British Columbia, was that both parties were undeserving of support, and what was needed was a strong independent group entirely free from old-party affiliations.

A busy man engrossed in many ventures, an able platform speaker, and never more delighted than when heckled, he was not a ready conversationalist. He loved to sit in company with some congenial spirit without opening his lips to utter a word. When spoken to he would answer briefly on such occasions and I have known him to pass an hour thus, and thoroughly enjoy himself. He had his idiosyncrasies, just as one would expect of such a man. He had his faults. He had his virtues. No man was, perhaps, ever more maligned and more cordially detested than he; and few men inspired such warm friendships and staunch adherents. He is one who has left his impress upon the Canadian nation; who has achieved something for the good of the people of Canada; whose name will go down to posterity as one who strove for the rights of the people. He was square, and never played with loaded dice. A man of strong likes, equally strong dislikes, hating shams. A man of the people, he was not influenced by the potency of wealth or the prestige of exalted birth. On one occasion he was banqueted at Rossland; he was at the time, Attorney-General. An attempt was made, at the dinner, to coerce him into pledging the government to the erection in that town, of a new courthouse at a cost of some \$100,000. The pertinacity with which some of the influential men of the place attacked him aroused his ire, and when, upon his declining to give such a pledge, they boo-hooed and hooted him, he told them in unvarnished English that he refused to be "bull-dozed by them," "or any other white-shirted hoboos." That

*Continued on Page 45*

## David Braden—at 52—has a goodly Sum laid by—

He came into our office to explain what it had meant to him—that \$10,000 Endowment Policy he took out 20 years ago.

Still in his early fifties he now has \$10,000 in cold cash.

"We chose the better way of saving, my wife and I," Mr. Braden explained—"All my salary every year was spent, except the moderate sized cheque that paid my Life Insurance deposit to the North American Life.

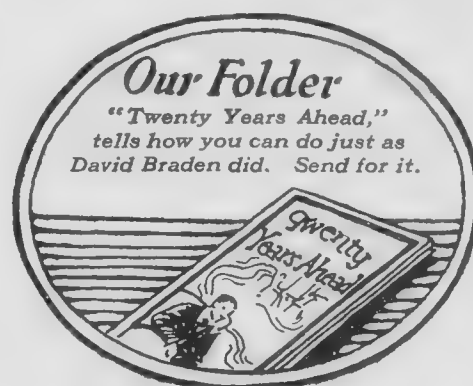
"That annual payment represented our 'savings' and the balance of

my income was ours to spend on a happy lifetime.

"All these years that cheque has served the double purpose of 'savings' and 'protection'. It protected my wife and children against the possible loss of their breadwinner, and now that my policy has matured, I have \$10,000 in cold cash.

"While others were putting aside their little hundreds year by year I made sure of \$10,000 by means of Endowment Life Insurance.

"This will keep us two in comfort the balance of our days. We will enjoy life to the very end."

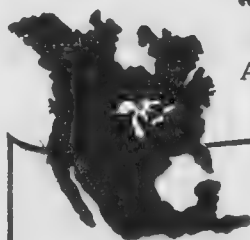


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"Twenty Years Ahead,"  
tells how you can do just as  
David Braden did. Send for it.

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Address.....

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## Our Classified Columns

offer a wonderful means whereby our readers can convert into ready cash anything at all of a marketable nature and many thrifty housewives, through the judicious use of the classified page are earning a steady income. Take a glance at the little advertisements appearing in this issue and then consider whether you too have not something to offer the 45,000 readers of the Western Home Monthly. On receipt of a post card we shall be glad to send you full particulars and also co-operate with you in every possible way in order to make your little venture a success.

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

# SPRAY FROM THE ATLANTIC

1. Mink in lobster basket
2. Baccaro Lighthouse, note the surf smoothed sea wall of rocks.
3. Destroyers Patriot and Patricia at Shelburne, N. S.

By Bonnycastle Dale



WE often think when we turn off the lights in the cabin how safe and firm a foundation good old Mother Earth is.

Outside, this night, there is a tempest blowing. Furious winds, gigantic seas, crushing roaring surf. Through our storm sanded windows we can catch the port lights of a passenger steamer wallowing along outside the reefs. She at least is free to go, but part of our fishing fleet is frozen firmly into three feet of new ice off Newfoundland. We sent the Stanley, and what she cannot break must remain unbroken, strong icebreaker though she is.

Woods Island and Frenchman's Head Bays are dotted with eight big two-masted fishing schooners frozen in. There is six feet of slob ice, not firm new ice. The Government steamer forced her way in and over along the devious channels, at one minute crowding great soft masses ahead; at others charging cakes as firm as rocks. Then they thought she was frozen in herself. No human power could break a way to the schooners. They must unload and sleigh over to the land their loads of fish and supplies. When the ice goes out in the spring they must go with it, and then the Stanley can do some more spectacular heroic work. Yes! she did get out again after twelve hours steady prodding, and the moment she struck open water she ran into the blizzard and had to flee for refuge in behind an island, leaving half a million dollars worth of fish and supplies to their fate.

I ran up to Shelbourne and met the survivors of the wreck of the Jessie L. Leach. They left New York for N. S. ports coal laden. Four hundred tons of nut and stove. She was only sixty-five years old and the seas just tore her open. The Captain was a remarkable looking chap, half Capt. Kidd and all of Morgan. Someone had given him a child's black toque big enough for a six year older, and he wore this on the back of his bald head. His coal black eyes, his hooked nose, his unwashed hands, on one of which a wee diamond gleamed while he most nervously lighted and chewed and threw away cigar after cigar.

There was a mighty sea running and the little coal hulk just slopped about in it. Capt. Strout stayed at the wheel night and day. The mate cut up his sweater and bound up his hands during the last few hours. Then that most active mate shinned up the mast and cut the sails down, they were chocked in the blocks. By now the water was over the decks and mounting up to the rail and the little launch was tearing loose, so they grabbed just what they could reach and launched off that slopping deck. They put the launch into

the wind, it was but a fifteen foot boat, and started the tiny engine and pounded and thrashed there watching the "Jessie."

"For I wasn't goin' to let some sucker sail along and tow her into harbour and us out boat and cargo." No sucker did for about ten minutes later she threw her stern up in the air and dived as clean as a champion in a tank.

"She'll hit her bow on bottom and burst her hatches out an' spill her load an' she'll float and be a derelict," the mate told me.

Captain and mate and one A. B. and the cook sat in that plunging wee boat from four a. m. to about the same hour in the afternoon. Twice a schooner came up on the horizon and passed away off without seeing them. Then they saw one coming up over the horizon right on their track. The old lifebelt at the tiny masthead told their plight. The captain was all in and the cook was helpless but the mate and A. B. seemed to last out better.

The Natlie Hammond, Capt. Colson, picked them up and tended them like brothers. I was down at the H and S. W. depot when the four gathered in to go to Yarmouth for aid from the U. S. Consul. The cook was a little bit of a man, very old, with a twisted face and a scar which divided it like a sunsplit in an old plank. His poor hands were all gnarled up with cold. The A. B. was a Finn, who told me, "I'll nefer go abard again to sail whatefer—until maybe next spring."

BUT it was the captain who held the board. No sooner had we all crowded into the smoking car than he started and kept it going steadily for the hour and a half we were going west to Barrington.

"Third one I've lost in a year. This one was fifty-seven one hundredths mine. I drowned her by overcrowding sail. Ought to have gone into Gloster that night we passed. Company's got four more bottom, some three, some four-masters. I'll take one out if this hasn't given me a black eye. See that diamond?" and he thrust his dirty fist right into my face, "I just took it out of locker that very morning, somethin' seemed to tell me that I must wear it. See that gold piece? Mate found that in the bottom of the launch just before we were lifted out. 'Twas my birthday present, and slipped off in the gale. I've rammed a U. S. sub 'an' sunk her. She wouldn't give me right of way." By this time every man within hearing was drinking in this tale of woe, and the hooked nose wagged and the coaly hands flitted and the little diamond shone out and just then the brakeman put his head in and yelled "Bar-n-tnk," and leaped off.

They got home safely on the Prince George to Boston, and we are waiting

to hear of the next exploit of this most redoubtable captain.

You may not believe in pirates in midcontinent, but we have them here galore. Our three-master, the A. O. Seaman, ran on the Sow and Piggs off the New England coast, with seven hundred tons of anthracite coal at three a. m. Wednesday, and she was on until Saturday. In that time the pirates stripped her of 300 tons of coal and all her supplies and everything movable and immovable.

THESE Cutty Hunk men arrived singly and in fleets of motor boats, and notwithstanding anything Capt. Dennis Morrissey could say or threaten they just went about their work blithely. They worked hard and fast, as they knew full well that the wrecking company's boats were heading even then for the wreck. The trim well found ship was a sorry looking mess when the T. A. Scott Co's tug Harriet bobbed alongside. She soon had her big pump in and the pirates out, but they had half the coal then and all the fittings and were just going to saw the masts out of her when the tug was sighted.

She was just alive with slings and spars and buoys and winches over her side. Hundreds of men and a huge fleet of motor boats thrashed alongside receiving the plunder, and another hundred just swarmed over the deck and cabin and hatchway. They stripped the captain's quarters, taking the cupboards, mattresses, bath and fittings; they unhinged the doors, took the cabin stove and all the cooking appliances and supplies, stripped her of her sails, running lines, booms, the wheel, the compass and everything they could get their hands on.

Awful confusion reigned on that deck and in the boats. Time after time a load and a man or two went into the sea and it's a wonder in the turmoil of falling booms and sending them down that more men were not hurt.

Not satisfied with hauling the coal up the hatches they cut two great holes in the deck and another big one forward up which they actually pulled the hoisting engine. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The 300 tons the pirates took lighted the Seaman so that she floated off the reef and was towed into harbour at Bedford. Oh! the days of Captain Kidd are not passed yet. One would think that after the schooner glides into the harbour out of the gale it would be safe. But the stoutest lines and the heaviest anchors fail to hold when the dreaded Easter blows. Our tight little harbour of Lockport had a taste of just what a midnight gale can do. It piled the vessels up on the rocks like toy boats. I have seen it tear the fleet loose and throw it ashore, then

wreck the boats tied to the wharves, then lift the long wharves and crash them down in masses of broken planks and stringers, and then even dash up into the fields and wreck the fences and the wee bit "fish stores." Oh! an Easter of three days duration is a thing of dread, as the Susan Cameron found out.

But the captain who has not been able to get a sight of the sun and approaches our coast before one of these dreaded gales must have a nerve of iron. Not a light, not a sight of shipping, to guide him. He, as usual, carries no wireless. One of these coal laden four masted schooners missed Halifax by over a hundred miles. She was deep with her 800 tons and the men were weary with a 66 days trip tacking and plunging all over the ocean. Her sails went away in ribbons, but her captain was a Southwest Coast man, and he smelled his way into Shelburne after water. For six days they had been without water and the food lockers were almost empty. Just imagine, some of the C. P. R. passenger steamers from St. John had made several round trips while this unfortunate old hooker was pounding her forefoot in the swells.

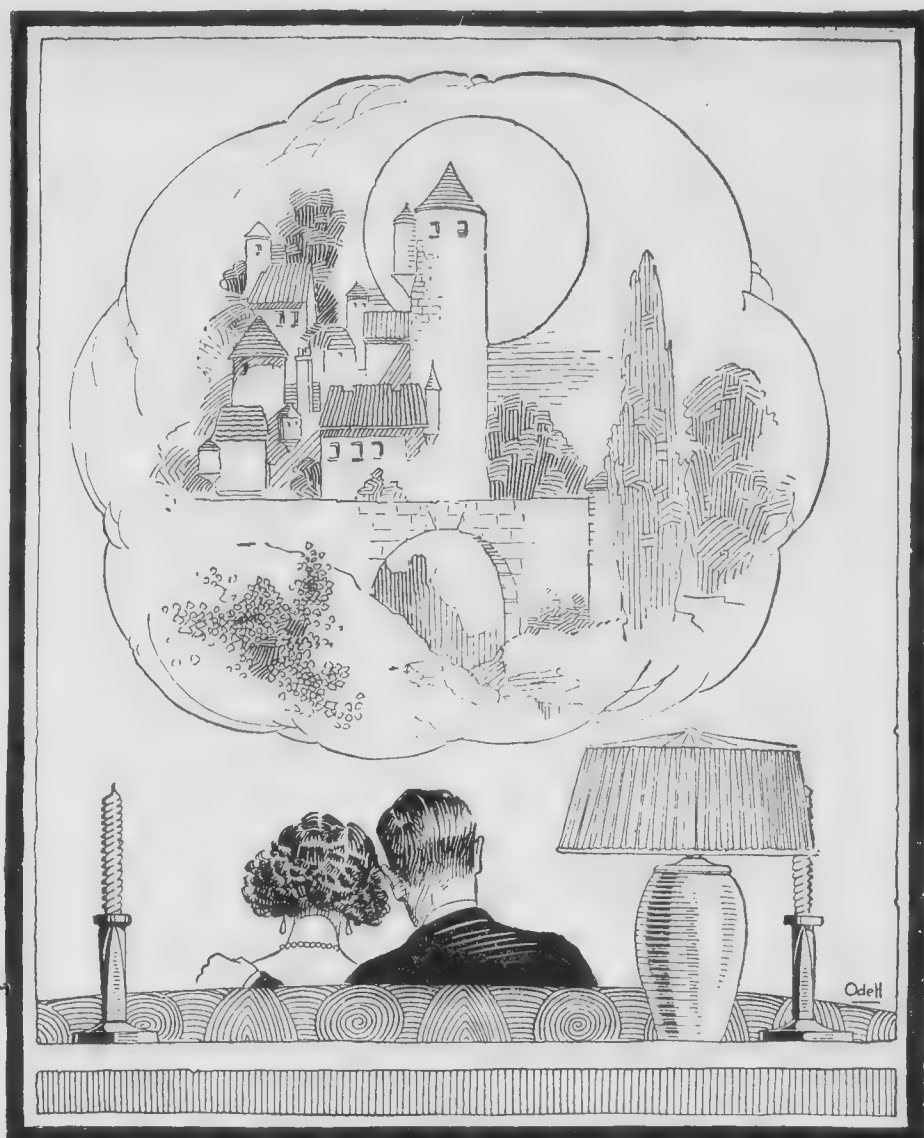
IF she had hard luck how about the little two-masters out fishing on the banks. There is no harbour to run into, they have to "beat" or hold at anchor. The Progress arrived just after the Cameron, leaking, and with her dories badly smashed up. It is no pink tea to be one of the scores of seamen aboard one of these codfishers in the winter on the banks, and well as we know we rejoice each time we hear of a schooner returned safely and wonder as we lie in our bunks and hear the winter winds howl, how they ever lived it out. If you have never had a neighbour come running to your door rubbing his hands saying, "That's a wrack, sir, an' somebody will be killed before the night's over," you do not know what the conditions are along parts of the Atlantic coast. When I tell you that they took even the name-boards off the Seaman, you will give them credit for a thorough job.

Captain Nixon of the Scott Wrecking Co., says, "Those Cutty-hunkers are the most thorough wreckers on the coast. When the Barkentine Stephen Hasker went ashore here near the lighthouse, they cleaned her up so thoroughly there were no pickings left."

Remember we have a huge fleet and we have some twenty millions of feet of lumber. All the coal from the great Besco mines at Sydney, all the produce from Prince Edward Island, and the mighty crops of Nova

Continued on page 44





## When that Dream Castle is Realized

**I**F the battlemented castle of your dreams shrinks to a five-room cottage when the reality appears, it will none the less be a dream castle to you. Although it may not be as large, its roof can be as bright, its sides as snowy white, its interior as spotless as the finest chateau. PAINT and VARNISH are at hand for every man.

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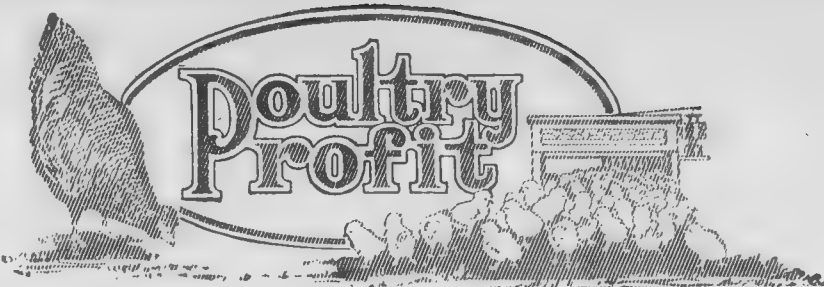
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## POULTRY

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By H. E. Vialoux

**THE** baby chick business in the United States has been a great factor in building up a billion dollar industry which the Americans claim for the great American hen. It is only about fifteen years since the hatching of baby chicks on a commercial basis has been carried on over the line and now the International Baby Chick Association claims seven hundred members and these members have a combined incubator capacity of approximately 30,000,000 eggs at one setting of their mammoth wooden hens which are heated by the best hard coal. This coal was made available to the poultrymen of America by a special order of the Fuel Administrator in 1917. Then in 1918, the parcels post service for shipping baby chicks was granted by the postal authorities, whereupon the industry grew by leaps and bounds to its present proportions. Canadian authorities claim this association is only international in name by the way, but it has stabilized the chicken trade in a wonderful way throughout the States and most of the commercial poultrymen depend on these hatcheries entirely for their yearly supply of chicks. The association exercises the strictest supervision over the hatcheries and no chicks are allowed to be shipped unless they are represented by the firm. Chicks that are not up to the standard cannot be sold by members of the Association in the States. Many such chicks are hatched there, however, and in recent years these have been dumped into the Canadian markets in greater numbers each year which, needless to say, is a real detriment to the Canadian Chick industry, as these inferior chicks were sold at a cheaper rate than Canadian hatcheries could turn them out.

These chicks were imported without any duty hitherto, but this season the only baby chicks allowed to be imported into Canada, duty free, must be for the improvement of stock, and chicks costing less than 40c each are classed as not for the improvement of stock and a stiff duty is imposed on them. Canadians should form an Association on the same lines as the American society which has been a powerful factor in bringing about the present high standard in the quality of chicks produced by members of the association. Egg laying strains have been developed on the breeding farms by experts, the most rigid culling being done every season, only purebred stock being used and that of the best quality. A national distribution of standard bred chicks in great volume and over a wide area has been effected by the business like methods of the Association. Over one million bulletins on the first care of baby chicks were issued by the Department of Agriculture in the U. S. A. When the Association got into good working order in 1918 and 1919, these copies were broadcasted throughout the length and breadth of the land by the members. Some points emphasized in this bulletin may prove useful at this season when thousands of chicks are being sold in our Western country. First the preparation for the arrival of the chicks having a brooder heated and tested as to temperature a day or so ahead of time. The greatest need of the wee chick which may have come a thousand miles is the proper degree of warmth. Chilling is often fatal and where the chicks crowd together in one corner of the brooder they are chilly. No doubt more chicks die from this cause than any other. 95 degrees F. is about right for the first week. The second week 90 degrees F. After that time until the chicks go to bed outside of their hover, finding it too warm for comfort, a steady heat with good ventilation is the first essential. Careful

feeding the second one. The following method, which is recommended by the International Baby Chick Association, is simple yet effective. The first day in the brooder when the chicks will be from 36 to 48 hours old, at least give some sour milk or butter milk to drink, have plenty of fine grit such as sharp sand on the brooder floor and a litter of fine cut straw in which some fine chick feed is scattered a couple of times during the day. After the first day they may be fed about five times per day using chick feed which can be mixed up at home:— 10-lbs. of cracked wheat and 10-lbs. of finely cracked corn or pin head oat meal are excellent. After five days a butter milk dry mash may be given in the little chick feeders. Many good dry mashes are on the market at present. The growing mash for use at three weeks old and kept in the hoppers for the season is as follows: 30-lbs. wheat bran, 10-lbs. wheat middlings, 10-lbs. ground bulled oats, 10-lbs. of oil meal, 10-lbs. of common meal, 10-lbs. of beef scrap, 10-lbs. of dried butter milk mixed thoroughly. To sum up the rules keep them a little hungry, and avoid chilling or overheating, as overheating is bad for weakening the birds and checking their growth. Poultrymen can heartily endorse these directions. Giving the chicks butter-milk to drink is a wonderful safeguard against bowel trouble. The powdered butter milk is largely to be mixed with water to make a drink. No doubt, the fresh butter milk is better if it can be obtained in the district, but the milk in powdered form which will keep for any length of time and can be handled in sacks is quite a boon to poultry raisers. The same rules apply to the chicks hatched at home in regard to care and feeding. All chicks should have a grass run or be fed on lettuce, cress, onion tops or other green stuff. The candled out eggs should always be kept for the young chicks. Boil them well and chop up and use in place of beef scraps in the growing mash. Grit and powdered charcoal should be included in the daily ration. A useful self feeder is made from half inch boards and may be hung on a wall. Use these measurements. Make two ends, 12 inches by 5 inches wide; one back board, 25 inches long and 12 inches wide; 1 lower front 24 inches long and two inches wide; 1 upper front 24 inches long and 9 inches wide; 1 lid 24 inches long and 7 inches wide. Get a piece of tin 23 inches long and wide enough to carry the grain to the front of the feeder, put this tin in the bottom of the feeder, in a slanting position.

Wire netting makes the best yard for chicks and is very necessary when they are small as they stray even in a brooder house until they learn to run to their hover. These yards can be rolled up and put away for another season. If hen hatched chicks are being raised, and there are no better chicks than the old fashioned kind, a roomy coop without a bottom moved often on a grass run is ideal. A good coop has these dimensions, bottom 2 ft. 4 ins. square. Roof 24 inches by 20 inches each half. The door made to slide in place without fastening. Make the front with the centre front of mesh wire. Chicks are safe at night from cats and rats, etc. If more than one hundred chicks are being raised on the farm, I strongly advise the useful colony house. A couple of these houses will house two hundred or more chicks all summer as the hover can be removed and roosting boards provided for the birds as they grow larger. Extension Service bulletin No. 15, on Poultry houses for farm and town may be obtained free from the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Winnipeg, by sending name

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## Fort Prince of Wales

Written and Illustrated by V. W. Horwood.

**F**ORT PRINCE OF WALES on the Hudson Bay. What memories of that vast inland Sea the name brings up. King George III was Prince of Wales then, and the Hudson Bay sailing ships came for five months into its lonely reaches. The Fort was designed by skilled military engineers who had followed Marlborough in his wars against the magnificent Louis of France. On the Churchill River it was built. Marlborough's family name taking place of that of the Indians Missinippi. The first fort was farther up the river about where the present Hudson Bay Company store and Anglican Mission are. But the old adventurers wished for a permanent fort, not only for defence but as something to boast about. The fortification party as they were called at that time were incessantly urging the building of stone forts. Whether their idea was to become in the future a military power does not transpire. Certainly they had some pretext after the disastrous raids of Iberville and his like. So the fort was built with walls thirty-five and forty-two feet thick. Joseph Robson supervised its building. At first thought, with the Hudson Bay Railway a contentious issue, it would appear that the Nelson must be the proper terminal, but leaving aside the whys and wherefores, one reason why Churchill Harbor was neglected, was that the waterways leading to Lake Winnipeg were at Nelson or Hayes River. So there has been a natural tendency on the part of those who have travelled this way and become familiar with its harbor to look on it as a suitable one. But the Company of Adventurers did not. They were of course out to get dividends and had no wish to be tied up to a harbor improvement company. So Churchill saw the building of one of the strongest forts on the American continent, and within its walls many quaint things took place before it finally was evacuated. Here came a company of Astronomers in 1789 to observe the transit of Venus, in which they were successful. Samuel Hearne started in his memorable exploring trip to find the great North River of the Indians, departing in a blaze of glory and failing three times before success, much to the disgust of Governor Moses Norton. Governor Norton, a son of a previous governor, was a character. In fact he is a legend of the bay. Stern, much given to inculcating moral precepts and incidentally enforcing them, he was a Jekyll and Hyde. For history tells us his private life would shock a Turk. Slim, pretty Indian maidens graced his harem, nine or ten at one time. However, he evidently was a good Governor and the example he set in private life certainly was not followed by those around him.

The fort was the most northerly fortress on the American continent, and in its bastions were store and bomb-proof rooms. The buildings inside were of stone and substantially built.

The morning of the eighth of August, 1782, was a lovely one. The waves on Hudson Bay were glittering in the red August sun, but Samuel Hearne gave little heed to their beauty. Rather the

wild Nor'easter surging outside the narrows where the full primordial tide throbs with the pulse of the Arctic.

The harbor was a rocky amphitheatre chosen by the Adventurers who, like the Ancient Greeks, were gifted that they not only saw nature, but also perceived with deep understanding, the advantages and then seized them. Take the location of Fort Garry, a position so natural to the resources of the country that Sioux, Cree and Ojibway fought over its possession; where La Verandrye built; where the sturdy Nor'-wester fought the Old Company, and where the genius of Selkirk established the forerunner of the present city. Churchill is a natural harbor. The only utilitarian one on the west coast of the bay, and on this early morning of August, look-outs of the little garrison had cried "A sail!" And there stood Governor Samuel Hearne with mayhap Edward Umfreville and John Townsend beside him, examining the ships sailing down the bay, their sails insolently puffed. "Who are they?" queries Samuel Hearne. Umfreville replies, "The French," and as they came on with a light easterly wind, they were the French. Admiral La Perouse with three war ships. The Sceptre, seventy-four guns and the Astarte and Engageante of thirty-six guns, ready for conquest or plunder.

**N**OW, this great fortification was ill provided for defense. True it had forty-nine cannon and ammunition, but its very size and strength was its weakness. For how could Hearne with thirty-nine men defend it, especially before seasoned naval men? The Governor Hearne knew it. Accusations have been made as to his bravery, and it must be said that apparently his actions seemed out of proportions to his resources. Hearne was an acknowledged explorer, whatever else may be brought against him, and the company in years after were only too glad to use his journal to substantiate their title in the Hudson Bay against French claims. His sickening experience of the Esquimos massacre when old and young were butchered by his companion Indians, and the hideous horror of the young girl's death without his being able to raise a hand, left on his mind an indelible picture. Bloody Falls the place is called to this day, so that it must have been a horror even for the savages of that time.

Governor Hearne was alone with his responsibilities, and alone not as some of us are, but alone in the greatest solitudes of the world, where a cry for help might reach the heavens, but the ear of man, never. Looking out on that inland sea, his active mind could conjure up the scenes which had taken place. Henry Hudson and the legends surrounding him, the eager spirits aflame for the conquest of the far Cathay. They had entered these waters and departed, or remained forever, leaving them as solitary as they found them.

That night, Hearne spent with his associates in the great common room of the stone barracks, vainly striving to arrive at council. The long, low room

with its flickering candles, the ceiling massively beamed with timbers taken from the old fort Churchill, made a medieval scene. There was no touch of the aesthetic in that room, except maybe in the soul of Samuel Hearne, and as he left the council room in the dim cold hours of the morning, away in the offing could be seen the French ships, the Great Bear swinging around the Pole Star which seemed almost overhead. The governor realized he was alone. Edward Umfreville although censuring the governor for his hasty action, admits that it was a physical impossibility to defend the fort with the inadequate number of men provided. John Townsend asserted that the fort could have been held. But the ninth of August saw four hundred bold bearded Frenchmen drawn up at Hare point and however small four hundred look after reading of millions, four hundred men make a bold showing if there are only 39 opposite. La Perouse had executed a manoeuvre similar to Wolfe's, but this was no Plains of Abraham. The governor neither came out to fight, nor resisted behind his massive walls. According to his detractors of whom the thirty-nine men for purposes of advancing their own cause and escaping the odium of surrender, would surely be a unit, he seized an article which one would imagine rare in that distant place, a white table cloth, and waved it as a flag of truce. Imagine the French Admiral's delight, as with his scurvy-stricken crew he took possession, as Hearne came out with the key on a silver salver, in the name of his most Christian Majesty, the most high, most mighty, most redoubtable monarch, etc., while the waters of the harbor echoed to the cry of "Vive le Roi" and the thunder of the ships' cannons. As the flag of the great company fluttered sullenly down, Hearne and his garrison of thirty-nine men were rowed to the ships, where they were received as befitted their rank, but, in vain did La Perouse strive to undo the work of Robson. The stone-work built by the old-country man was clamped and dowed and leaded, and eager as the French were to destroy the walls, it was an impossible task. So the guns were spiked and thrown down, anything inflammable was fired, and on the eleventh of August La Perouse set sail for other conquests. Today the Indian comes and marvels at its stones, weaving around it the legends which the Indian loves. But the fort remains as La Perouse left it, ruined, grim, brooding, with no signs of life around its broken ramparts except the shrill voiced gulls wheeling above it. Yet it may be that this old ruin and harbor holds in its future a destiny far beyond what the fur traders who built it, ever imagined.

### POULTRY PROFITS

Continued from Page 30.

All information required on colony or other houses will be found in this bulletin. Egg eating is a favorite amusement of the hens in the spring time and one large egg farmer claims he cures the habit by tacking up a bundle of white paper on the wall of the hen house. This is picked at and torn into shreds by the fowls, giving them something to do other than eating the last egg laid by a cackling sister. Paring the beaks seems rather a cruel practice and eating paper does not hurt the hens a bit. A dose of Epsom salts fed in a damp mash is really needed in April by the fowl.

Would you when Men in hostile Ranks are thronged Be always right? Be always with the Wronged.

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## About the Farm

Conducted by  
Allan Campbell

### Plant Trees and Live with Them

IN the early days when Canada was first settled, the pioneers of Ontario and Quebec found in many instances that the trees were a bar to prosperity, and it meant to them a struggle for existence when the axe was used with ruthless persistency to clear the land needed for the open spaces on which to establish the prosperous farms of today. One wonders if this old antipathy to trees has been passed on to the generations that have sprung from these hardy pioneers and settlers in the West.

On the prairies, the above conditions are exactly reversed, for here, it is the absence of trees that is proving the prime obstacle to the attainment of the maximum value from the farms, inasmuch as it is responsible for a good deal of the trials that come in the train of drifting soil and dried out areas.

The well-treed farm has a strong tendency to become a permanent home, while a bare and wind-swept farm has the unstaple appearance of a temporary camp, which it is more likely to prove, under the circumstances.

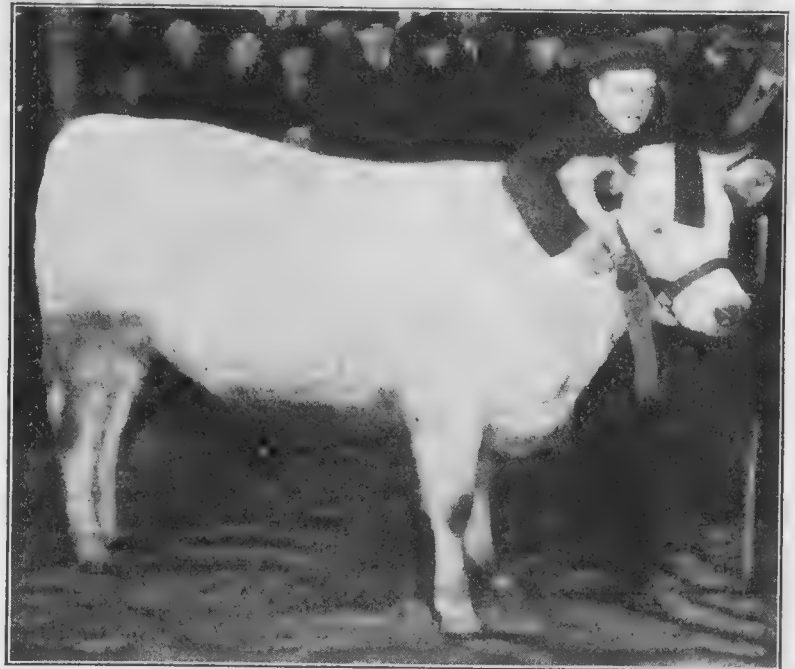
The planting of trees may arouse in some minds that "big undertaking" feeling that comes with projects of barn building or fencing a quarter-section, and the work is mentally done and undone several times. On the contrary, the

planting of trees should not be looked upon as an irksome task, for all one has to do is the foundation of the work while nature does the building, for, in the words of the sage, "they will grow while you are sleeping."

By stepping out about twenty rods from the home and facing it, one can visualize what that home could look like, with comparatively little effort in labor and comparatively little outlay. The addition of a verandah or a new coat of paint both have a transforming effect on any home, but not nearly so much as is brought about by the acquisition of some graceful and beautifully-hued trees, adding more grandeur to their form each year.

The treeing of the home grounds can easily be overdone and the place may be given a wild scrubby look by the indiscriminate planting of too many trees and shrubs. As much care should be bestowed upon the proper harmonizing of the shade and ornamental trees as is supposed to be used in the important task of furnishing a drawing room. If there is a lawn, the aim should be to give it vastness by judicious arrangement of trees and shrubs around the edge rather than to cut it up by establishing individual beds containing flowering shrubs; such shrubs look very nice,

Continued on page 33



### THE PRIZE WINNING CALF AT BRANDON FAIR AND ITS HAPPY OWNER

Richard Hamilton, age 13, R.R.1,  
Brandon

I began calf raising April 4th, 1918, when we had a lovely Shorthorn born on that date. It was given to me and I called him "Robin Snowball". I tended him with great care and he won 3rd standing in the boys' fat calf competition in Brandon, 2nd in the Shorthorn class and 1st in all breeds. The weight of this calf was 980 lbs. and I sold him to Gordon Ironsides & Co. for 41 cents a pound. This brought me \$401.40.

On April 6th, 1919, we had another calf which I fed for competition. I called him "Robin Snowball 2nd" and with him I won 2nd in fat calf competition, 1st in Shorthorn and 1st in open class. He weighed 960 lbs. and was sold for \$1.31 per lb. to Mr. R. A. Wright, Drinkwater, Sask. This calf was taken to Chicago and won the championship in 1920 over all breeds.

Again in April 6th, 1922, we had another calf. This one I named "Robin Snowball 3rd", the others having proved to be so successful. This calf won 1st in Boys' competition in Brandon, at the fat stock show which was held during March, 1923. It also was 1st in open

class against all beef breeds, 1st in Shorthorns and won the McGregor shield over all. I also won through him a beautiful gold watch donated by the Manitoba Shorthorn Association. "Robin Snowball 3rd" weighed 1060 lbs. and was bought by The T. Eaton Co., Winnipeg, at 70c per lb. The T. Eaton Co. brought "Robin Snowball 3rd" and myself into Winnipeg for a three days stay in their beautiful store on Portage avenue. We were up on the fifth floor where hundreds of men, women and children came to see us and asked me many questions about how I raised my calf.

I did certainly enjoy myself in Winnipeg and do hope that some other boy will have an opportunity of receiving such hospitality as I did. Of course the boys and girls who came in with the demonstration teams know something about the kindness of the T. Eaton people and how they encourage boys and girls to become better men and women and thus raise the citizenship of the province of Manitoba to a higher standard.

I would be glad to hear from some other boy or girl, and if I could offer you any helpful suggestions shall be very glad to do so.

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## ABOUT THE FARM—Continued from page 32

but a much better effect is obtained by a clean lawn with its embellishments at the edges. It should be remembered that the trees we plant are to be our permanent neighbors, therefore, it is wise to make a careful selection of them at the commencement.

Regarding the kind of trees to plant, there is a very good selection that may be picked from the trees that have been found quite equal to every caprice of the climate of the Prairie Provinces. Another consideration is the rate of growth, and this feature must be provided for in order that there is no crowding out of the other trees.

If the tree planting is undertaken when a new house is one of the projects of the future, due consideration should be given and plenty of room allowed, for the present house may be a small one story building which would look very picturesque with shrubs decorating its walls, but with the prospect of a larger house in view, the position and distance of the trees should be arranged accordingly. Still another feature is that a belt of trees planted too close to

a building will cause snowdrifts to become a nuisance to such a building, and for this reason the trees should be kept well back.

Evergreens are well worth planting though their growth is slow. Their green appearance in winter greatly relieves the appearance of the home grounds. The Colorado Blue Spruce is one of the most handsome of the evergreen trees. Its pale smoke color is very striking.

The Mountain Ash may be highly recommended for beauty. Its bark is smooth and a deep brown as though it had been artificially polished, the leaves are very graceful, while the clusters of berries, though very pale green at first, turn a rich red in the fall. These berries, called by some rowanberries, make a very beautiful indoor decoration.

The general green effect of the grounds is relieved very strikingly by the introduction of two or three White Birch. The White bark of these trees stands out in bold relief.

For a hedge the Caragana is excellent.

To some people this hedge is objectionable on account of its common use, but it is surely good enough for any grounds, and it is deplorable to think that familiarity is breeding contempt of this most useful shrub. Its introduction from St. Petersburg, in Russia, to Ottawa over thirty years ago has conferred a great boon upon the people of the Prairie Provinces, at least. Its character and growth makes it very desirable for trimming; its hardiness is beyond all question, and the flowers are very pretty though they are of minor importance compared to the other virtues of the hedge plant.

For individual shrubs, the Tartarian Honeysuckle is a very desirable ornamentation to the grounds. It is also very hardy. Common lilac and Japanese lilac may be added to the list; the latter is later blooming than the former, thus prolonging the lilac season.

When one is planning for beautiful autumn effects, the Ginnalian Maple should certainly be included on the grounds. This is a native of Amurland, but has been found to be thoroughly hardy in the West. The leaves are small and prettily cut or lobed. The wings

of the seeds are early margined with bright red, and in the autumn the leaves assume brilliant hues of red and scarlet. This is undoubtedly one of the hardiest and most beautiful of shrubs, and it is well adapted for general cultivation throughout the Northwest country. It is easily raised from seed, which is produced in abundance on comparatively young specimens.

For avenues, the Elm is to be highly recommended. In order to get an avenue and at the same time eventually have an avenue of elms, it is a good plan to plant elms and Laurel-leaved Willow's alternately. The Laurel-leaved Willow is a very handsome and desirable species. When trained in tree form it develops a nice rounded head. The leaves are of medium size, rather short and pointed, the upper side having a fine polished surface. This glossy appearance of the leaves is quite characteristic. This handsome tree being much quicker in growth than the elms, will constitute the major portion of the avenue until the slower growing but more stately elms have reached a more mature stage, then the willows may be taken out and the elms will form the avenue.

By  
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

## The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School  
Winnipeg

### The Boys' Parliament

THE suggestion ventured in our February page that the Boys' Parliament was not likely to achieve the results that are advertised in its favor and that in some cases the boys concerned are actually suffering damage to their studies and their careers, is not without support in several quarters.

A well known Manitoba teacher writes in part as follows:

"The writer hoped that such a piece of folly would meet a fitting rebuke from the teachers, clergymen and editors, whose folly seems to have surpassed that of the boys themselves.

.....The large percentage of pupils and parents of the type referred to explains such things as the Boys' Parliament. Education and culture are not sought at all, but rather idleness, prominence and a 'good time.'"

A newspaper despatch from Regina states that a clergyman there suggests that too much concentration on the work among boys is leading to a loss of independence and initiative on the part of the boy. "We were the victims of philanthropic confusion."

He thought that there was far too much boys' work being done by committees who were working among boys who were sons of people quite able to look after their own sons. The result was a tendency to lack of parental responsibility.

A report from the organization behind the Boys' Parliament stated recently that a boy official had resigned because "the work was interfering with his studies," one of the grounds upon which our comment was based in February.

In Winnipeg, the remark was made recently by a distinguished clergyman, scholar and soldier, that "he could imagine only one greater farce than the Boys' Parliament, and that was the choosing of queens."

In the meantime, the game goes merrily on. The \$6,000.00 budget has been over-subscribed and the boys and young men are being congratulated on their achievement. Sometimes I think that here again more harm than good has been done to the boys by this experience. It looks a little bit like professional begging. There was a time when the only way a boy, or a man either for that matter, could get a dollar was by working for it. In the case under discussion, the boys went from door to door along residential streets and asked strangers for a dollar or more to help the boys in their work—whatever that work may be.

The word that comes to my mind in connection with this matter is "exploitation," which, according to the dictionary means: The act or process of exploiting or employing successfully; utilization; the successful application of industry on any object, as the cultivation of land and the working of mines.

No one would oppose successful exploitation, but it is a well known fact that land may be over-worked through wrong methods of agriculture and that mines may be exhausted or rendered useless through wasteful methods. In the same way, it is possible for unskilled organizers—and many professional boy organizers are not competent educationally to determine what is best for the boy—to cause harm rather than good by their methods which sometimes border on the spectacular.

In one of his works, that great thinker, Herbert Spencer, has the following to say:

"We that have but span-long lives must ever bear in mind our limited time for acquisition. And remembering how narrowly this time is limited, not only by the shortness of life but also still more by the business of life, we ought to be especially solicitous to employ what time we have to the greatest advantage."

The boys of Canada must be on guard and when alluring offers are made to them which promise short-cuts to fame and to position in life, let them ask the question: "If I link up with this will it really be to my advantage and shall I because of what I learn in it be better able to serve myself, to serve my family, and to serve posterity?"

### When is a Boy not a Boy?

IN an old riddle we used to be asked, "When is a door not a door?" and on 'giving up' we were told "When it's ajar." It seems to be the custom with some boys' work organizations to style all their members "boys," and to outline for them a programme of boyish pranks which may call them from their homes for one or more nights a week.

It is not usual in our Canadian country, nor would it be desirable for men to advertise the fact that they are growing older. A man is "as young as he feels," but it is little short of ridiculous to style as boys almost anyone of the age of from fourteen to forty years. Particularly is the expression objectionable in the case of young men of from twenty-one to say twenty-five. It is not hard in many such

cases for them to suffer from the delusion that in putting in their evenings in games and frolics under the sheltering wing of an "approved" organization, they are spending their time to good advantage.

It might be just as well for a young man of twenty-one to be reminded of the fact that he is a young man and not a boy. Manitoba, to mention but one province, has today hundreds of young men who are unable to go to an employer and say "This one thing I can do well."

Recently a mother wrote to me that she had refused to allow her boys to join two organizations that sought their membership, because the home life was being invaded and "the only time the members of our family seem to meet is when one is passing out as the other comes in the doorway."

Within the past few weeks, four young men, not boys, have applied to me for assistance in technical training. Two of them lost promotions because they were lacking in their knowledge of one subject; one of them was threatened with discharge if he could not show more quality in his work; and the other actually lost his position.

Canada needs trained men. She has never needed them more urgently. If you are satisfied that certain character building organizations can furnish the basis for promotion in life then by all means let them have your membership and support, but "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." Read Longfellow's poem, "The Builders," from which we quote two verses:

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall tomorrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.

### The New and the True

IN the course of a discussion on the many organizations which now exist for the "uplift of the community," a Winnipeg pioneer made the remark,—"In thirty years I have seen many of these organizations come and go and in the long run, the vital problems which concern the young people of our country are placed in the setting to which they belong—the home, the school and the church."

A few years ago, the craze for community clubs swept the province of Manitoba, and a department was created, with government aid, for the purpose of establishing community clubs in the various small towns. Paid officials went from town to town and established clubs and glowing press reports published abroad the news of the new community spirit—artificially developed. It will be noted, by professional organizers.

To-day, it is doubtful if twenty-five or even ten per cent. of these clubs exist and in the few remaining towns they exist in name only. The professional community builders, maintained at some public expense, have disappeared, and the towns are being left, as they quite properly should be, to their own resources.

Another example was the famous "Million for Manitoba League." One of the first requirements of this League was that everyone interested in it should subscribe a dollar—the dollar is always in evidence—and receive in return a lapel button. Just what was to occur after that was never quite clear unless it was that if enough Manitoba citizens would wear the bright buttons, the splendor would attract the citizens of other continents. However, the dollars and the buttons have long since disappeared and the province is still without its million citizens.

On one occasion, an English statesman spoke as follows in answer to the speech of a colleague:

"The honorable gentleman has said many things which are true, and many things which are new. Unfortunately, however, the things which are true are not new, and the things which are new are not true."

So many things are being presented to-day, and particularly to the young men of our country, that they may well be warned to make their selections with discernment.

### Sir Henry Newbolt

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT'S visit to the West was most opportune. The words of this man of action and of letters carried with them a needed inspiration. In his great addresses in Winnipeg, he gave voice to sentence after sentence that was pregnant with meaning. It is not too much to say that in some of his utterances he was most prophetic.

Naturally, he laid stress upon the importance of good literature. For the young men, this means good reading. Some time ago a young man sought

my advice in connection with his work and in the course of an interview concerning his qualifications, he admitted that he had never read a book since he had left Grade 8, a period of some ten years. What a contrast was this to the case of a man of affairs who stated recently that he counted that week lost in which he did not read at least one good book—and he was seventy years of age.

### Applied Business Finance

THE well known business publishers, A. W. Shaw and Company, Chicago, have recently published a volume priced in Canada at \$4.40, under the title "Applied Business Finance." In the past, many volumes have been published which have dealt with the theory of business finance, but in this book, the author, Edmond E. Lincoln, M. A., Ph. D., outlines the principles of financing which actually arises from day to day in the operation of the average business.

The entire book is devoted to those problems of financing which are met with in the average concern, incorporated or unincorporated, as well as those principles which are common to all concerns, whether large or small. Financing is studied in its relation to the construction, purchase, production, distribution and consumption of goods.

Many valuable charts and tables accompany the explanations and throughout the 772 pages, the author stays closely with the practical affairs of life. Among the many illustrations, accompanied by adequate explanations, are those of stock certificates, debenture bonds, property statements and suggested outlines for reports. The chapters include discussions on such practical matters as: Normal problems of the average concern; the form of organization; raising new capital; business finance and the stock market; financial statements and their interpretation; business and the commercial bank; mercantile credit; financial difficulties and failures.

The author is interesting and accurate in his definitions; for example, he defines credit as—the power to command present goods or money in exchange for a future equivalent—and he adds:

"Credit is a very delicate instrument which must be handled with the greatest caution. It is strengthened most by conserving it, not by straining or abusing it. Credit is difficult to establish, easy to lose, and almost impossible to regain. It must be most vigilantly guarded."

More than once we have urged our business readers to build up a library in connection with their businesses and those who believe that from the business books of to-day they may secure many suggestions of practical value, should find Applied Business Finance a direct help and inspiration in the conduct of their affairs.

### Business Men at School

RECENTLY the University of Manitoba conducted a short course of some four days of lectures and instruction for merchants, and some fifty merchants took advantage of the course. About half of them came from Manitoba towns and at least one came from a Saskatchewan town. Several well known business men of Winnipeg enrolled in the course.

It is a healthy sign when men who have long left school are willing to return to an educational institution and co-operate in the interests of better business in learning of those general principles of business which are now fairly well defined. Better service rather than more profit seemed to be the keynote of the lectures. One merchant from southern Manitoba stated that he had attended the course since it was organized, six years ago, and that he had always found it of benefit.

One of the members, well on in years, told me that although he had done fairly well in business, he had been going by "rule of thumb" methods all his life, and that now he proposed to organize his knowledge and learn something of more scientific principles.

### Sunday Thoughts

AS long as you can't please both sides in this world, there's nothing like pleasing your own side.

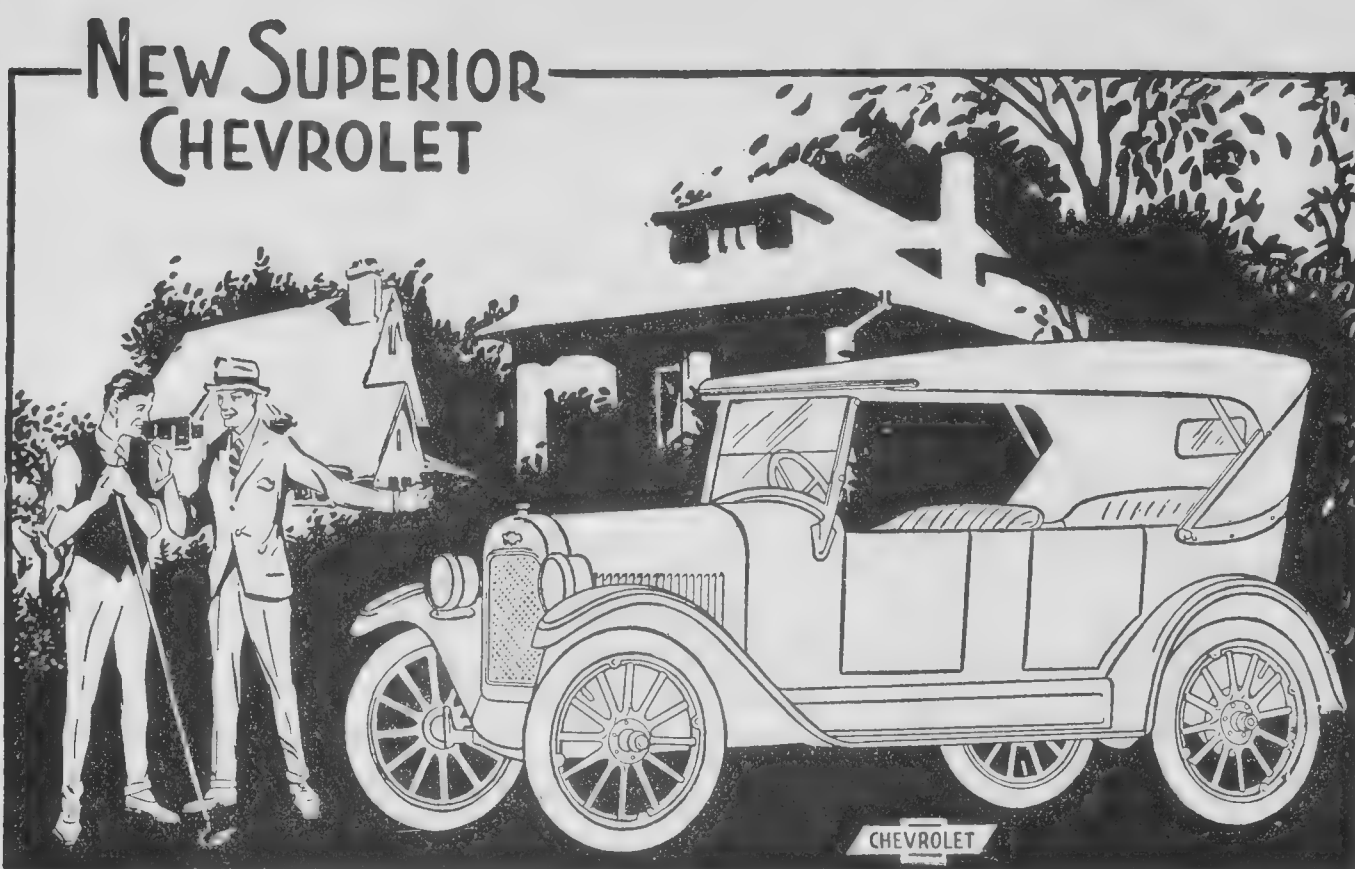
You can't run a business on the law of averages and have more than an average business.

It's been my experience that you have got to have leisure to be unhappy. Half the troubles in this world are imaginary and it takes time to think them up.

Health is like any inheritance—you can spend the interest in work and play, but you must not break into the principal.

—Lorimer.





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arrangement that he will feed and care for them at a stated price per dog, returning them to the owners for winter work, in good condition.

Another interesting visitor from The Pas was Mr. G. R. Bancroft, who, with a height of six feet two inches, was a striking figure on Lake Minnewanka, in his beaded Indian costume and fur cap. Mr. Bancroft is manager for Canada of the Tonopah Mining Company of Nevada, with the subsidiary, the Mandy Mine at The Pas, which is the centre of Manitoba's mining, fur, and lumbering industries. There is much that might be written of the wealth that lies concealed in the big territory adjacent to, and beyond The Pas. Copper production in one year, for instance, reached over three and a half million pounds.

**THE PAS** is built in the centre of a great muskeg, on a rise of land, and in high water-time, the Indians give it the name "Opasquia"—a place to boil the kettle." Finally the white men settled there, and the first part of the name was taken, and so "The Pas." The Saskatchewan river overflows its banks in high-water time, and there is a scheme to drain the valley, deepen the river and reclaim "the finest land in Canada." "one of Manitoba's richest spots," the citizens state. The Hudson's Bay Railway runs to Kettle Rapids, 330 miles on the Hudson River. Every one, especially at The Pas, recognizes that the future of Western Canada is in some way bound up with the Hudson's Bay Railway, with its wealth of mines, forests, furs, in the untouched country.

The Pas is the farthest north organized community in Manitoba, with the biggest fur market in the world, where the trapper sells direct to the buyer. It is a town, rich in interests, with reminders on every side of the life lived north of 53.

The wonderful playground, Banff, was gay and smiling for the carnival events, with Main Street, Banff Avenue, typical of the mid-west with tepees, flags and pine trees in unique arrangement up the central boulevard.

Looking up Tunnel Mountain was the great toboggan slide, spanned by the monster ice-palace, the crowning beauty of the mountain side. In the sunshine a dazzle of crystal and rainbow tints, at night a brilliant castle, dominating the scene, illuminated with electric lights of all colors, vivid against the tall, dark pines.

Banff still remains a prominent ski centre, and a large crowd stood at the foot of Tunnel Mountain to witness Audres Haugen make a jump of 204 points, and Ranbery 249 points. In the long standing jump, Haugen did 114 feet, 3 inches.

Vancouver sent an interesting quota in their girls hockey team, the Amazons. Fernie was well represented in the Swastikas, and Calgary in the Regents with a strong battle for the Alpine cup. The carnival ended with a tie between Fernie and Calgary, which will be decided at a future date, probably on Calgary ice.

Winnipeg sent its quota of good sports in the women's C. P. R. curling club, including Miss Margaret McLeod, Miss

Millicent Evans, Miss Mabel Steene and Miss Ida Macdonald, who were colorful figures in their natty sport costumes. Miss Merle Hall of the C. P. R., Winnipeg, was an interested visitor, and despite the fact that a fierce wind swept down from the north, whipping the snow in drifts, was one of the Derby "Fans," who drove out to the lake to see the finish of the race. Mr. R. G. McNellie, General Passenger Agent of the C. P. R., at Winnipeg, and one of the honorary presidents of the Banff Winter Sports Association, and Mr. J. E. Proctor, District Passenger Agent of Calgary, were other good sports who braved the cold winter morning to witness the start of the dog derby.

Mr. D. C. Coleman, vice-president of the C. P. R., at Winnipeg, and Mrs. Coleman were visitors at the event. Mr. A. O. Wheeler, director of the Alpine Club of Canada, and Mr. Carl Peters, well-known writer and cartoonist, of "Life," New York, who remained on the Derby scene from start to finish, Colonel James Walker of Calgary, pioneer policeman, rancher and soldier, was a carnival visitor, and it was rumored that he was awarded the prize for consuming a larger quantity of buffalo meat than any of the fifteen hundred visitors present, while Tom Never-eat-meat, a Stoney Indian, was a close second for the honors.

To the uninitiated, the roasting of the buffalo was a unique proceeding. A pit was dug in which a low fire burned and the carcass of the buffalo was suspended over it. After being thoroughly seared, it was slowly cooked for about 36 hours, and during the Derby, one and all ate buffalo sandwiches.

Carnival events included masquerades—Miss Fern Brewster, the queen, was dressed as Minerva, Goddess of War, Mr. Frank Smith of Milk River, who is a typical man of the out-of-doors, was Mars, God-of-War.

Another carnival visitor was Mr. H. G. Parsons of Golden, B.C., whose name is woven into the early history of Banff. It was in 1844 that

## The Dog Derby At Banff

Continued from page 19

the McArdle Brothers discovered the Banff springs and sold their rights to Mr. D. B. Woodward, M. P. of King, Nova Scotia, who engaged Mr. Parsons to hold these rights. At this time the C. P. R. was running trains as far west as Canmore, but that winter all construction work stopped, and most of the people left the country. However, Mr. Parsons stayed by the springs, living in a small cabin near by. Mr. Woodward of Nova Scotia finally lost interest in his purchase and ceased his payments and the McArdle boys ejected Mr. Parsons from the springs in no uncertain manner.

**I**N 1885, the C. P. R. was through to Laggan, and Mr. Parsons, as assistant post master at Banff, put the first mail on the train. In 1877, Rev. C. W. Gordon, Ralph Connor, was a student at Banff, and many other well-known men in Canada today were seeking their fortunes in the new west.

Thus the dog Derby, a new interest in Western Canada, has passed into history, for 1923 after establishing a precedent that argues well for such events in future years. With such a setting as Minnewanka Lake offers, it should be an event that will have an international interest. There are many legends in connection with the lake as one would expect with its euphonious name—Min-

newanka, the Indian name for Spirit Waters. The legend runs that an Indian chief was crossing the lake in a canoe when an evil spirit rose from the waters, wrecked the frail craft and carried the chief down into the depth from which the body never rose again.

In the narrative of a journey around the world during the year 1841 and 1843, by Sir George Simpson, the following mention of the lake may be found:

"Our tents were pitched in a meadow of about 500 acres in extent, enclosed by mountains on three sides and by a lake which we had named 'Peechee,' after our Indian guide. From the very edge of the water, there rose a gentle as-

cent of six or eight hundred feet, covered with pines and composed almost entirely of the accumulated fragments of the adamantine heights above; and on the upper border of this slope there stood perpendicular walls of granite, of a vast height, while among the dizzy altitudes of their battlemented summits, the goat and sheep bounded in playful activity.

"The path by which we entered this valley was a track of the Assiniboine carried, for the sake of concealment, through the thickest forests. The Indians and Peechee were the only persons that had ever pursued this route; and we were the first white people who had ever attempted this pass of the mountains."

The name of the lake has since been changed and it is by the musical Minnewanka, in its summer beauty, or in its winter garments of dignity, that we know it.

### Autumn Song

Phyllis, when the autumn comes,  
And the bare boughs shiver;  
When the fallow lands lie red  
By the sluggish river,  
Mourn we not the dying year,  
We may still be jolly,  
With the cricket and the bee  
Sharers of our folly.

Phyllis, when the autumn comes,  
And the jays go sailing  
O'er the pine-trees' ragged tops,  
Summer lost bewailing;  
In our hearts the rose yet blooms,  
Yield we not to sadness!  
But 'neath pale autumnal moons,  
Dance to pipes of gladness!

Phyllis, when the autumn comes,  
And the dull clouds lower;  
When the east wind whistles through  
Love's deserted bower;  
Still to mirth our souls are bound,  
Why should we be sighing?  
Laugh we then amid the vines,  
While the year is dying!  
Clarence Mansfield Lindsay

### Endearing Dreams

I'm dreaming of the olden days,  
Of home beyond the sea,  
Where my dear old gray-haired mother  
Is waiting there for me.

The summer's birds' sweet lullaby;  
Fair Nature soothed to rest;  
The jasmine at the cottage door,  
And roses we love best.

How dear to me the memories  
Of boyhood days so free,  
Where perfumed breaths came stealing in  
From winds across the sea.

Old Father Time cannot erase  
Those wonder dreams of mine;  
Nor fonder love abide within  
My soul than that of thine

I'm coming home, dear loved one soon,  
From you no more to roam;  
No gold can buy the virtue of  
Dear mother, love, and home.  
Richard Cruse



"Old Bom" a rare specimen of Chinese servant such as one sometimes reads about but seldom sees for they are about as extinct as the faithful negroes of the Uncle Tom's Cabin type.



A chilly job—moving cattle in the winter time from one feeding ground to another



The Ducks Ranch, Hat Creek, B.C.

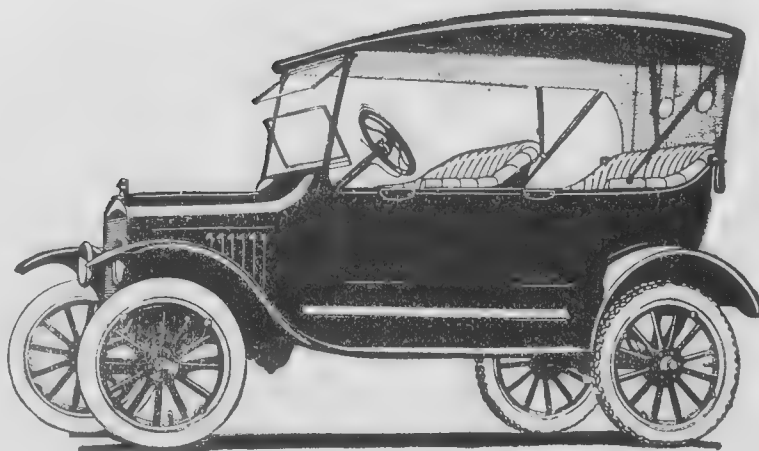
"The Ducks Ranch," Hat Creek, B.C. This lovely place of over six hundred acres, crown-granted land, and running nearly a thousand head of cattle is managed and owned by Chinamen! Much of the finest land in British Columbia if not owned outright by Chinamen is at least worked and controlled by them. Yet Canada like the proverbial ostrich hides her head in the sand, and tries to believe there is no "Yellow Peril."





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## MUSIC AND THE HOME

THERE is music in great nature's every mood if only we are receptive to its messages.

And where can the musician so much attune his spirit to the varying moods that are the life breath of his art as in the wild domain of nature? There the babbling brook sings a never-ending song of sweet content and ripples back the sunbeams in its joy. There the birds, the insects and the contented beasts join in a symphony of sounds now grave, now gay. Go to the mother heart of all if thou wouldst know and feel art. There you will find a ready source of all the finer moods you would acquire. Go and learn. For,

"Who is the true musician. He who loves

Not only the expression of his art,  
But that which it expresses."

chimes, have thrown open the portals to everyone who has the ambition and the initiative to enter.

### Increasing Demand for Wind Instruments

IN former years when parents wanted to give their children some sort of a musical education, nine times out of ten they would consider such instruments as the piano or the violin, but today consideration is given to the flute, clarinet, oboe, bassoon, saxophone, French horn, cornet, trumpet, euphonium, trombone, etc. All of these instruments take an important part in the music of today and it is therefore highly gratifying to know that they are being taken up by the younger generation to a larger extent than ever before. There is scarcely a small community in any part of the country that hasn't some sort of musical organization.



Betty Compson, Paramount Star.

### The Call of Music

IN a hundred years the world has been transformed from illiteracy to literacy. Remember, that reading and writing were the exclusive adornments of the well-to-do only a hundred years ago. It was not common for working men to do more than make their marks in the early years of the nineteenth century. Today every boy and girl in civilized nations who cares at all for the opportunity to learn, the store houses of the world's thought, as preserved in books, have opened to rich and poor alike.

In music the treasure troves have opened as never before. There exists today a great library of musical books accessible to every earnest student and giving at a mere fraction of its former cost, information leading to musical success. Twenty-five years ago the really worth while musical books could almost have been counted upon the fingers of both hands. Concerts, recitals, lectures, classes, moving pictures, mechanical instruments, to say nothing of the wonderful educative value of the talking ma-

Of the instruments enumerated above, the cornet and trumpet were perhaps the most popular until a few years ago when the saxophone craze started. Since Jazz Orchestras have become the vogue for dancing the saxophone has perhaps become the most popular instrument for the amateur. Good wind-instrument players are in demand all over the world today more than ever before, because the love and appreciation for music is growing and new organizations such as symphony orchestras, bands, opera companies, etc., are being formed all over. The wind instrument player, therefore, who acquires proficiency on his instrument, is assured of a good position and a good income. In symphony orchestras the first wind instrument players in each section command the highest salaries. Every conductor in the world is constantly on the outlook for good wind players no matter what particular instrument it might be, and as a consequence, the standard is becoming higher and higher and also more lucrative to the performer. The music of today

makes more demands upon the player than the music of a generation ago, and therefore, players must not rest content after they have acquired a certain position and standing in the profession.

### Music the Best Antidote for Waywardness

By a Mother Who Organized an Orchestra Among the School Boys and Girls

DURING the adolescent age the boys' and girls' tastes seem to be forming, and in many cases it is at this point that it rests with the parents whether the boys shall become interested in the higher pursuits or in pool, cigarettes, etc. Music is the best antidote for waywardness that I know. Another thing which, being a mother, appeals to me is the fact that music seems to be one of the best grounds upon which a mother and her son can keep in touch with each other.

Many of the mothers play a little piano—it may be a very little—but each orchestra member was required to purchase the piano parts to all orchestra music and to practise his parts with the piano outside of school hours, thus becoming familiar with the general orchestra score. Many of the boys met frequently in small groups—perhaps three or four—at a home of some mother who played the piano. With an interested teacher to play the accompaniments, the school piano was also utilized for practice purposes.

While the school orchestra does not eradicate the "gang" spirit that seems to be born in all boys, yet it directs it into safe and sane channels. My orchestra boys are "gangsters." Love of music seems to draw them together, just as love of adventure or of mischief prompts the formation of other "gangs." If there is a fine concert or an opera company or some other especially good attraction in town, you will find the majority of my boys there, usually on the front seats, and they are just as interested and well-behaved as the girls, who will be there, too.

None of the orchestra boys smoke. Most of the girls and boys excel in their studies.

### The Saxophone and its Place in Music

TO most people the saxophone is an instrument which is the rage to-day and which will be unheard of to-morrow. Many hardly even rank it as a musical instrument and class it as a musical toy. However, the saxophone has many excellent qualities which undoubtedly will make it a permanent member of the family of music.

It is interesting to note that the first saxophone, said to have been made in America, was made in 1911, only eleven years ago. To-day it is reported the largest manufacturing companies cannot raise the production of the instrument sufficiently high to meet the ever increasing demand. This might be compared to the terrific spread in popularity of a popular song. Through this comparison critics, with some degree of reason, predict that the saxophone will rapidly be forgotten just as many popular songs are to-day. It is human nature to react against a popularity just as it is to act for it.

But is not the saxophone doing something to establish itself as a classic instead of a popular song? Critics predict that the instrument would go out of fashion with jazz. To-day jazz has considerably abated, but the saxophone's popularity and demand has, if anything, increased. This clearly shows that as the public taste changes the type of saxophone playing will change, but that the saxophone will remain.

Because of its remarkable adaptability the saxophone will have wide use in the future, taking its place with the other musical instruments, and will most probably retain in enduring favor with the public.

### Sleep

A blessed thing is the gift of sleep,  
As it waits us each away.  
On the wings of rest, softly lulled,  
Caressed,

Freed from cares of every day.  
All perfection seems in the land of dreams.

So we linger while we may.

—Isobel Wilson.

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# WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

Reports from some Manitoba Institutes

## A GENEROUS OFFER

THE Women's Institute of Winnipeg has appointed a committee to call on all Institute members who have moved into the city. A second committee will call on members of any Manitoba Institute who might be in the Winnipeg hospitals. If these committees are to be able to carry out this worthy project, word should be sent to Mrs. Russell Phillips, 176 Kintyre Street, St. James, Winnipeg, giving the full name and address of the new resident, and the name and hospital in case of a patient. It will be necessary for the secretary to send word at the time the patient leaves home, as a lapse of a week will mean that much longer time of loneliness for her.

## Temperance

This is a timely topic among Institutes. Many points report giving grants, holding debates, sending delegates and hearing reports of conventions. Among those reporting items on this question are Lake Francis, Manitou, Minnedosa, Hartney, Pipestone, Reston, Roblin, Solsgirth, Elva, Virden, Hamiota, Gilbert Plains, Isabella, Foxwarren, Tummel, Gimli, Coulter and La Riviere. Roblin reports the donation of \$25.00 to the expense fund of the prohibition campaign.

## Social Service

Every month brings reports of many forms of social service—helping families, giving donations to the Children's Aid and Social Hygiene Commission, etc. Institutes taking part in this form of service this month are: Morris, Carman, Treherne, Tummel, Hamiota, Inwood, Kenton, Pierson and Roblin. Gypsumville has found a new form of service—that of supplying medicine to a sick member. Benito held a shower for a family which had lost everything by fire. Roblin will help with the local dental clinic. Sorting and making over articles of clothing for needy families occupied most of the time of the Whitewater members at the March meeting.

## Rinks

Arizona, Dominion City and Solsgirth have all helped the local rink this month. Many Institutes have raised funds through the winter by catering at the local bonspiel.

## Special Mention

The Royston Institute, organized last month, is planning work along Red Cross and Social Service lines. There also is a committee working on the year's program. Ewart, another new Institute is planning a Temperance meeting with Mrs. A. E. Smith as speaker. Charleswood held an interesting meeting recently on the subject of "Bees," Mrs. L. T. Floyd, Provincial Apiarist, was the speaker. Flee Island is planning a special collection of work to exhibit at the Portage Fair. Hartney W. I. has appointed directors for the summer fair. Virden reports an exchange of recipes and exchange of up-to-date patterns for the next meeting; Deloraine has also used this plan. Grayville Institute is studying the Rural Survey. Souris has had demonstrations and talks on "Killing and Dressing Fowl for Market" and on "First Aid." Morris has had addresses and demonstrations on foods.

## Music

Singing and music have a decided part in Women's Institute meetings. The Winnipeg members held a musicale instead of their regular meeting.

## Short Courses

Reports have come in of a very successful short courses in clothing projects. The Plum Coulee Institute has written to all out of town ladies inviting them to take part in the course which is to be held at the home of their president.

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## Boys' and Girls' Work

Birtle catered for the Father and Son Banquet, and Oak River for the Mothers' and Daughters'. Minota is helping this work by allowing the Boy Scouts and C.G.I.T. girls the free use of their hall.

## Girls' Home Economics Classes

Many Institutes are helping with the girls' cooking classes by giving encouragement and instruction to the groups, between the teacher's visits each month. At Makaroff many of the girls live in the country and members of the Institute have offered to keep these girls all night in order that they might attend the classes. Points at which these classes have been organized with the co-operation of the W. I. are: Elm Creek, Cypress River, Souris, Makaroff, Roblin, Gilbert Plains, Benito, Manitou, Plum Coulee, Morris, Sifton, Ochre River and Winnipegosis. Arnaud and Dominion City are planning to help the girls with demonstration team work, and Elphinstone has a committee actively at work in Boys' and Girls' Club Work, giving instruction and creating enthusiasm among the school children.

The ladies of Marquette have recently organized a Women's Institute with Mrs. Creak as President and Mrs. Land as Secretary.

## Local Improvement

Waskada is working to secure the services of a caretaker for the cemetery during the summer months.

## Rest Room Decorated

The following has been received from the press reporter of the Reston Women's Institute:

The Reston Women's Institute meets regularly each month with a membership of twenty-five paid-up members at present.

During the winter months the Rest Room committee served lunch for the young people's dances, our Rest Room being very convenient for such, as it is in the basement of the hall and is donated to the Institute free of rent by the Reston Hardware and Lumber Company, owners of the block. The committee also serve afternoon tea on Saturdays; and during the Ladies Bonspiel we served lunches the last three afternoons and realized \$86.00. With the money that has been made we are decorating the walls of the Rest Room and furnishing it with a cupboard, tables, couch, dishes, and new books for the library; so it will be real comfortable and cheerful.

Each month, one of the members gives a paper on current events of the past month. We have also had some good papers on Luxor Tomb Discoveries and essays on the Hudson Bay Railroad by some of Grade 10 and 11 school pupils.

We regretted very much at our last meeting, March 16th, to have to accept the resignation of our secretary, Mrs. E. N. Nesbitt, but owing to other duties and not in the best of health at present, she felt she was unable to carry on the

work. Mrs. J. E. Harvey was appointed secretary for the balance of the year.

## Culross Activities

"This is what I earned." Five year old Donald exhibited a dollar bill, a dime and three pennies. "I got the dollar for speaking at the contest."

Enquiry from Donald's mother elicited the information of how so wee a boy could earn a dollar. "Yes," she said, "he got that in the elocution contest. Once a month the Institute puts on a program of an educational nature; sometimes it is a debate, sometimes a lecture, and once this winter we had a contest in public speaking. There was a prize of a dollar for the children under school age, two dollars for those in public schools, and three dollars for adults."

"Then your meetings are for the whole community?" "In the winter they are, for then the men can attend. We also give a 'party' once a month and entertain the guests with cards or dancing. About the first of March we always hold an annual dinner and charge 50c and 25c a plate; otherwise, we make no charges for any of the entertainments, only when we need a little money we take up a collection. In the summer we hold regular monthly meetings at the members' homes, but during the winter our object is to create and maintain a community consciousness among all the people of our district. The Culross Institute does not stand for money making."

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of your home baking  
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# THE ROSE OF THE PLAIN

By Murdoch Mackinnon, M. A.

**H**OW cold and bare these western prairies have been during the last few months! Everything lay in the grip of the giant frost. Root and branch, bluff and blade, field and flower were all held in the rigidity and paleness of death. But God's recurring miracle is upon us. The buds are already swelling. Their fall preparation was not without purpose. The sap is already coursing its way through its ancient channels. The birds are already tuning.

A mother was in church with her little boy on Easter Sunday morning. She remarked on the helpful character of the service. He also enjoyed it, but his ears had just then caught the chorus of the birds already twittering in the bare branches, and he added cheerily, "but I like the service of the birds too." We all do, and rejoice in the promise of re-awakened life and return of the sounds and scenes of another glorious summer. May we all join in the chorus of the Song of Solomon today:

The Winter is past,  
The rain is over and gone;  
The flowers appear on the earth;  
The time of the singing of birds is come,  
The voice of the dove is heard in our land;

Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

The rose of our plain is the prairie anemone which will carpet our far-extending acres in the course of the next few weeks with all of beauty and fragrance that the heart could wish. The modesty of its apparel, the softness of its woolly surface, the touch of color and fragrance that it gives to an otherwise forbidden scene, is but a suggestion of the wonderful variety and resourcefulness of the spirit and life that is throbbing within the great world of which we form part.

Nature believes in variety. Our different moods have their counterpart in the different parts of the earth's surface. How tiresome were the earth all prairie, or all mountain, or all valley! We have a fair share of each in Canada. We have valleys all the way from the Annapolis to the Okanagan, mountains all the way from Blomidon to the Rockies, and between, the great plains of the Middle-West. Anyone who tires of the mountains may descend to the plains; anyone upon whom the monotony of the plains may fall, can betake himself to the valleys; dwellers in the valley may enjoy the openness of the plain and sometimes the bracing air of the mountain slopes. Ample provision for every taste and every mood!

The dreamer takes to the mountains. There he beholds the land of promise. There he claims to see reality face to face. Something of the radiance of his countenance may be communicated to us. Moses received the Law on Sinai's Mount, and the chosen people were guided by it for a thousand years. There the prophet hearkens to the voice of God that he may communicate a message to his fellows. There Jesus was transfigured in the presence of his most intimate friends when his countenance did shine as the light.

Deprive us of the mountain experience and we lose our inspiration. Have you ever realized the presence of God in an intimate way? That means being on the mountain. Can you recall your youthful decision to live the christian life? That was a mountain experience. Do you remember your first communion when God as a personal friend drew near to you? That means having been on the heights. But these experiences are exceptional. True, life without them would not be what it is. They speak of faith in the unseen, the spirituality of life, and then promise of a better day. We do well therefore to cultivate the summits. The hills have something to teach us. Wordsworth's shepherd has something to say to us.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,  
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,  
The silence that is in the starry sky.  
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

But we do not live on the mountains. We dream our dreams and see our visions there. To live we come down to the plains. Here we build our homes and carry on the business of daily life. The

poet gets his inspiration on the mountain top but comes down to the level to share with his fellows the glory of his vision. The prophet receives his code of laws there, but descends that he may translate the same in terms of social needs. Jesus was transfigured in the mountain but He came down to the plain to minister to a sick lad. To stay upon the mountain is to become visionary, and to leave the people to their own idolatrous tendencies. To remain aloft is to fail to hear the still sad music of humanity. The prophet must write the vision and make it plain that he may run that reads it. The disciples must be taught the beauty of holiness but the epileptic must experience the joy of health.

**O**N the plains where we toil and struggle there is, however, danger of dullness and monotony. Life is ever in danger of becoming a matter of routine. In the affairs of the world there is a lull just now. We have had enough of the stimulation and romance of war. But the prose of life must not be allowed to dominate. The poetry and rhythm of it can be maintained by finding access to the sources of happiness on the plain. Three disciples only were privileged to witness the transfiguration. Whole multitudes enjoyed the ministry of the plains.

Jesus Christ is the rose of our plain. The rose stands for love, and where love is there is happiness in endless variety. The rose is for the shepherd and his clan. Religion and love make our otherwise common life a garden. In the light of the rose the irksome duty becomes a pleasure. In the garden of love our humblest service becomes a ministry of grace. Jesus is a constant companion and is available for all. There are some roses we may not know and some we cannot afford to buy. But the rose of the plain is for you and me. The shepherd decks himself with it. The Shulamite maid adorns her brow with it. She prefers it with the love of her highland shepherd to all the luxuries of Solomon's court. The rose of the plain or the crown of a queen, that was her choice. The love of common life or the toy of an oriental monarch. Give me the prairie anemone, pure, sweet and fragrant and I care not who may luxuriate in American beauty roses. Give me the love of common folk and I care not who may luxuriate in the light of the throne.

We are not always on the plains. We descend with bowed heads to the valley. We are lonely and the heart is empty. The freshets come and we are overwhelmed. The spirit of questioning possesses us. Is there any comfort available in the valley? God reveals His presence upon the mountain. He sustains and strengthens us on the plains. Yes, and in the valley He is our Companion and Guide.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow  
I will fear no evil,  
For Thou art with me.

There is no road we cannot travel if Jesus be by our side. When our faith needs reinforcement He takes us up to some high mountain where a reassuring voice speaks to us out of the clouds. When we are weary of the plain duties of life, He draws near and says, "I am the Rose of the plain". Come unto Me. My love shall lighten your burden. When we are lonely in life's valley, He comes to us and says "I am the lily of the valley". My spirit of self-forgetfulness will enable you to consecrate your sorrow in your devotion to the welfare of others. The purity and sweetness of the lily have in them the promise of endurance and of our mutual triumph in the ordeal of the valley.

Nevertheless we should be greatly in error if we supposed that this is all that matters or that experience in any one of these aspects is the whole of life. When we become familiar with this inner world we are apt like Peter to say when, in an unexpected moment he had caught a glimpse of its wonder, "It is good for us to be here, let us build tabernacles." But the Lord of life would not have us tabernacle in the secret place away from the feet and trouble of common life. And so all the old untractable problems are still abroad. This is the orbit of

this life, the path that lies between the mountain-tops which are visited by angels and the valleys which are infested by devils. And as you grow familiar with the mountain-path it shrinks, the mountain-top and the valley draw nearer to each other, even nearer until at last you find yourself standing on the mountain-top and in the valley at the same time. Then you can see heaven and earth in a blessed commingling, and behold with Francis Thompson,

The traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched between heaven and Charing Cross."

Whatever helps us to realize our dependence on God is finally a gain. There is much to promise in this cry of human weakness:

Hold Thou my hand, so weak am I  
and helpless

I dare not take one step without Thine aid;

Hold Thou my hand for, then, O loving Saviour,

No dread of ill can make my soul afraid.

Let us ever keep in mind the loving Saviour whose beauty of holiness irradiates life. With him as our Companion the steep ascent becomes the promise of a transfigured life; every forced march through the wilderness, the assurance of a promised land, and every tear in the valley becomes a jewel in an imperishable crown. With His spirit of hope and love and self-forgetfulness every mountain becomes a Pisgah, every plain a land of Beulah, and every valley of Baca a place of springs.

## The Reason Why

Mr. Winter was weary, and feeling quite blue  
When he met Mistress Springtime. "Oh, how do you do  
Mr. Winter?" she said, "You don't seem very gay.  
Now what is the trouble? Come, tell me, I pray."

"Alas, Mistress Springtime," he made sad reply,  
"I thought that Jack Frost and the North Wind and I  
Could work all together till Easter, and then  
We'd be quite satisfied to let you reign again."

"But everyone's calling and clamouring so  
For your instant return, that I fear we must go.  
I tell you quite plainly, I don't think it's fair,  
And they needn't be thinking I've left yet.—So there!"

Miss Springtime considered the matter awhile.  
Then looking up quickly, she said with a smile.  
"I think a solution, my friend, I can see.  
So worry no more, but just leave it to me."

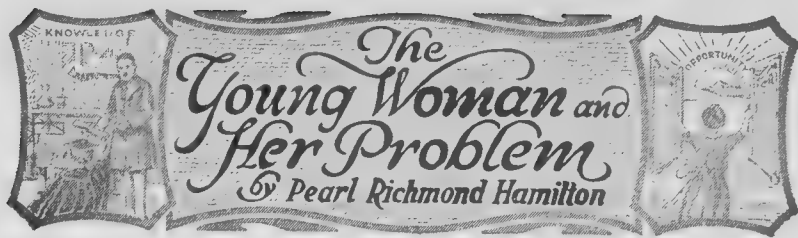
"You know fickle man towards the end of each reign  
Is longing to have a new sovereign again.  
So I would propose for a few days each year  
You and I should change places as rulers, my dear."

"'Tis well," replied Winter, "An excellent plan.  
'A change is as good as a rest,'—so says man."  
And so it was settled, and that's why we say  
Sometimes in the winter, "It's like spring today."

Or when Mistress Spring is the sovereign queen  
And all Mother Earth is so fragrant and green,  
A sudden cold blast makes us shiver and say,  
"One would almost think winter had come back today."

—Lettice Bentley.





### Sir Henry Newbolt

THEY say a man's mind is measured by the light it casts. Canada's guest—Sir Henry Newbolt—who is bringing a great message on his way from East to West measures true. He is kindling the light of vision and courage in the minds of thousands who see and hear him. His message rings with such genuine sincerity that we are convinced of the value of the ideal in the man himself. Splendid and strong in his inheritance of patriotic English ancestry who were seamen that made history, Sir Henry Newbolt is great in his simplicity—for simplicity is a sign of greatness—scholarly, quiet, cultured, eager to help all humanity with the ideal that radiates from a soul of beauty and love—he is giving his time and efforts to aid in the advancement of education in Canada. We owe a debt of gratitude to him and to The National Educational Council that brought him here.

Sir Henry is ranked second only to Kipling, among living British writers of patriotic poetry. His famous report on "The teaching of English," has had more influence throughout the English speaking world than any other document on the subject that has been issued in the last half century.

In the treasury of English literature, he says, we shall find the best education for English speaking people, men, women and children. All that is best in English national character, tradition and achievement is in English literature.

As I listened to his two lectures I longed for the presence of every teacher and every member of every board of education in Canada.

His ideal of education is the elimination of the cramming system for examinations—the packing system. In its place he would instill the love of learning that brings out the very best in our boys and girls.

I think of that teacher of literature last year who chased her class through "The Lady of the Lake" until they were so breathless that they did not even know the story, and knew nothing of the inspiring action and color of the poem—nor the beauty of its rhythm—not a touch of its fine delineation of character, its thrilling patriotism nor its vivid pictures of Scottish customs and life did they get. What a pity to so desecrate literature! I think of another teacher who taught the same poem and inspired every member of her class with such love and admiration for Scottish history and the Scottish race, that all through their lives the memory of the enthusiasm of the teacher's interest in "The Lady of the Lake" will make them stronger—more ambitious—more patriotic. She made them feel the strength and courage of the great Scottish race in her interpretation of the poem.

I think again of two little boys in the third and fourth grades who worried so much over examinations that they now have St. Vitus dance. "He came home from school after the last examination so nervous that the doctor says he cannot go back again for a year," said the mother to me. "I think of scores of young girls in their early teens who work four and five hours every night on 'home work,' and go pale and weary to bed—teen age girls loaded down with so many different studies—so many pages to race through, that it is impossible to learn anything thoroughly. Then we wonder at the carelessness and inefficiency of our youth today."

I asked one educator the "why" of it all. His reply was that this is the moving picture age. Is education then a moving panorama to look at but not to think about? Yes—Sir Henry's visit is going to bring about a change for the better—his denunciation of the hurrying, cramming, packing system that develops

physical wrecks or indifferent weaklings, will rouse us to a realization of the value of true education. Sir Henry says: "Examinations! they are not true tests. What one wants to find out by examination is not how much rote knowledge can be given out in a certain time at a certain period, but what the examined individual is fit for."

Dr. W. D. Tait of McGill University, in an article on Practical Psychology, has this to say on examinations: "We are all creatures of habit and customs. Although we do not realize it we are all slaves to tradition. One of the most common forms of slavery is that of school examinations as now conducted. Now, the ideal to be obtained is that the test shall not be subjective, that is, it shall not depend upon the whims of the examiner. This ideal is not realized under the present examination conditions, not even in the subject of mathematics. Vast differences appear in marks which can only be attributed to individual differences in standards on the part of examiners. Certain rather conclusive investigations on this point have been made by educational psychologists. The results point to the conclusion that the digestion, indigestion, fatigue, emotional state, may all play a part in deciding the fate of the pupil or student and thus make or mar his future. For example, a paper in geometry was sent out to 116 different examiners. This paper was practically correct, that is, there were a few minor errors. When the marks were turned in, it was found that they ranged from 29 to 92. Such a system as that gives us no standard value as to mental ability, or as to fitness in the subject." Today as never before we need great teachers, and Sir Henry impresses us as one of the greatest. His own personality, so rich in constructive energy and power, draws out the very best in others. Real teachers must be men and women of character.

Do we realize the trust in our power to mould the minds of plastic youth? The Council of Education has undertaken a programme that every one in Canada should encourage.

Our people are ready for educational advancement.

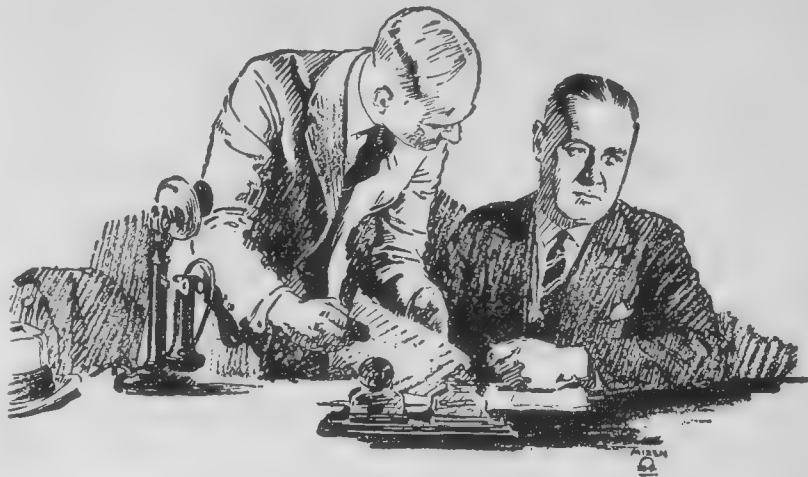
They are eager for it—else why did crowds wait at the doors in every city where Sir Henry Newbolt lectured, and why the disappointed expression on the faces of the thousands who were turned away because there was no room? Was there ever a finer tribute to the cause of education than this? And to the man who brought the message?

### Music Everywhere!

A GIRL in Cuba wanted her mother in Toledo to hear some of her favorite old tunes. So she broadcasted them over radio and her mother heard them. A letter was received at Havana, Cuba, from Robert E. Coughlin of Douglas, Alaska, 3,500 miles airline from Havana, reporting that his wife plainly heard the songs. The singer was Miss Harriet Williams, a member of the staff of the American Consul General in Havana. Miss Williams sang her mother's favorites and also played selections on her violin.

This month the Manitoba Government has taken over the radio broadcasting station of Manitoba—we feel that in no other way can the government give better service to the people in the province, and all of Canada. When we think of the talent we have here in our university professors who will broadcast lectures, our ministers, our musicians and our readers, we believe Winnipeg and all Canada will be better known over the continent and on the seas. The manager is making definite plans to broadcast the best. This station is of

(Continued on Page 42)



## He turned his face away

A BIG important order was at stake. The competition was close but the salesman thought he had the deal pretty well cinched. It looked easy.

In warming up to his closing argument he talked fast and edged a little closer to his prospect. Then something happened. The purchasing agent's expression changed. He turned his face away—and his attention too! The interview terminated rather abruptly. The order went to a rival firm. \* \* \*

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from deep-seated organic disorder that requires pro-

fessional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Toronto, Canada.

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## When they come in hungry

Your children rush in from school or play, clamouring for something to eat. Don't make them wait until the next meal. They are much too hungry.

Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, either with or without milk, is good for them any hour of the day. They are easily served.

The whole grains relieve hunger and are easily digested.

Children love the nutty flavour of these delicious tit-bits.

## PUFFED RICE—PUFFED WHEAT

Whole Grains—Made Delicious

The Quaker Oats Company, Saskatoon and Peterborough

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but 'all PRUNES are not the same. From California come the California French Sweet Prunes—the finest in the world. No prunes grown outside the Sunshine State can compare with them.

But how can you be sure of getting the true California Prunes?

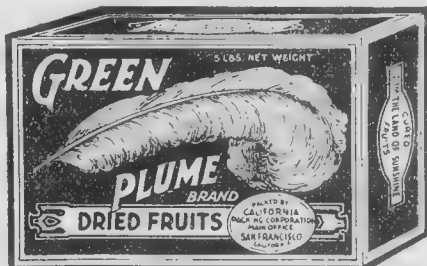
By remembering—always—to ask for

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in the 5 lb sealed cartons. Packed in California and filled with selected, full-flavored fruit certain to give satisfaction.

"From California to you without the touch of human hands".

All varieties of California's best fruits are packed under Green Plume Brand.



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## THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM

Continued from Page 41

untold value in broadcasting messages of importance to isolated places. Every Thursday evening there will be a university hour when one of the professors will deliver a lecture. Think of it! In the most isolated parts of Canada, these lectures will be heard, as well as in the U. S. A.

Professor W. T. Allison started the course with a very excellent lecture on Canadian literature. Hundreds, perhaps thousands there were, who must have been thrilled when he quoted Bliss Carman's Vestiga. There are all over the continent people who heard that lecture who will become interested in the writers of Canada. Premier Bracken in the first address over The Manitoba Government Radio, stated that there are about 7,000 receiving sets in the Province of Manitoba alone, and Manitoba is the first on the continent to use radio as a government institution.

No doubt more than 8,000 people in Manitoba alone listened to Dr. Allison's lecture, many thousands from other Canadian provinces, and many others in the States. Prof. Allison's audience includes thousands and thousands on the American continent from Alaska to the Gulf of Mexico.

Has the government ever launched a service to Canadian enterprise more important than what may result from the Manitoba Government Radio Station as an institution? It is the solution of loneliness in isolated places. In fact, people in those places will receive the best service.

The programme last evening might interest our readers—our girls—for there is a future in radio for young women. At home in my living room I listened to grand opera from Los Angeles, California. The night was cold and it was snowing—radio is best on such nights. Denver, Colorado, came in very clear with a cornet solo. Then I turned the dial and heard a lecture from Schenectady, New York; a little later I listened to sweet strains from a violin at Atlanta, Georgia; Louisville, Kentucky, added its southern melodies; St. Louis, Missouri, came in with jazz so loud that I turned the dial for a Minneapolis programme of splendid talent. Calgary gave her contribution, and on and on from all over the continent on this cold snowy night came strains of music and helpful lectures until I turned off the switch at 2 o'clock. Surely true is the message that came over radio one evening: "On the earth and in the air—God and God's laws are everywhere."

### Lady Baden Powell

EVERY girl needs sunshine and careful cultivation—just as flowers need attention. Sunshine and love will nearly always make her beautiful. When I meet girls and experience their lovely response, their eager interest, I wonder why we women do not appreciate them more. I have never yet known a girl who did not respond to kindness.

Neglect a girl and she will grow as wild and as common as a weed. Girls like flowers cannot be neglected. Lady Baden-Powell, who is head of The Girl Guides, is coming from England in the interest of the organization. This is an event for our girls to look forward to—her visit will mean much to us.

I believe our girls do not get the attention they need and deserve.

The recent convention of Rotarians revealed a marvellous interest the men are taking in boys—a splendid work they are doing in their Big Brother Assistance.

I am jealous for the interests of our girls—let us all welcome Lady Baden-Powell.

### Sunday—What Does it Mean to You?

A UNIVERSITY teacher recently asked her class to write on Canadian Sundays. Forty out of forty two young people emphasized the meaning of Sunday to them as a day when one could sleep later, the day of best dinner of the week, the day when company came and, incidentally, "church."

I shall make no comment on this. What does Sunday mean to you—my girl reader?

### Young Women—Here and There

LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON, fiancée of the Duke of York, is an up-to-date British girl. She can discuss foreign affairs, politics, and act the part of hostess to royalty. Like all Scottish girls, she was brought up in domesticated fashion. She is talented, dignified, yet fascinating in her modesty. During the war she served as junior hospital nurse. It is centuries since British royalty married a British girl.

Miss Margaret Partridge, in England, has started in the electrical business. She has her shop at Exeter, and specializes in installation of lighting plants in private houses.

Miss Maude Roydon, the famous English woman preacher, began her career by giving lessons in literature to young women and girls in South Luffingham. She had Shakespearean classes for the village girls. She later was appointed first woman extension lecturer from Oxford. She won approval wherever she lectured, for she had first class scholarship, full knowledge of her subjects, a lovely voice, perfect delivery, teaching capacity, enthusiasm and no nerves. "The Gentlewoman," of London says: "Miss Roydon is, perhaps, the greatest living woman speaker. Parliament is clearly the proper place for one of the most eloquent tongues in England."

In a recent book entitled Women of 1923, women's activities are clearly reviewed. We learn that a large proportion of the famous artists, writers, sculptors, scientists and musicians, have come from small country places. Many women have become explorers, inventors, engineers, physicians, lawyers, bridge-builders, architects and aviators.

At the North Central High School in Spokane, Washington, Miss Jessie Gibson has the position known as Girls' Advisor.

"More Gospel and less law," was the rule Miss Alice Robertson, Congressman from Oklahoma, offered for ridding the country of the divorce evil. Hasty and foolish marriages cannot be stopped by legislation—more mother and daughter companionship is needed, she stated—more old fashioned mothering.

In the Natural History Museum of a New England city, nothing attracts more attention than the realistic shrubbery amid which are placed wild birds and their nests. There are blossoming apple boughs, pine branches with their rusty cones, a fleece of cherry blossoms and the snowy dogwood. From the tangle of grasses beneath spring dandelions, buttercups and daisies real as nature. They are the work of an English lady, who, after many years of comfort, found herself confronted with the problem of earning a livelihood. She knew how to make wax flowers and copied each blossom from nature. One day she carried samples of her work to a wealthy citizen who had presented to the museum a splendid collection of American birds.

"Won't you allow me to add a touch of beauty to the bare branches on which your birds are perched, and show how much more attractive your exhibit may be made?"

She was given a case to work on.

When the directors of the museum saw the transformation they installed a studio for her and she had years of work ahead of her. Her fame spread, and American museum pupils were sent to her to learn the new art. To several of her pupils belongs the credit of much that is beautiful in New York's Museum of Natural History.

Another story is told of a woman who worked up an interest in the lace department of a store until she made it so unusual that it became widely known, and so valuable did this department become to the store that she was paid an excellent salary.

One woman makes her living renting furnished apartments. She has the eye of an artist and rents unfurnished suites with the idea of furnishing them artistically. A few years ago she was facing a penniless future. She earns

Continued on Page 43.



## FALSE VALUES

A Talk on Bringing Up Our Girls By Rose Paynter

I HAVE just finished reading Harold Bell Wright's "When a Man's a Man." This story carries with it a special call to me, as I cannot help seeing what a real lesson this work might be to parents, no less those with daughters than those with sons.

From my own experience and observations I have come to the conclusion we have absolutely no right to take away the heritage of true usefulness from any human being. It is near-sighted kindness. You cannot give a girl real true happiness, not the deep and lasting sort, by shielding her from all the work and weariness of life. I myself was brought up on this artificial supposition that "well born people" must not soil their hands and blunt their finer natures, as it were, with menial work.

We were taught that there was happily a special species of humanity created, as it were, to minister to our creature comforts. The working of a house was an unsolved puzzle and mystery to me, but I did sometimes have a sort of fore-shadowing nightmare of what life might be like if I was suddenly left altogether on my own. It used to worry me at unexpected moments. For this reason I managed to grasp a fleeting opportunity and secure a year's training in a Domestic Science School.

The girls I mixed with there were all supposed to be on a much lower social standing, and I found myself very frequently chided by my old associates for thus lowering myself and mixing with these "common people." What a false conception! God, fortunately, is no respecter of persons, it's hearts he judges, not man made manners.

When I left my home in the Eastern civilized world, and came a young bride, away out into the untrammelled West, I had to readjust all my ideas and training. I felt extraordinarily small and useless and incompetent. Every woman looked at me (so I felt) with a sort of sneering pity, my hands so small and smooth plainly showed I had no sort of idea what work really was. I never talked of my home or my people, I instinctively felt I must put away my past. I had always maintained that the racehorse for his size had more endurance than any cart horse or mongrel. It's blood that tells. So I made up my mind that whatever came my way I would struggle with, not give up.

Oh! many and many were the weary hours when first I struggled with housework. No one guessed the aching legs that carried me to my bed at nights, and the haunting nightmare of incompetency that ever troubled my weary dreams.

It took years of weary womanhood to wipe out those wasted early years of my teens. Even now I look in wonder at the women who keep spotless houses run, as it were, by clockwork.

Give your girls a chance mothers. Do not think that by slaving your unselfish hands by the hour you are making a success of your accomplished daughter. No; teach her first of all her duty and standing in the "home life," make her fit to be a wife and mother, to the poorest most primitive man. When she looks back in after years, she will surely thank you for teaching her the common daily tasks of home life.

Just as poor "Patches" had to start from the bottom and bitterly learn (though a grown man) a farm boy's job, so may a girl through mistaken kindness either struggle all her life to find her womanhood, or sink in the attempt.

Make your daughter do her share, her daily round. There's time for that and the arts as well.

Of course it's a grand thing to have a mind prepared to enjoy the thoughts of the great poets and thinkers; hands to interpret the great musicians; eyes to see the grand works of art. But if her mind is open she will naturally follow what is best. It is an instinct to answer the call of the highest, if indeed it is in you. After all, it is nature and nature's God that is always higher and better than art. Art is merely man's interpretation of nature. So it must be made of the first importance to

youth to be able to stand on youth's own wonderful vantage ground, and do the common tasks quickly and naturally.

I knew a woman once so hedged in with money and luxury that she dared not go on her honeymoon without her maid, because she could not dress her own hair. Think of the humiliation of telling your life's mate such a thing!

I believe one of the bright spots of this last terrible great war was that it made people realize a little how they must help themselves. To bake, to sew, to scrub, to nurse, these things must never be looked upon as beneath anyone. They are the very essence of living.

When I look back on life and wonder how little I have accomplished, I always strive to comfort myself with the thought, my husband and little children have been fed and clothed (or patched anyway) at least, and they love me. So perhaps though I have so little to show, they will help to answer for mother when God says "Soul what hast thou done?"

### THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM

Continued from page 42.

a comfortable income today and manages the rental of twenty apartments. Any training that develops resourcefulness is valuable, for a girl or a woman can never tell when she may be faced with the problem of earning a living. The lives of professional women make them develop regularity of habit, energy and character or they would fail absolutely.

#### Dreams

Calm, calm of the starry sea,  
Gleam of the moon's white face,  
What do you bring me, tell me true,  
Worthy a seaman's grace?  
Bright hopes, sweet hopes,  
Sweet hopes so dear;  
Sweet hopes, bright hopes,  
Never a fear.

Strength, strength of the flowing sea  
Might of the Sea King's mace.  
What do you bring me, tell me true,  
Worthy a seaman's grace?  
Treasured hopes, dawning hopes,  
Treasured hopes so dear;  
Dawning hopes, treasured hopes,  
Gleam of the glad New Year.

White mists of the tide-rent sea  
Veiling the storm's dark face,  
What do you bring me, tell me true,  
Worthy a seaman's grace?  
Dead hopes, buried hopes,  
Dreams of the day long past,  
Fear and gloom through the long  
night watch,  
Never a hope at last.

R. B. Forsyth.

#### VALUE OF TEA

The "Afternoon Cup" that Stimulates  
Jaded Toilers

The benefit of the afternoon cup of tea in stimulating the flagging energies of laundry workers is mentioned by the Industrial Fatigue Research Board, which has just issued its report.

Investigations showed that where the long afternoon spell of five hours was interrupted by a tea interval, even if for ten minutes only, the regularity of the work was particularly noticeable.

The report stated that some of the workers observed: "We can face with equanimity, and even with enthusiasm, a period of two hours' work with the prospect of a rest, but to look forward to four or five hours' unbroken work is likely to damp the enthusiasm of even the ardent worker."

"No, I shall marry only a brave man," said the maiden firmly.

"But you must admit that it takes bravery for a poor mutt like me to propose to such a beautiful and talented girl," countered the suitor.

So they lived happily, etc.

## Brighten Up Your Home

EVERY room needs the brightening touch of Johnson's Polishing Wax. It will rejuvenate your furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum, and give your home that fine air of immaculate cleanliness. It cleans, polishes, preserves and protects.



Johnson's Polishing Wax is conveniently put up in Paste, Liquid and Powdered form. Use the

Paste Wax for polishing floors—wood, tile, marble, linoleum. Use

Liquid Wax for furniture, woodwork, leather, shoes. Johnson's Powdered Wax makes perfect dancing floors.

## JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

Paste - Liquid - Powdered

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# Sun-Room on Wheels



## Mount Robson, 13,069 Feet, Is the Highest Peak in the Canadian Rockies

Canada has some of the most magnificent mountain scenery in the world, as anyone who has travelled through the northern Canadian Rockies knows. The scenery is so varied, so full of surprises, that if the traveller gives his constant attention to one side of the car he is almost certain to be missing something very wonderful on the other side.

For years transcontinental railways in America have tried out various types of observation cars through the mountains, the objective being to give their patrons the best possible views of the scenery. Some of them have been simply open platform cars, with no protection from the sun or inclement weather.

Car builders have been vieing with one another in the construction of these cars to provide the finest observation facilities along with the maximum of comfort. At

last the Canadian National Railway shops at Leaside, Toronto, have turned out a car which has all the requisites.

This car might almost be described as a sun-room on wheels, in view of the large percentage of glass used in its construction. It is regulation size, with a closed-in section 44 feet long and a spacious open compartment at each end where passengers may enjoy the open air. The interior of the car has sixteen large windows on each side running from the seat arm rests to the ceiling. These windows are 4 ft. 5 in. high by 28 in. wide, having two panes of glass 24 in. by 24 in., one above the other. There are also two of these windows at each end of the car, one at each side of the door leading out on to the platform.

The seats are arranged transversely on each side of a centre aisle, as in an ordinary car, there

being sixteen double seats on each side providing seating capacity for 64 passengers. The platforms provide capacity for 36 additional persons. The entire car side framing is of steel, with the interior finished in British Columbia cedar, stained mahogany. The interior is equipped with the most up-to-date ventilators, electric light and shades.

One of these new cars was exhibited at Toronto Exhibition last year for the first time, and 150,000 people inspected the car during the fair. It was very favorably commented upon. The car in many ways is an innovation, and marks another advance move by our National Lines.

These cars are to be used on the Mountain Division of the Canadian National Railways, and will enable travellers to view the majestic scenery on both sides of the car with the utmost ease and comfort.

## SPRAY FROM THE ATLANTIC—Continued from page 28

Scotia, and all the schooner loads of dry fish for the West Indies, and bring loads of salt back from Turks Island, so it is not to the bark that waits for fair weather that the loads go. They go out and live in such weather. Trim true Nova Scotia spruce built boats that they are, that you would expect we would lose many more than we do.

It is not a very rare thing to hear of a schooner blown so far to sea off her course that we give her up for lost. This very week the brave little steamer that runs to Sheet Harbour from Halifax was blown out to sea before a raging snorter that kept the captain in the wheel house all the day and night, and not a man expected to ever see land again. You want to see a wee bit of a steamer sliding down the side of one of these giant seas into the trough. Why the mighty Olympic made but five miles per hour in part of the gale and lost 150 miles in the last of it. Yet that well-nourished, strong-determined man rode out the gale in that pitching wheel house and made Sheet Harbour safely with his frightened passengers. I want to show you a group of our fishermen. They are gathered about a wire lobster basket, or two rather. In them is a big

mink. He was found swimming away out three miles off the land, evidently lost in the fog. These short chunky men are the class who catch the fish for Nova Scotia. The man to the right fought for us in France. The lady is the mother of the three men to the right, and her husband stands beside her. I was asking her about her joys and sorrows. Her men luckily fish within long sight of land, about nine miles out. But some of the boys go on the "bankers." They are out there slatting along "the banks," two hundred and fifty miles out, after cod, this very winter day as I write this.

Remember there are always some twenty-five thousand Nova Scotia boys afloat on the great wild Atlantic out of the hundred thousand men who man the ships on these mighty waters. So blow high! blow low! they must last it out.

I send you a picture of the Bacarra Lighthouse. It stands on a rude point which has worn off very much by the perpetual beating of the seas. There was just a man and a boy there. He had that worn expression of the night-watcher. Many's the night, when we were on Cape Sable, we looked for his

light. That was the signal that the weather was clear enough for the fog-horn to cease and give us poor light-dwellers a surcease of wild, racking vibrations.

The last picture is of H. M. Canadian Ships of war, a pair of swift destroyers. The Patricia and the Patriot. The latter is at the West Indies for winter cruising.

I show you this picture just to imprint on your mind that the howling wild wastes of waters which make the wintry scene may, by September's beneficence, be as calm as the proverbial pond.

### His Wits were Quicker than His Tongue

He was new to a certain railway run in Wales—this guard. Came a station which rejoiced in the appalling name Llanfairfechanpwllygogerych.

For a few moments he stood looking at the signboard in mute helplessness. Then, pointing to the board, and waving his other arm toward the carriages, he bellowed:

"If there's anybody there for here, this is it."—Evening Post.



## JOHN LAWLER'S RESURRECTION—

Continued from page 23

experienced anything beyond; and had arrogantly tried to impose his conceptions and methods upon the other members of the church.

As he realized this, he hated himself for his ignorance and pride and selfishness.

In this state of mind and heart, he appeared at church service on Sunday morning. The joyous ring of Miss Burton's voice as she led in the grand Easter hymn, "Christ the Lord is risen to-day," combined with the brightness of her countenance, struck him as in strange contrast with the misery and gloom of his own soul; while as they sang the hymn through he could not but feel how poor and low had been his conception of Christ's redeeming work.

In due course came the sermon. It was with deep interest that he heard the minister announce his text, "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord," for he recognized in it the truth of which he then stood in such great need.

After the introductory remarks, the preacher stated, unfolded and applied—the death to sin, the life to God, the power by which they are realised, and the means whereby the power is applied

And then he told of his thoughts and feeling since the conversation in the study, and of his experience that morning; and expressed the fervent hope, that by the grace of God, he would be able to live out his consecration vows, and to be of some use in the church and in the general work of God.

When the janitor looked into the vestry to see that all was right before leaving he was surprised to find the minister and the elder kneeling together at the table. He caught the minister's closing petition, and it was that, "they all might have grace to let their light so shine before men, that they seeing their good works might glorify their Father in heaven."

Very speedily the news of the change in John Lawler's heart and life spread to every member of the congregation, and to many outside.

He was not the man to make a great display; but neither was he the man to put his light under a bushel; and the reality of the change soon became evident to all.

The great hindrance to the spiritual life and progress of the church removed, and having this grand sign of God's presence and power in their midst, the minister and workers took fresh courage, and threw themselves heartily into the work.



A very profitable boarder

—the reckoning of faith; on the lines of the analogy in the death, resurrection and present life of the Lord Jesus, as set forth by the apostle.

Every word went home with power to John Lawler's soul.

As the death to sin was described, he felt how sinful indeed had been his life, and was filled with an intense loathing of it. As the life to God was unfolded, a great longing to realize it seized him. As the power of that new life was set forth, he saw the possibility of his realization of it. Then as the means of its application to the soul was described and illustrated, he reckoned that power to himself, and lived unto God.

He became immediately conscious of the presence and favor of God, and a flood of joy swept through his soul, and he could scarcely restrain himself from shouting the praises of God.

At the close of the service, he hurried down the aisle, caught the minister's hand as he came down the pulpit steps, and almost pulled him into the vestry.

The minister was a little startled at this sudden seizure, for the elder was usually cold and formal in his greetings; but he soon caught the order of things.

"Thank God! Thank God! My dear sir for your words the other night, and your sermon this morning," exclaimed John Lawler, with tears of joy filling his eyes. "And Thank God a thousand times for the coming of Miss Burton. I understand now her life and its secrets, and know something of the meaning and power of Christ's resurrection."

Augmented by the influence and labors of John Lawler their renewed efforts, under the blessing of God, soon resulted in a great tide of spiritual prosperity. The church became mighty for good in the town and district by its influence.

John Lawler and Miss Burton became fast friends, as might be expected; and the following Easter, some months after the decease of her mother, when John Lawler asked her to become his wife, she did not refuse him.

JOSEPH MARTIN,  
RADICAL

Continued from page 27

his refusal was amply justified, events have since proved.

As coal mine operator, newspaper owner and editor, King's Counsellor, premier, cabinet minister, land speculator, telegraph operator, and school teacher, he has filled many roles, played many parts, fought many battles. The last fight, carried on with the old time nerve and as much of the old energy as remained to him; was with the grim reaper himself. In that he lost, as must every man, sooner or later. Fighting Joe is now but a memory.

## DEEP

Sea Scout. "Well, what do you think about the ocean?"

Land Scout. "It's too deep for me."  
—Boys' Life.

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## Too Late to Classify

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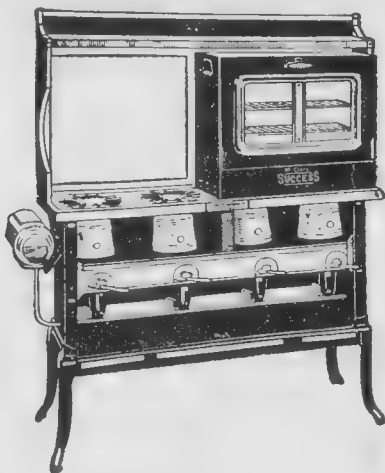


# BLUE RIBBON

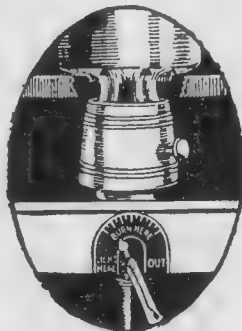
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Magazine Value as represented by The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 per year is unequalled. Tell your friends about it.

## Work for Busy Fingers

By MARGIE MOORE

### Ladies Tuxedo Sweater

SPRING days are with us again and the Tuxedo sweater will be as popular as during the past two or three years. Here is a very pretty model. The pattern was made of Royal Society Sweater Twist, 14 spools and 2 spools contrasting color, with steel crochet hook No. 6.

Start at the bottom of the back with ch. 177, sk 3 chs. next to hook, then work 1 d. c. in each of next 174 chs. Work six more rows of d. c. (175 stitches in row) to complete border.

First row of block st. pattern—Turn, ch. 5, sk. first 4 d. c. of previous row, 1 s. c. in next st., \* ch. 4, sk. 4 d. c. 1 s. c. in next st., repeat from \* across.

2nd Row—Turn, ch. 5, 3 tr. c. over first ch. loop \* ch. 1, 4 tr. c. over next ch. loop, repeat from \* across (35 block sts. in row).

3rd Row—Turn, ch. 5, 1 s. c. in first space over 1 ch., \* ch. 4, 1 s. c. in space over next 1 ch., repeat from \* across.



Crocheted Tuxedo Sweater

Repeat the last two rows, which form the block st. pattern throughout entire sweater.

Work 22 block st. patterns to under-arm.

Next block st. Row—Increase one block st. at the beginning and end of row in working two block sts. in first and last ch. loop.

24th block st. Row—Like previous row.

25th block st. Row—Turn, add 10 block sts. at the beginning and end of row (fasten end of a new spool at the end row, ch. 50 for 10 block sts.) Work six more block st. rows to complete the back (31 block st. patterns for length of back).

32d block st. Row—Work 25 block sts. for right sleeve and shoulder and continue working back and forth for three rows more.

36th block st. Row—Increase one block st. at the neck in working two block sts. in second last ch. loop.

Work two rows without increasing. 39th block st. Row—Like 36th block st. row.

Work two rows without increasing. 42nd block st. Row—Sk. first 10 block sts. (length of sleeve), then decrease one block st. as follows: Work twice 2 tr. c. drawn together at the top in first and second ch. loop, thus forming 4 sts. at the top of two block sts., work across, increasing one block st. at the end of row (at the neck).

43d Row—Decrease one block st. at the beginning like in previous row, work across.

Work another row without increasing. 45th Row—Like 36th row.

There are now 17 block sts. in the row. Work 20 block st. rows without increasing.

Border—First Row—Turn, ch. 3, then work 1 d. c. in each of the 85 sts. of previous row.

Work six more rows of d. c. to complete the right front.

Now work the left front to correspond with the right front.

Collar worked in two colors—First Row—With Rosebud silk begin with ch. 42, sk. 3 chs. next to hook, then work 1 d. c. in each of the 38 chs. and over the white silk.

2d Row—Turn, work five Rosebud d.c. over White silk, drawing the White silk through the last two loops, one White d. c. over the Rosebud silk, drawing the Rosebud silk through the last two loops, nine Rosebud d. c. over the White silk, drawing the White silk through the last two loops, one White d. c. over the Rosebud silk, drawing the Rosebud silk through the last two loops, continue working in this manner, working one Rosebud d. c. for every White block for 63 inches (length of collar).

Attach collar around neck and down front to bottom of sweater as in illustration.

Cuff—Work back and forth like explained for collar.

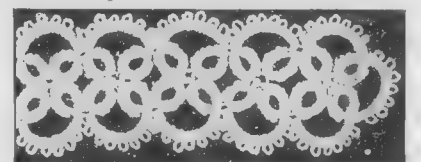
Belt—Ch. 9, sk. 3 chs. next to hook, 1 d. c. in each of next 6 chs.

2nd Row—Turn, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in each st. of the previous row. Repeat second row for 72 inches.

Ball—Ch. 3, join to ring, 7 s. c. in ring, then 2 s. c. in each st. of previous row, then 2 s. c. in first, 1 s. c. in next st., repeat around, 1 s. c. in each of 2 sts., 2 s. c. in next st., repeat around (28 sts. in row), 1 s. c. in each st. for four rows. Decrease 7 sts. in each of next two rows, then sew over wooden mould. Make a tassel of 150 strands 5 inches deep, attach to ball.

### Tatted Edging and Insertion

These patterns are very simple and can be made by the beginner.



Insertion

R. 6 d. s., 1 p., 6 d. s., ch. 2 d. s., 7 p. sep. by 2 d. s., 2 d. s., r. 6 d. s., j to r. made. 6 d. s., rp. Rp. for opp. side. See illust.



Edging to Match Above Insertion

R. \* 2 d. s. 5 p. sep. by 2 d. s. 2 d. s. tn. ch. 2 d. s. 5 p. sep. by 2 d. s. 2 d. s. tn. rp. from \* to \* 6 times j. each r. by 2nd p. 2 d. s. 5 p. sep. by 2 d. s. 2 d. s. tn.

Heading. Fasten thread in last r., 2 d. s., 7 p. sep. by 2 d. s., 2 d. s., tn., r. 9 d. s. j. to 3rd r., 4 d. s., j. to next r., 9 d. s., tn. rp.



A Simple Edging

Centre r. 5 d. s., 3 p., sep. by 5 d. s., 5 d. s., ch. 10 d. s. \* r. 4 d. s., j. to p. center r. 4 d. s., \* ch. 4 d. s., p., 4 d. s. \*rp. from \* to \* twice. See illust. ch. 10 d. s., j. to center r., ch. 10 d. s., p., 10 d. s., rp.



## WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Continued from page 46

### Lady's Knitted Sweater

Minerva Lustre Wool, 9 Balls Color 1 Pr.  
M. M. No. 3½ Needles. 1 M. M. No.  
4 Hook. Can Also be Made of  
Minerva Shetland Floss  
Instructions for Size 36 to 38

Back.—Cast on 117 sts., work pattern No. 1. Row 1—\* K. 3, P. 3, repeat from \* ending K. 3. Rows 2, 3 and 4 K. plain. Repeat these 4 rows of pattern for 10 inches, being careful to finish a pattern, on next row decrease 1 st. having 116 sts. on needle and work pattern No. 2 for body and sleeves of sweater. Row 1—\* K. 2, P. 1, repeat from \* across. Row 2—K. plain, repeat these 2 rows, decreasing 1 st. at each end every 10th row until 108 sts. remain, continue on these 108 sts. until work measures 20½ inches from start, then decrease 1 st. at each end every other row for armhole until 88 sts. remain, follow pattern until armhole measures 6½ inches, on next row work 31 sts. off on st. holder, bind off next 26 sts. for neck, on remaining 31 sts. start front.

Front.—Increase 1 st. every other row toward the front 9 times, then cast on 16 sts. toward the front, follow pattern, already knitting the first 7 sts. toward the front plain on every row for border. When work measures 4½ inches from shoulder, increase 1 st. every other row, toward underarm, 10 times, finish front to correspond with back, increasing in place of decreasing on underarm seam,

Collar.—With wrong side of work toward you, pick up 76 sts. around the neck starting and ending 2 sts. in from edge of border on each side, K. 1 row, P. 1 row, for 5½ inches, then K. 2 ribs plain, bind off. Pick up sts. on side of collar, K. 2 ribs plain, bind off, finish other side to correspond. Sew border to neck of sweater. At lower edge of collar on right front, crochet a button loop, sew button on left front, crochet a ch. 31 inches long, finish one end with small tassel, work 2 cords, sew one cord on each side of collar 2¼ inches above neck line and tie as illustrated.

Strap.—Cast on 14 sts., K. 2 ribs, bind off, work 2 straps, sew one on each underarm seam, on top line of pattern No. 1.

Girdle.—With 4 strands make a ch. 8 yds. long, now with this ch., crochet a ch. 1½ yds. long, finish ends with long tassels as illustrated.

### Scarf in Lily Design

THREE patterns of Lily design measure 22 inches done in Royal Society Cordichet Ecrú, size 30, and scarf may be made any length desired. Four balls are required for the six patterns worked with steel hook No. 11.

Start at letter A and work to letter B, then continue working back and forth, following the diagram.

Sew on motifs as illustrated, then cut out the material underneath. Work one row of s. c. sts. and ps. across each scarf end.

### Round Pillow in Lily Pattern to Match Scarf

The pillow in illustration is 22 inches in diameter. Same size cotton and hook were used as in scarf. Three balls were required.

Follow diagram same as for scarf. Sew motifs on to linen top as illustrated and cut out the material underneath. Cover the pillow, then decorate the edge with two rows of Old Gold tinsel braid as in illustration.

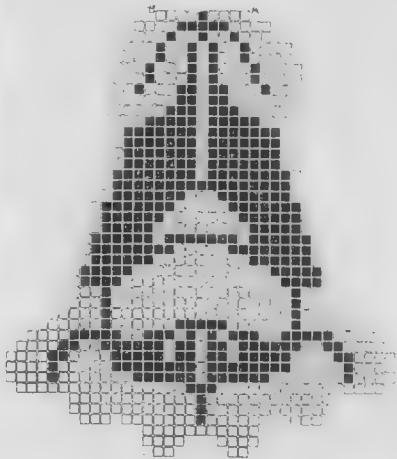


Knitted Sweater Coat

bind off. Work second front same as first.

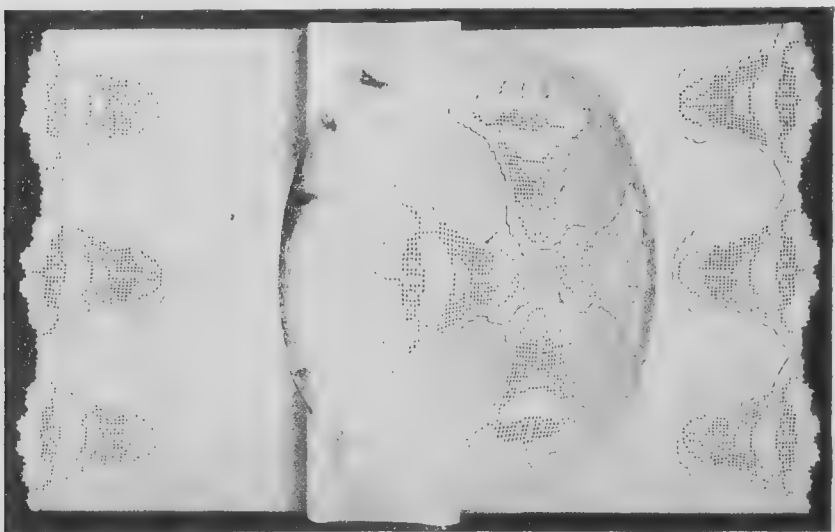
Sleeves.—Cast on 30 sts., follow pattern No. 2 (being careful to keep pattern straight) cast on 2 sts. at the beginning of each row until there are 72 sts. on needle, work 2 inches, then decrease 1 st. at each end every 12th row, until 50 sts. remain, continue on 50 sts. until sleeve measures 18 inches on seam.

Cuff.—Starting with wrong side of work toward you, K. 1 row, P. 1 row for 2 inches, then K. 2 ribs plain, bind off. Sew up sleeves and sew into armhole, seam to seam, turn back cuffs.



Block pattern for Lily design

A reader of this page has sent in the request for the chart of "The Great Seal of the U. S." The writer possesses only part of the pattern which is being crocheted and would be very glad if any of the readers could supply the whole pattern. Kindly send it to the editor of this page and it will be forwarded.



Scarf and round pillow in lily design



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Style No. 872

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# JUST AROUND THE CORNER

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

"It is so lonely here," grumbled Ida to her mother one day, as looking out of the window, she saw car after car pass the road just half a mile in front of their house.

Mrs. Jackson sighed. She knew their farm was more lonely than that of their neighbors. They, at least, had had the sense to build near the road. Some of the houses were scarcely a stone's throw from each other.

"I can't change the position of the house," she said to her daughter. "Your father built before he knew when the road was going to be. There was not even a trail when he first came here."

"I know," answered Ida. She had heard that old story so often. "Don't you mind it, yourself, mother?"

"I mind it more than I have ever dared to say," replied Mrs. Jackson. "When you were a little girl, I used to look out over the lonely prairie and I felt I was caught in a trap. No one ever sympathized with me. The neighbors were working hard to make a living, and on the days when they were free, they had their own set, and somehow I never seemed to belong. Now you are older, and we have many interests in common. I do not want your life to be like mine. Often I lie awake for hours, puzzling how to get away from here."

"Poor little mother," said Ida, her big, brown eyes full of sympathy. "Of course, we'll go when I am old enough to earn a living; but that will not be until I am sixteen, I suppose. I am only eleven now. How do you think we can go on living like this till then?"

Sons did not own a car, nor could they count on being able to drive into the village, seven miles away, except about once a week, and, during the busy seasons, once a fortnight, when Mr. Jackson could spare a horse. They were too poor to keep a horse for themselves to use.

"It looks as if we would have to make the best of it," said mother. "We could take more magazines; but that would be ruinous to our eyes."

"If we could find some way to make money," suggested Ida.

"What can we do?" asked mother. "We're so far from the road. It has always been our drawback. No one wants to come so out of the way."

For a few minutes they walked on in silence; then Ida said: "I was reading the other day about a girl who was always looking for something happy to happen just around the corner. Couldn't we find something too?"

"I think that a beautiful idea," agreed Mrs. Jackson. Then she looked over the land again and smiled. "You cannot even see one corner of our land," she said. "Our corners will have to be pretence ones."

"I don't mind beginning that way," said Ida, gravely. "The real corners may come one day. Let's begin." She linked her arm familiarly into her mother's. These two had always been the best of chums, and they were very alike in looks and character. "Let's see who will find the first corner," added the girl. She looked around the lonely farm, and in the distance noticed her

"We'll have to get the soft side of him," smiled mother; "but between us, we should manage."

Somehow or other, they did get on the soft side of Mr. Jackson and he agreed to get them a tent as soon as possible, though for himself he said he'd rather sit in a comfortable chair and read.

"We won't be around interrupting all the time," put in Ida, as an extra incentive.

During the next two weeks, mother and daughter found so many happy things "just around the corner," that they nearly forgot their loneliness. Then came the biggest happening when the tent was really set up, furnished and ready for business.

"Even if we don't make a cent the first few days, mother," observed Ida. "I think it lovely to be here; don't you?"

"I should say so," agreed mother. "Just to see the people pass and to feel so near them is glorious!"

Even the first day, however, two hungry and thirsty motorists stopped at the "tent."

"You looked so well, mother," remarked Ida, when they were gone.

"You too," smiled Mrs. Jackson. "We'll grow years younger if we see people."

Ida laughed. "That's all right for you," she said. "But I have to grow older, to take you away from the wilderness! Father said he would go when I could earn enough, even if he hadn't sold."

"You're a brave girl," said Mrs. Jackson. "But I'd like to find a way to help too. Father is too old to undertake a new job. There's another car stopping."

When the car and its occupants were gone, Ida said:—"Mother, the little girl in the car gave me an idea. She looked rather 'out of it.' I think I'll dress a few dolls and sell them to the children. What do you think of that for a new corner?"

"We'll be so happy soon, we won't know ourselves," remarked Mrs. Jackson. "You might also exhibit your paintings and embroidery. Someone might take a fancy to them. This tent business seems full of possibilities."

"We'll soon be making more money than father," said Ida, "especially when there is a drought."

"There's always something here," sighed mother. "Either it was a drought, or hail or too much rain!"

"But never mind that now," reminded Ida. "We're looking for something happy to happen just around the corner."

Mother smiled. "You're right," she agreed. "That past is gone; but the future is ours to fill full of happy corners."

"I'll go to the house now and see to the dinner," said Ida. "It's lucky we've got a Fireless Cooker. I'll bring my embroidery and painting when I come back."

"All right," said mother. "It will be my turn to get the supper."

That afternoon, Ida arranged a special table where her embroidery and painting were set out. "The birthday cards might sell," she said, "and I think I'll sell some of these dolls' clothes which I worked in crochet."

"You've brought a doll too. Is she for sale?" asked mother.

"If she's wanted very badly, I shall let her go," said Ida. "There are some sets of dolls in the catalogue. I'll get several of those and dress them, as soon as we can afford to send an order."

If Mr. Jackson was inclined to laugh at the "Tent Business" at first, he soon changed his tone. Money came in much quicker than he had expected and what was more, both his wife and daughter improved in health. In winter, of course, they had to shut up; but they were kept busy with Ida's lessons which had been somewhat neglected during the summer, and with other preparations for their "Tent Business" that spring was on them almost before they were aware of it.

Mrs. Jackson had added some lovely embroidered small table cloths and doilies, as her share of the new stock



Taken in the garden of W. Beatty, Nelson, B.C.

"Let's walk around the pasture and think it over," said Mrs. Jackson. "Two heads are better than one and I do so want you to be happy all the time."

They put on big straw hats to protect them from the sun. There were no trees on their land except on the north side where there was a wood. Neither of them cared for that side. It was more lonely than the farm.

"If I had been to school, I might have met some girls," observed Ida.

"I know," said Mrs. Jackson. "But the school was too far away; besides I think you've learnt more at home than you could have done at school."

"Of course I know things," answered Ida. "Thanks to you, I can do many things they do not teach at schools."

"Your painting and embroidery are excellent for your age," commented Mrs. Jackson with pride.

"But they don't get us people," said Ida.

That was the eternal question! How were they to see people? Mrs. Jackson knew that isolation was neither good for mind nor body. She also knew that her husband would not sell his land "until he could get his price." It might be years before that day! The Jack-

dog, Rollo. "I've got one," she cried, gleefully. "Rollo is always just around the corner. I don't suppose I should be allowed to keep a dog if I lived in town, and I do love Rollo."

"You're right," agreed Mrs. Jackson. "And not to be left behindhand, I'll say that those drives we do get for our mail and our groceries are surely lovely corners."

Ida laughed. "I think we'll count up every night and see how many happy corners we have found. If we could make some money, it would give us something interesting to do. Couldn't you think of a way, Mummie?"

"Would you be afraid to live in a tent," asked mother suddenly.

"Afraid—with you? I should think not," replied the girl. "Tell me your idea?"

"If we could pitch a tent near the road," explained Mrs. Jackson; "we could sell cookies and ice cream and soft drinks to the motorists. Of course, one of us would have to return to the house to get the meals; but think what fun we would have the rest of the day!"

"We'd see people," said Ida. "O mother, it's the loveliest idea. Do you think father will buy us a tent?"



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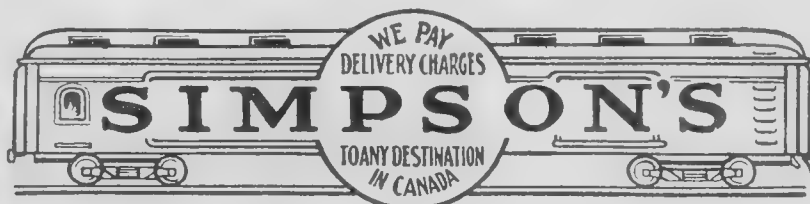
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## JUST AROUND THE CORNER

Continued from Page 48.

"They're sure to sell," assured Ida, encouragingly. "They're just the right size for people going off to picnics and they look so dainty."

How glad the pair were when business began again.

"I don't think the city workers rush to their work with such enthusiasm," observed Mr. Jackson, after he had set up their tent again. "Nor do I to my field either," he added thoughtfully.

"But you see, ours is fun," said Ida. "We are doing just what we like."

"It's grand to be able to do what you like and be paid for it too," said father. "Well, don't neglect the lessons."

"Never worry," said mother. "We'll fit them in, between whiles."

Father turned away. "When you sell

the farm, father," called Ida, after him "you can take photographs all day." Photography was her father's hobby.

"That day may be nearer than we think," said Mrs. Jackson, later on to her daughter. "Now and then, the motorists have asked me if our farm was for sale. I shouldn't be surprised if our 'Tent Business' helped to sell the farm!"

"Father could keep the commission if it did," said Ida. "We've had such happiness just around the corner since we started looking for it, that I don't care about the extra money. Do you, Mum-mie?"

"Indeed, I don't," replied Mrs. Jackson. "Happiness and content are the main things, and I've found them, thanks to your idea. Besides, we have found a way to be able to get things for ourselves. It's better than to be always

asking. How did you feel when the big parcel arrived yesterday and you knew we had paid for all the things ourselves?"

"I felt very important," confided Ida.

"Didn't you?" smiled mother. "And it can happen over and over again—that's the best of it."

"It was a great, big parcel, dropped just around the corner. I'm glad it fell in our corner," remarked Ida, as if her own efforts had not made it fall! "I wonder," she went on, "if other girls have such lovely corners and if their mothers are chums to them?" Ida looked very serious for a few minutes, then she smiled and her face lit up with beauty. It was the beauty of a contented mind, longing to give a share of its happiness to others. "Mother," she cried. "Don't you think you could write a story about us, and tell other girls

how to find happiness 'just around the corner?' It would cheer girls as lonely as I was."

"I'll do it," said mother, and she did. She never knew how many lonely girls she cheered; but she and Ida felt certain that amongst those who read the story there must have been a great many who looked for and found something happy "just around the corner."

Landladies will hear with sorrow the news from California that prunes will be scarce and high this year, but their boarders will probably bear it with cheerful fortitude.

You will go farther if you regard your work not as a task but as an opportunity.



WHEN I saw a book bearing the title "The Speckled Bird," I thought it was a volume to add to my Nature Library. But nothing of the sort.

Its author is Robert Cutler and its title, "The Speckled Bird," is descriptive of Abigail Vane, in whom are mingled two diverse inheritances, and whose resulting individuality dominates with flashing color and high spirits every scene where she figures. Her story abounds in life lived at its fullest, and Mr. Cutler pictures brilliantly her conquests, her failures and the great test of her loyalty.

This fascinating story is published in Toronto by the Macmillan Co.

#### High Praise

CARLYLE once said that a man can get no surer proof of his own littleness than by disbelief in great men. I thought of this the other day as I came across the verdict of the Reverend Randall upon a new book entitled, "Our Neighbors," I was interested in his opinion because I had just read and thoroughly enjoyed "Our Neighbors," by Annie Marion MacLean. Instead of telling you what I think about it, I will quote a much more valuable opinion—that of the pastor of the Community Church of New York City.

#### Our Neighbors

Annie Marion MacLean's recently published book, "Our Neighbors," is described by the Reverend John Herman Randall, of the Community Church, New York City, as "throbbing throughout with life." He says also: "It reveals a rare insight into the lives of these others that bring them close to every one of us; it does more to make clear the fundamental oneness of all mankind than a dozen sermons. And it cannot fail to awaken in all who read its pages, a deeper and more intelligent sympathy with all who live and suffer and aspire everywhere. You have given us a most revealing book that is not preaching, but genuine art."

Doctor Charles E. Ellwood, author of "The Reconstruction of Religions," wrote to Miss MacLean: "You have a master touch in delineating character and social situations. The book will help many to get acquainted with their neighbors who now have little knowledge of them."

#### Entertaining a Bandit

HERE is an interesting piece of book news passed on to me by one who knows Mrs. Forrestine C. Hooker.

Mrs. Forrestine C. Hooker, whose new book, "Star," has recorded for children the adventures of a famous pony, is herself a heroine of the old West. Young "Birdie" Cooper of the Tenth Regiment, the beautiful daughter of General C. L. Cooper, who had stayed with the regiment during the great Apache outbreak, had many an adventure more dramatic than any that she has ever written. One that she remembered most vividly is an encounter with Three-Fingered Jack, a notorious Arizona bandit. Mrs. Hooker was alone in the ranch house one evening when a stranger asked if he might sleep in the bunkhouse for the night. Birdie Hooker recognized this stranger by his missing fingers. She was thirty-five miles from the nearest neighbor, but she invited him cordially to come in and have supper.

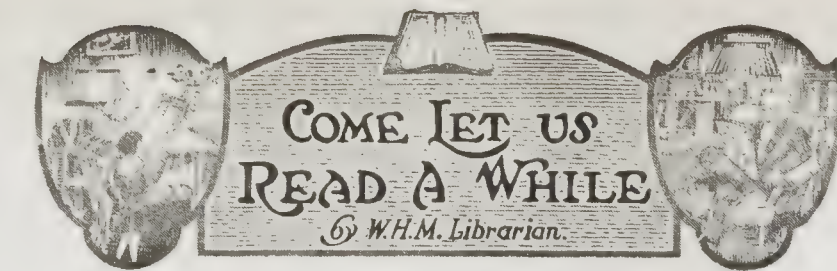
"He was a very proper sort of guest," she says. "He helped get supper and then washed the dishes and insisted on poking around to put them in their proper places. He slept in the bunk house that night, as he suggested, and the next morning when I came into the kitchen he had the bacon all cut, biscuits in the oven, and his only apology was that he couldn't cook the eggs because he didn't know how I liked them."

Three months later, the bandit was shot and killed in his spectacular attempt to hold up the Southern Pacific.

#### The Advice of a Dog

"THE Revolt of the Oyster," by Don Marquis, contains a quaint story called "Dogs and Boys." "Spot," the pal of Freckles Watson, voices a bit of dog philosophy that is well-worth passing on to you. This is what he says: (Mothers please take note!)

"If you ate a dog of any sense, you will pick out a pretty good sort of a boy and stick to him. These dogs that



are always adopting one boy after another get a bad name among the humans in the end.

"What a dog wants is a boy anywhere from about nine to about sixteen years old. A boy under nine hasn't enough sense, as a rule, to be any company for an intelligent dog. And along about sixteen they begin to dress up and try to run with girls, and carry on in a way that makes a dog tired. There are exceptions of course. One of the worst mistakes some dogs make is to suppose that all boys are alike. That isn't true. You'll find just as much individuality among boys as there is among us dogs, if you're patient enough to look for it and have a knack for making friends with animals.

But you must remember to be kind to a boy if you're going to teach him anything; and you must be careful not to frighten him."

#### A Woman and Her Homestead

A HOMESTEADER'S Portfolio is Alice Day Pratt's true story of how she took up a claim in Oregon, and of her experiences in raising chickens and wheat and establishing a home.

Of her childhood in Dakota Miss Pratt writes: "My father became interested in lumbering operations in the Black Hills of Dakota—a brand new country—and moved us there into the primeval pine forest, where I spent all of my girlhood with intervals of schooling. I had a pony who was the joy of my life, and a pet doe, who followed me everywhere through the woods like a dog, stalking the wild deer for me, so that I was able to observe them closely without frightening them. I had a most satisfying companion in a girl neighbor—a wild little rider, who was second in all schemes of adventure and exploration. We scoured the country together."

The ups and downs of the woman homesteader are described with humor and philosophy; and the book is well worth reading, especially by Easterners who long for the open range and a new start in the West.

#### New Canadian Books

JUST while I was typing the foregoing paragraphs, I received a letter from Toronto telling of new Canadian books that I must look out for—and read. One of them is a novel by the gifted writer, Mazo de la Roche. It is called "Possession."

The story opens on an evening in May when Derek Vale takes possession of

the property of Grimstone, left to him by an old uncle. Filled with the pride of ownership he could not know how Grimstone was to possess him and change his whole life.

Derek's helpers on the farm are real people; from Mrs. Machin, the dour old housekeeper, down to the picturesque family of itinerant Indian fruit pickers, and there is homely humor and originality among them, while Fawnie, the Indian girl, and Grace Jerrold, the daughter of a neighboring land owner, play their significant parts in Derek's life, furnishing the tragedy and calling forth the loyalty that are inseparable in the outcome of the story.

Lloyd Roberts, the son of the noted Canadian writer Charles G. D. Roberts, has written a book for young folks called "If You Were There." This volume contains some twenty-five short historical articles, which together make a most interesting book for boys and girls. They deal with Cartier, Wolfe, Columbus, and many others, at the moment of consummation of some special deed. They are in short, vivid, close-up, pen pictures.

#### A Book to Treasure

NOW—like a child who sets aside the icing from the cake to eat as a final finish to the feast—I must tell you of the joy I've had since last talking to you. I have a new book. A book that is a real treasure, as precious a gem as any already set in my library. It is a very large anthology of poetry, published by the Macmillan Co., and called "The World's Great Religious Poetry," and compiled by Caroline Miles Hill. Words could not convey to you in full, the delight I have had browsing in this book. It is a wonderful collection of beautiful poems. Most of them are beautiful, and considering there are hundreds of poems, this says something for the exquisite taste of the woman who made the selection. Of course I have not had time yet to read even half of them. This is a book that affords pleasure and profit throughout the years.

Dr. Hill—she is a Doctor of Philosophy—might have called this collection "When Poets Sing of God." For the purpose of this anthology is to show how through the ages, in all countries man has sought to get near to his Maker. Sometimes there has been a sense of failure. This failure is reflected in many poems expressing doubt. Sometimes man has had a revelation of God and the poet has fittingly expressed this ecstasy.



Lord Carnarvon and party inspecting the carpenter's shop used in connection with the removal of objects from the Tomb of the Pharaoh. These Photographs of King Tutankhamen's Tomb are published through the courtesy of the London Times—New York Times—Copyright by arrangement with the Earl of Carnarvon.

There are those who do not seek to understand but just "feel" God, or find him in Nature or within themselves. There are poems expressing these emotions also. I cannot begin to quote one of each type, so will content myself with "God the Architect," a poem I had never read before, and one that I think is very lovely. "God the Architect" is by Harry Kemp—(can he possibly be the Harry Kemp who wrote that novel of bad taste, "Treading in Life?") Well, anyway, here is his charming confession of faith in verse:

"Who Thou art I know not  
But this much I know.  
Thou hast set the Pleiades  
In a silver row;

Thou hast sent the trackless winds  
Loose upon their way;  
Thou hast reared a colored wall  
Twixt the night and day.

Thou hast made the flowers to bloom  
And the stars to shine.  
Hid rare gems of richest ore  
In the tunneled mine.

But chief of all thy wondrous works,  
Supreme of all thy plan,  
Thou hast put an upward reach  
Into the heart of man."

#### The Imprisoned Splendour

By the Rev. Murdoch MacKinnon M. A.,  
D.D.

(Published by H. R. Allenson, London.)

Thousands, tens of thousands, know St. Paul's exhortation to the Phillipians. Scores upon scores of pulpit sermons have been delivered with part of this exhortation for the text. Why is it then that we find nothing trite, nothing stale about "The Imprisoned Splendour," which contains a number of addresses on the nine clauses of St. Paul's "Whatsoever things are true—think on these things."

Surely the answer is this. The Rev. Mr. Murdoch MacKinnon, who is the author of "The Imprisoned Splendour," has brought to bear upon the ancient theme, the working of a modern mind, a virile spirit, a creative interpretation. It is as if this lecturer has turned the lamp of Today upon the pages of Yesterday and thrown such light that the immortal truths of St. Paul become re-vivified, re-established, knit into the warp and woof of the daily existence of the average human being.

In this commercial age, splendour is so often imprisoned and yet the world-weary soul goes a-seeking for it. We may think of the Rev. MacKinnon's pen as a magic wand at whose touch the prison walls melt away and reveal for us the splendour of the spiritual life. Or better still perhaps—let us take this metaphor, the author's pen has been like a divining rod such as those in search of water are said to carry. He has tapped the hidden wells for us, and refreshing waters gush forth from which the thirsty soul may drink.

#### Magdalene

By Reba Ray

Brooding in the dusky twilight  
Sat a woman, lone and weary,  
Grieving over human weakness,  
Yesterday's lust and passion,  
Secret guilt and open shame.

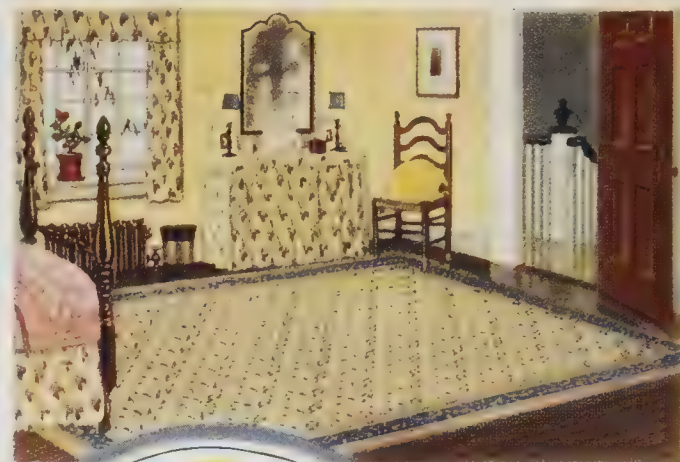
Wistfully she sighed for virtue.  
Loathed the Serpent that had lured her,  
Wound his slimy coils around her,  
Poisoned with his deadly venom,  
Sucked the life-blood from her bosom.

Brooding in the silent twilight  
Sat the Magdalene in sorrow;  
Motionless she sat, and weeping.  
On a sudden, through the twilight,  
Fell a shadow 'cross her vision.  
While a breath of wind rushed o'er her,  
Stirring all the leaves and grasses.

Raising misty eyes of wonder  
Magdalene beheld a Presence—  
One whose hands and feet were pierced.

Straightway, on the ground before  
Him  
Fell the woman, prone in worship,  
Crying, "Master, I adore Thee!  
Thou art Love and Purity!"





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## Where Does the West Begin?

**A**N editorial in the Ottawa Citizen recently raised the question of where the West begins. Time was when Ontario was known as Canada West. That was before the area which now constitutes the Prairie Provinces was part of Canada. Three generations ago the western portions of what is now called the Province of Ontario were really frontier regions of the Canada of that time. That there are some people in Eastern Canada who regard anything west of Toronto as being in "the West," is the remark made jocularly by the Brandon Sun, in discussing the Ottawa Citizen's article. The Brandon paper goes on to say that while there cannot but be general agreement that British Columbia is in the west, it has occasionally observed indications that Saskatchewan people feel that they are more truly in "the West" than Manitobans are, and that in like manner dwellers in Alberta seem to regard themselves as being more really and truly Westerners than those who dwell within the borders of Saskatchewan. "Perhaps there are several kinds of West, and the only real one is in the movies," remarks the Brandon paper, and ends jestingly by saying that Ottawa's scientific research councils ought to settle the question of where the West begins. It has always seemed to The Philosopher that the West begins at Port Arthur and Fort William. True it is that the region between those two places, with their congregated terminal elevators, and Manitoba is, as it were, the antechamber to the prairies from which flow the tides of grain to those huge elevators at the lake front. But surely when the first explorers entered Thunder Bay, they must have realized that the mountain known as the Sleeping Giant, lies on the threshold of the West. When they landed from canoes and stood on the sites of the future cities of Port Arthur and Fort William, they must have felt, as they looked across Thunder Bay that the Sleeping Giant was a symbol of the immense possibilities that lay to the westward. They must have felt, those first adventurous explorers, that when they passed the Sleeping Giant, they had entered the West and left the East behind them. An eye of superhuman range would have been needed then, and would be needed now, to take a survey of the possibilities of Western development—an eye as superhuman as the Sleeping Giant's eyes would be, if we might imagine him having eyes, and sitting up like Rip Van Winkle and rubbing his eyes, and then rising to his feet and looking westward to the prairies, like Moses of old when he looked down from Mount Pisgah to the Promised Land.

## West and East

**"I**f the West is lean, the East will not be fat." These were outstanding words in the notable address recently made by Sir James Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, to the Canadian Club of Montreal. It was an address which well deserved to be characterized as being truly Canadian in spirit. It was a plea for the increase of Canadian unity, the widening of understanding and sympathy between East and West. The speaker did not hesitate to point out with wise tactfulness, that there are among some Eastern Canadians misconceptions about the West and the Canadians of the West. He dealt with those misconceptions and wrong opinions, which do injustice to Western Canadians. He demonstrated that nothing is of more vital importance to the East than that everything possible should be done to lessen the costs of agricultural industry in the West and to enable the producers in the West to get their products to the world's market most advantageously. This is fundamental to Canadian national progress and prosperity and development. There should be no misconceptions and misunderstandings between East and West; there should be no possibilities of antagonism between the two great halves of Canada. When we look at the map of the Dominion we see that the spirit of Canadian unity has not allowed the Great Lakes and the wilderness region north of Lake Superior to sunder East from West. Those leagues of water and leagues of wilderness have, on the contrary, stimulated the determination that Canada shall be united. Canadian history is thus an inspiring record of conquest by the Canadian people over Canadian geography. Surely the problems which East and West have to study in working for the welfare of all Canada can be conquered likewise in the same spirit of Canadian unity.

## Talk and Action

**O**NE of the greatest evils of the present time is that too many people have a belief in the magic efficacy of mere talk. There is no form of words which if only repeated often enough and loudly and eloquently enough, will set mankind steadily on its feet and marching to the Kingdom of Heaven, and in the meanwhile mending the world. What is needed is cultivation of will power. The right business of life is the cultivation and strengthening of the will. Certainly the most important thing in education is that the growing boy and girl shall learn to will rightly, to make right choice and decide on right resolves and carry those resolves into action. Too many of us are always heading for greater tasks, without realizing that greater tasks are impossible

# The Philosopher

for us until the lesser tasks have helped in the necessary development of our will power. We must pull up the weeds in our own garden, before looking to see if there are any weeds in our neighbor's garden. It is for every one of us to discipline himself and make himself diligent every day, thanking God daily that we are alive and showing Him by the thoroughness of the day's work, that He has not created us for nothing. There is excellent wisdom in the counsel of Thomas Carlyle that we should "honor the hand above the tongue, teaching the first to labor excellently and the second to keep silence discreetly, and do our duty in the sense our fathers gave to the term, holding ourselves dishonored if any government or brother man does that for us which we ought to do for ourselves."

## It Is all In the Point of View

**T**HE letter of Sir H. Rider Haggard to the London Times, protesting against the exposure of the mummy of King Tutankhamen to public view expresses a sentiment which found more extreme expression in the question which was ruled out of order in the House of Commons, namely, "whether any requests had been received from Egyptian citizens to be allowed to ransack the tombs of British Kings and Queens in Westminster Abbey and elsewhere?" Surely the value of the gains to human knowledge from the opening of King Tutankhamen's tomb justify what has been done. An aged Egyptian, who with the help of many sons tends his flock near the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, and whose father forty years ago discovered the thirty royal tombs at Deir-el-Bahari, has been asked his opinion of the disturbing of the rest of the mummy of King Tutankhamen. "It is well," he is reported as saying, "but the King should not be taken away from the Valley. It will be bad for the Valley if he is taken to Cairo. He is warm in his tomb, but in Cairo there is rain, and he may get damp and cold." Hassan Mohammed Abdul Rasoul is the name of that old man. The correspondent reports that he appeared to be sad throughout the interview. Later enquiry brought out from his neighbors that Rasoul's father had received £400 for disclosing the location of the tombs he discovered at Deir-el-Bahari, and buried that £400 and died without telling where he had buried it. Rasoul has dug endlessly to find that buried treasure, but in vain. No wonder he is sad. If there is an Egyptian proverb about taking the joy out of life, it is safe to guess that Hassan Mohammed Abdul Rasoul has frequently made use of it.

## Wild Creatures That Sought Human Help

**T**HERE has been widespread comment on the remarkable incident narrated in a recent number of The Western Home Monthly as having taken place on Lake Winnipeg last year, when a buck and a doe of the jumping deer species were seen swimming in an exhausted condition, evidently after having been chased. So near complete helplessness and drowning were they that as testified by Rev. Mr. Pritchard, of Winnipeg, they swam towards a boat for help and were taken on board and later on released on the shore of the Lake, and went off into the woods. Hector Baxter writes from Minneapolis that a young friend of his spent a summer with a surveying party of the Great Northern Railway years ago in a remote part of Montana, arriving in that region in the late spring. One evening, after their day's work, the party were around their camp fire, having had supper. Presently there came towards them a stag pursued by another stag. Plainly the two animals had been fighting, and the weaker one, having taken to flight, saw the smoke of the camp fire and made towards it in the hope of safety. The pursuer came within fifty or sixty feet of the camp fire, but followed the other stag no farther, and after a demonstration of anger, made off. The other, only a few yards from the men, remained for some time, regaining its powers, and was also allowed to go away unharmed. A large bird which had been following the two animals disappeared when the pursuing stag turned away. Apparently the bird had witnessed the combat, and had followed the pursuit, in the hope of feasting upon the carcass of the weaker stag, which sought safety with a group of men, whom it would in ordinary circumstances have fled from. Who can discern the instinct, the feelings and—may we not almost say—the thoughts of wild animals, in extreme life-and-death emergencies? Such incidents as those related bring home to us vividly that those four-footed dwellers in the wilds are veritably our fellow-creatures.

## Seeing Through People and Things

**T**HE PHILOSOPHER recently had to have an X-ray photograph taken of one of his teeth. It took only a few minutes, and was as matter-of-fact a proceeding as calling a person up on a telephone is, or as "listening in" is, when radio broadcasting is going on. It does not take very long for the marvels and miracles of science to become commonplace. "Seeing through a person" is an expression which is found in the oldest languages recorded. No doubt it was an expression to King Tutankhamen, the contents of whose tomb in the Valley of the Kings near Thebes have recently been brought out into the daylight of the present, three thousand years after he was walled into his magnificent royal resting place. What would he have thought if he had been told that "seeing through a person" would today be not merely a phrase, but an actual fact? It is a curious thing that the discovery of X-rays, which made that phrase a fact, was accidental, like several other scientific discoveries of the highest order. Roentgen, when he was experimenting with filtering from electric light rays which we know now by the name he gave them, X-rays, and which it was for a time the custom to call Roentgen rays, was called out of the room one day. The bulb in which those rays were glowing he laid on a book he had been reading, in which lay a large, flat key, which he used as a bookmark. As it happened there was under the book a holder containing a photographic plate which he had ready to take in his camera when he went out later that day. That plate was used in due course. When he was developing it, a shadow of the flat key was plainly visible on it. In his investigation of the problem of how that shadow came to be on the plate, he placed the X-ray bulb, the book with the key in it, and a fresh photographic plate in the same position they had been in when he went out of the room the day before. Again the key was photographed through the book on the plate, and the penetrating power of the X-rays was discovered, thenceforth to illumine the science of medicine and surgery and physics. Among the many uses to which the X-rays are put, one is in the determination of the ripening of cheese. Swiss cheese, particularly, when made on a large scale can be examined without disturbing the contents of containers, regardless of size, by merely X-raying from time to time, until the holes are seen to be numerous enough and of sufficiently large diameter. It is no longer necessary to have frequent sampling, with a loss of time and material.

## Radio and the Printed Word

**S**PEAKING of the marvel of radio transmission, a university professor said recently: "Think of what it would have meant to St. Paul if he had had such a medium of communication! Then, while he travelled from Jerusalem to Cyprus, Caesarea, Corinth, Ephesus, Philippi, Thessalonica, Athens and Rome. He could have sent the words of his mouth to all the churches every day. Those marvellous Epistles could thus have been delivered with powerful force." And this reminds The Philosopher that a friend of his in Winnipeg remarked recently that if all the Mohammedan peoples could be communicated with by the heads of their religion by radio, it could be made an effective method of preaching "a holy war." But however striking a possibility that may seem to the imagination, the plain fact is that it is not an actual possibility at all. Think of the broadcasting stations there would have to be erected, and think of the innumerable receiving sets that would have to be provided, and the millions of people who would have to be instructed to use them and to understand what was being done. Of course, it is not to be denied that the voice carried through the air, with its wonderful appeal to the imagination, would be extraordinarily effective in exhortation, in the preaching of a crusade. But for the dissemination of thought, it is to be doubted whether radio transmission can ever be as effective as the written and printed word, which can be taken up again and again and studied and lived with. Radio transmission appeals to the sense of wonder. It is an amazing novelty of this era of new marvellous achievements of science. That it has immense educational possibilities is undeniable. But consider what an educational force was brought into the world with the invention of printing! The power of the printed word is exerting itself every day with immeasurably widespread influence. The message, after all, is the main thing. The printed word not only transmits its messages, but preserves it so that it can be absorbed again and again, and pondered over; and so it can yield its meaning and exert its force more enduringly than a message delivered by a voice through the air.

## Urban and Rural Representation

Upon a mere per capita basis the cities have always been under-represented for reasons that have both plausibility and force. The rural population is stable, the urban population nomadic; the one tranquil and steady, the other volatile and emotional; and in the conduct of government dependability of the electorate is of high consequence. A decision to perpetuate the principle of an excess proportional rural representation does not seem to us objectionable, provided it is not overstrained.—Montreal Gazette.

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# BETTER COOKERY

By MISS GERTRUDE DUTTON

Manitoba Extension Service

## EGGS

### Preserve Them for Winter Use

Eggs should be used abundantly all through the year. The high price in winter makes this impossible, unless the housewife preserves a supply while they are reasonably cheap. The logical time to do it is—when they are most plentiful, hence at the lowest price, and in the best condition for keeping. This is spring or early summer.

The fresher the egg, the better will be its keeping qualities, which means that eggs should be put in the preservative at the earliest possible moment.

The theory of preserving eggs is to close the pores of the shell so that no germs may enter it. The shell must be sound and clean, but must not be washed, as washing removes the "bloom," which is the natural protection from contamination.

Our grandmothers buried eggs in salt or sand, but this is a bulky and unsatisfactory method.

Five gallon crocks, which hold about 15 dozen eggs in 10 quarts of liquid, are excellent containers to use, as the lower layers of eggs are less liable to be crushed, by the weight of those above, and in case of spoiling of the preserv-

### Water Glass Method

The water glass method is less trouble, but does not keep the eggs in as good condition.

It is sodium silicate, which may be purchased at any drug store. One part of water glass is mixed with ten parts of water which has been boiled, then cooled till luke warm. The mixture is thoroughly cooled before the eggs are added. They may be put in a few at a time as they are procured as when using the lime water as a preservative. When full, paraffin may be put on top.

After the crock has been opened to use the eggs, it should be kept covered in order to prevent evaporation. The crocks should be kept in a cool place but not permitted to freeze.

### Other Methods

There are several other ways of preserving eggs—but they are unsatisfactory, and entail a great deal of labor.

Among these are, dipping them in boiling water, dipping in melted paraffin, or fat, and wrapping in paper.

There are so many attractive ways of serving eggs, that the home maker need have no difficulty in providing considerable variety in the menu. Being a

The simple  
equipment  
for  
preserving  
eggs



active, a smaller quantity of eggs will be lost. One dirty or cracked egg is enough to spoil them all.

Wooden pails are satisfactory, but metal ones should not be used as they rust. The vessel should first be thoroughly scalded, then the eggs tested and placed in the preservative.

### To Candle Eggs

Sunlight or a lamp may be used for testing. To use a lamp, the egg is placed against an opening in a dark shield around the lamp. If it is tested by sunlight, a room with but one window, preferably on the south side, is used. Over the window is hung a dark opaque cloth, such as a piece of oilcloth, and in it is cut a small hole, against which the egg is held. A good egg has a small air space not larger than a ten cent piece in the large end, and the yolk is only slightly visible. The egg is held with the large end up, and the thumb and finger grasping it on each side.

### The Lime Water Method

This has proved to be the most satisfactory. Two pounds of good fresh lime are placed in a tub or barrel and two gallons of water added to it. After the lime is slaked, three more gallons of water are added, and allowed to settle. It is stirred, and settled three or four times, then the clear liquid poured off into the crock.

Put six or eight inches of liquid into the crock, then place the eggs in it. Have the preservative 2 inches above the eggs. Melted paraffin poured over the top will harden and form a cover which will prevent rapid evaporation.

highly concentrated food, it requires something bulky with it to give proper balance to the meal. Cereal and vegetables combine well with eggs. Poached eggs on toast is an excellent example of combining eggs with bulky food.

While the simple forms of cookery seem to belong especially to breakfast, there are so many other varieties which make suitable luncheon, supper or even dinner dishes.

### Scrambled Eggs That Are Different

#### With Tomatoes.

Beat six eggs, add  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup of tomato sauce, turn into a buttered frying pan, and cook slowly, scrape the mixture from the bottom as it thickens. Serve on hot buttered toast.

#### With Asparagus.

Substitute left-over creamed asparagus for the tomato sauce in the preceding recipe.

#### With Meat.

Half a cupful of dried beef, chopped cooked ham or bacon, or other cooked meat, and a third of a cup of milk, may be added to six slightly beaten eggs before scrambling.

### Poached Eggs

There are many combinations of foods with poached eggs, which make a very satisfying meal.

### Creamed Spinach and Poached Eggs

Wash fresh spinach thoroughly, cook till tender, drain, chop, pour over it on a platter a rich white sauce and place the required number of poached eggs on top.



## BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 54

## Italian Risotto With Eggs

Put a tablespoon of bacon fat in a saucepan, add 1 chopped onion and cook till yellow. Add one cup of washed rice, and three cups of liquid, milk, water or soup stock, and cook till the rice is tender. Before it has finished cooking, add 2 tablespoons of flour to thicken it. Pack in a flat-bottomed round or oblong dish and keep hot. When ready to serve, turn out on a platter, place poached eggs on top, and around it pour a rich tomato sauce, seasoned with salt, pepper celery salt and a tablespoon of grated or chopped cheese. Garnish with parsley.

## With Asparagus.

Put creamed asparagus, cut in small pieces, in a rather flat sauce pan, using a generous amount of white sauce—when it is hot, slip in carefully the eggs which have been broken into a saucer. When they are firm, remove to slices of buttered toast arranged on a platter, pouring the asparagus and sauce over the eggs.

## With Creamed Potatoes.

Cut the cooked potatoes in small cubes, heat in a rich white sauce, well seasoned, place on a platter, with poached eggs carefully arranged on top. Sprinkle with grated cheese.

## With Spaghetti.

On a bed of cooked spaghetti moistened with tomato sauce, well seasoned, place poached eggs.

## With Creamed Onions.

Poached eggs may be placed on a layer of creamed onions, on a platter, and decorated with chopped parsley.

## Hard Cooked Eggs

May be used in a great many dishes.

## A-la-Goldenrod.

2 tb. cheese 1 c. milk  
2 tb. flour 4 hard cooked eggs  
salt and pepper 1 c. rice  
2 tb. butter

Wash and boil the rice, putting salt in the water. Drain and spread on a platter.

Make a sauce of the butter, flour, milk, cheese and seasonings. Add the chopped egg whites, and pour over the rice. On top sprinkle the yolks, rubbed through a coarse sieve.

## With Spinach.

On small pieces of toast on a flat dish, put creamed spinach—scatter over it the chopped whites of hard cooked eggs, then put on top the yolks, grated or rubbed through a sieve. Season with salt and pepper. Set the dish in a pan of hot water in the oven to heat.

## Shirred Eggs.

Butter egg shirrers, or other individual dishes of ovenware—cover the bottom and sides with fine cracker crumbs. Break each egg into a cup, and slip carefully into the shirrers—cover with seasoned buttered crumbs, and set in a moderate oven till the white is set, and the crumbs browned.

## Eggs au Gratin

Put poached eggs in a shallow buttered baking dish. Pour over them a white or tomato sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese, and place in the oven till brown.

## Eggs and Rice

## With a Spinach Border.

Wash and cook a cup of rice in salted water. Pile on a large flat dish. With the back of a spoon make depressions for as many eggs as are required. Pile

spinach, cooked, chopped and seasoned, around it. In each depression carefully slip an egg which has been broken into a cup. Season, and set in a moderate oven till the eggs are cooked.

## With Rice and Tomato.

1 c. tomato 4 tb. cheese  
1 c. boiled rice 4 eggs or more  
salt pepper

Put the rice and tomato in a sauce pan. When hot add the cheese and seasonings. Butter a bake dish. Pile the rice and tomato around it in a border. Break the eggs carefully into the centre, season them. Place in a moderate oven till the eggs are firm as desired.

## Omelets

Allow 1 tablespoon of liquid to each egg. It may be milk, water, tomato juice, or soup stock.

## Plain Omelet

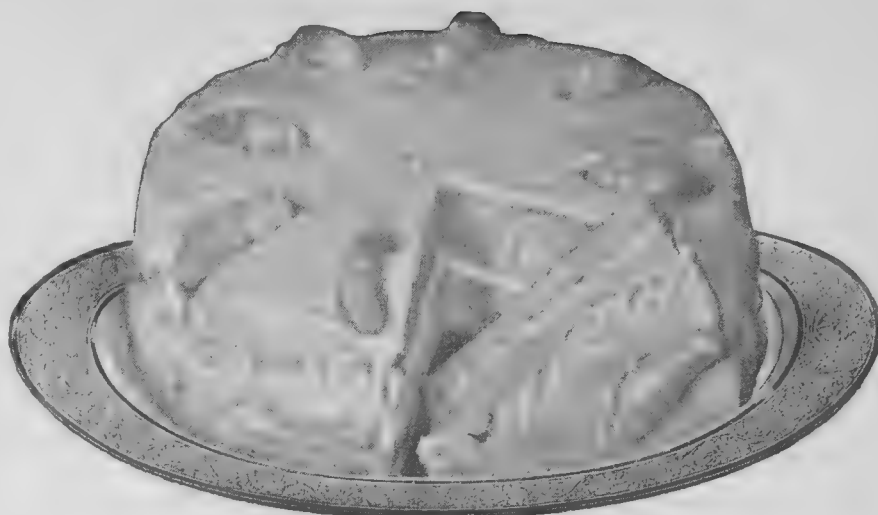
Beat the eggs, liquid and seasoning well. The white may be beaten separately and folded into the other ingredients. Warm the pan, and butter it, being sure that the frying pan is perfectly clean and smooth. Turn in the egg, and cook slowly. The thickened portion may be lifted with a spatula, to permit the uncooked liquid to run under it to cook. When browned on the bottom and cooked through, fold and turn on a hot platter and serve at once.

To fold an omelet, hold the pan in the left hand. With a knife, crease the omelet across the pan, at right angles to the handle—with the knife gently turn the upper half over, while tipping the pan till nearly vertical—slide carefully into a platter.

## Spanish Omelet

Use highly seasoned tomato juice and the liquid in making plain omelet.

Continued on page 56



## The Perfect Orange Cake and how to make it

CAN'T you just taste the first bite of it right now—the orange-y sweet frosting, the light tender layers, the fluffy creamy filling, delicately flavored with orange? A very delicious cake and very easy to make.

But a fruit other than oranges and lemons is responsible for much of the lusciousness of this cake! Ripe grapes have furnished the cream of tartar for Royal Baking Powder. And Royal alone insures these light layers, fine of texture, tasty and wholesome.

Royal includes only healthful ingredients—contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste.

## ORANGE CAKE

2 egg yolks  
4 tablespoons orange juice  
grated rind of 1 orange  
1/2 tablespoon lemon juice  
3/4 cup sugar

2 egg whites  
1 cup flour  
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
1/4 teaspoon salt

Beat first four ingredients together until thick. Add sugar gradually, beating with egg beater. Fold in egg whites beaten until stiff. Then fold in lightly the flour, baking powder and salt, which have been sifted together four times. Put into greased deep round pan and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven (375°). Split and put cream filling between layers and cover top and sides with orange frosting.

## ORANGE CREAM FILLING

2 tablespoons butter  
4 tablespoons corn starch  
grated rind 1 orange  
1 cup orange juice  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 tablespoon lemon juice  
1/2 cup cream (whipped)

Melt butter; add corn starch, orange rind, juice and sugar. Bring to boiling point, stirring continually. Cook 15 minutes over boiling water. Add salt and lemon juice. Cool and fold in whipped cream.

## ORANGE FROSTING

1 cup sugar  
1/3 cup water  
1 egg white  
1 egg yolk  
1/2 tablespoon orange juice or 1 teaspoon orange flavoring  
orange rind

Boil sugar and water without stirring until syrup spins a thread when dropped from spoon. Pour slowly into egg white which has been beaten until stiff. Beat constantly with egg beater until mixture holds its shape. Then fold in gradually egg yolk, orange rind and juice and spread on cake.

This cake will serve eight people.

Use level measurements for all materials.

Unless eaten day it is made omit orange sections on icing, as the juice is apt to soak into the cake.

In making icing add egg yolk very slowly until obtaining right color and consistency.

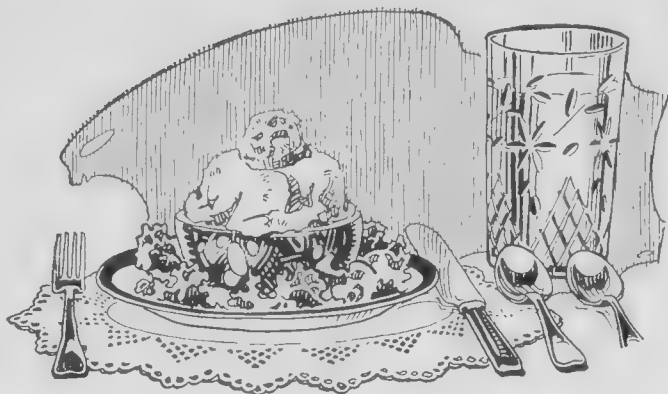
The batter can also be baked in small muffin tins, then split, filled and iced as above, making wonderfully attractive little cakes for afternoon tea, reception or children's party.

## Send for New Royal Cook Book —It's Free

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## First Prize in the Ingersoll Cream Cheese Contest

### COMBINATION SALAD.

By Miss Jean Garrow.

Winner of first prize in the Ingersoll Cream Cheese Recipe Contest.

6 Tomatoes (medium size)  
1 Small Cucumber (cut in cubes)  
1/3 Cup Chopped Nuts  
1/4 Cup Ham (minced fine)  
Salad Dressing to moisten  
Pepper and Salt to taste  
2/3 pkg. Ingersoll Cream Cheese

Select medium-sized, firm tomatoes, wash, remove skin, cut in half crosswise. Arrange each slice on a bed of crisp lettuce or watercress and sprinkle with salt. Mix cucumber cubes, ham, nuts, cheese (half of quantity) and seasonings with enough salad dressing to moisten. Pile mixture on tomato half and top with a small ball of Ingersoll Cream Cheese, rolled in chopped nuts.

Get a package of Ingersoll Cream Cheese and try this delicious combination salad. Ingersoll Cream Cheese can be combined in scores of ways to make delicious dishes. Ingersoll Cream Cheese gives a fine zest to salads and to all the appetizing combinations it makes with other foods.

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# Ingersoll Cream Cheese

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# Potatoes!

Here, at last, is the Potato Pot in SMP Enamelled Ware. All up-to-date housewives are getting them. So handy, so easy to manage. Note the strainer spout for pouring off water. Note the upright handle which locks the pot cover on when straining. Insist on SMP Enamelled Ware, smooth as china, and as strong as steel. Just say

### A Handy Pot

This splendid pot is invaluable for boiling potatoes and can also be used for cooking other vegetables, stewing meat, etc. A very handy dish.

## SMP Enamelled WARE

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.

THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. LIMITED  
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## BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 55

### With Meat or Vegetables.

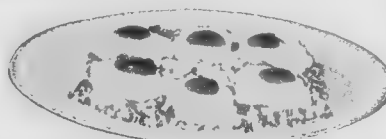
Plain omelet may be varied by folding in before cooking, left over chopped veal, ham, bacon, chicken, fish, dried beef, oysters, cooked peas, cauliflower, asparagus, etc., or the cooked vegetable may be put on top before the omelet is folded. grated cheese or chopped parsley may be used to add flavor.

### Planked Hash and Eggs

On a plank spread with well seasoned cooked corn beef moistened with milk or stock, with a pastry bag, put on it mashed potatoes as a border. Arrange on the hash the required number of poached eggs, and between them thick slices of broiled tomatoes, or green peppers stuffed with boiled rice or spaghetti.

### Eggs Benedict

On a piece of toast place a slice of hot broiled ham. On this put a poached egg, and cover with a spoonful of rich sauce.



Creamed Spinach and Poached Eggs

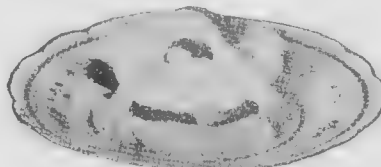
Recipes used by Potato Demonstration team from Park River, North Dakota, at the Winnipeg Garden Show 1922.

### Creamed Potatoes

Chop cold baked potatoes with the chopper. Allow one tablespoonful of butter to 1 pint of chopped potato. Melt the butter in a saucepan. Stir in the potatoes. Shake from the dredger the equivalent of a tablespoonful of flour, stirring the potato with one hand as you shake with the other. Pour in enough milk to barely cover the chopped potato. Set the saucepan in the coolest spot on the range; or on the simmering burner of a gas range, upon an asbestos mat; or turn all into an earthenware jar, or baking dish, and proceed as with escalloped potatoes. Allow the mixture to cook until it becomes creamy.

### Baked Potatoes

Select smooth, medium-sized potatoes. Wash, using a vegetable brush, and place in dripping pan. Bake in hot oven forty minutes or until soft, remove from oven, and serve at once. If allowed to stand, unless the skin is ruptured for escape of steam, they become soggy. Properly baked potatoes are more easily digested than potatoes cooked in any other way, as some of the starch is changed to dextrine by the intense heat. They are cooked in boiling water then baked in a slow oven.



Egg Benedict

### Potato on the Half Shell

2 tbsp. butter 1 tsp. salt  
3 tbsp. milk pepper  
6 baked potatoes.

Cut the potatoes in halves lengthwise; remove the inside, taking care not to break the skin; mash the potatoes, add the milk, butter and seasoning, and beat them like mashed potatoes. Return the mixture to the shell, bake in a hot oven until brown.

### Boiled Potatoes

Select potatoes of uniform size. Wash, pare, and drop at once in cold water to prevent discoloration: soak one-half hour in the fall, and one to two hours in winter and spring. Cook in boiling salted water until soft, which is easily determined by piercing with a skewer. For seven potatoes allow one tablespoon salt, and boiling water to cover. Drain from water, and keep uncovered in warm place until serving time. Avoid sending to

Continued on page 57

## Rice a la Creme



A favorite dessert with the children is rice a la creme, made with Cox's Gelatine.

It is wholesome and nutritious as well as exceptionally good. This recipe serves six to seven persons.



1 envelope Cox's Gelatine, 1/2 cup (1 gill) cold water, 1 cup (1/2 lb.) rice, 2 cups (1 pint) milk, 1/2 cup (1/4 lb.) sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla extract, 1 cup (1/2 pint) thick cream, whipped; canned or stewed fruit.

Mix gelatine with water. Wash rice in several waters, cook it quickly in boiling water eight minutes. Drain, add milk, cook slowly until rice is tender and milk absorbed. Stir in gelatine, add sugar and vanilla. Take from fire, cool slightly and fold in cream. Pour into a wet mold and set aside in a cool place until firm. Turn out and serve with fruit.

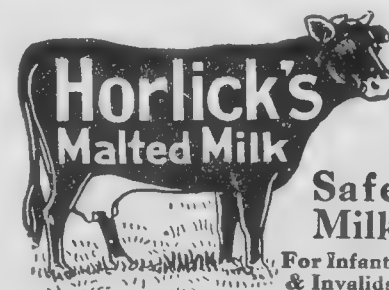
Cox's Gelatine is always an aid in varying your menus. It is rich in protein content and forms an important part of the diet. Absolutely pure, unflavored and unsweetened, it can be used in making desserts and jellies of all kinds, salads, soups and savories. Keep a box always on hand. And send to-day for the Cox book of selected recipes. It is free. Cox's Gelatine is made in Scotland.

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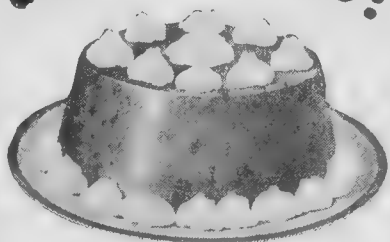
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## BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 56

Have  
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tried this?



## MACARON CREAM

$\frac{1}{2}$  envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water.  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar.  
3 eggs. Few grains salt.  
2 cups milk. 1 teaspoonful vanilla.  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup pounded macaroons or chopped nuts.  
Soak Gelatine in cold water five minutes. Make a custard of egg yolks, sugar, salt, and milk. Add soaked Gelatine to hot custard, and when nearly cool, add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, macaroons, or nuts and vanilla. Turn into individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. To make a "French Cream" add one square of chocolate (melted) to the above custard and serve with whipped cream, if desired.

or this?



## TOMATO JELLY

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water. Stalk celery.  
 $3\frac{1}{2}$  cups tomatoes, 2 cloves.  
(canned). Few grains cayenne.  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  onion, grated. 2 tablespoons vinegar.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  bay leaf, if desired. Few grains salt.

Soak Gelatine in cold water five minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except vinegar, bring to boiling point and let boil 15 minutes. Add vinegar and soaked Gelatine, and when Gelatine is dissolved, strain. Turn into large mold or after dinner coffee cups, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise dressing or hard boiled eggs. The jelly may be cut in any desired shapes and used as a garnish for salads or cold meats.

*Note—To make a more fancy salad—when it has been removed from the mold, cut out a little of the center and fill with chopped celery.*

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table in a covered vegetable dish. In boiling large potatoes, it often happens that outside is soft, while center is underdone. To finish cooking without potatoes breaking apart, add one pint cold water, which drives heat to center, thus accomplishing the cooking.

## Mashed Potatoes

To five mashed or riced potatoes add three tablespoons butter, one teaspoon salt, few grains pepper, and one-third cup hot milk; beat with fork until creamy, reheat, and pile lightly in a hot dish.

## Escalloped Potatoes

Wash, pare and slice the potatoes in  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch pieces. Slightly grease an earthen or enameled baking dish. Cover the bottom of the dish with a layer of the slices, sprinkle the slices lightly with flour and put on two teaspoonfuls of butter, or butterine, in small bits. Continue until the dish is nearly full. Pour in milk to barely cover the potatoes, put a cover on the dish and set the dish in an oven of 380 degrees F. Remove the cover in time to allow the top to brown. Allow rather more than half an hour for the baking.

## Potato Pastry

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup mashed potatoes  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon baking powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup fat  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt

Sift together the dry ingredients, and combine them with the potatoes. Cut in the fat in the usual way, and roll out the pastry. This recipe makes enough pastry for a one pie crust. The crust may be baked before the filling is added.

## Potato Salad

6 cold boiled potatoes  
4 tablespoons salad oil or melted butter  
2 tablespoons vinegar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon salt  
Cayenne pepper  
2 tablespoons chopped parsley  
Few drops onion juice.

Cut the potatoes in  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch cubes. Make a dressing by mixing thoroughly the other ingredients. Pour this dressing over the potatoes and allow them to stand for 15 minutes. Drain off any dressing that may not have been absorbed by the potatoes. Garnish the salad with sprigs of parsley and serve it with cream dressing. One cup of chopped celery, 2 hard cooked eggs, chopped or sliced or 2 chopped cucumbers may be added.

## Potato Soup

2 cups hot riced or Celery salt  
mashed potatoes Pepper  
2 slices onion Cayenne  
3 tbsp. butter 1 tsp. chopped  
2 tbsp flour parsley  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  tsp. salt 1 quart milk

Scald the milk with the onion; remove the onion; add the milk slowly to the potatoes. Melt the butter; add to it the dry ingredients; stir the mixture until it is well blended. Add this to the liquid mixture, stirring it constantly, and boil the soup for one minute. Strain it if necessary, add the parsley and serve it. Water saved from cooking celery, is a good addition to potato soup. Two cups of tomato juice and  $\frac{1}{16}$  teaspoon of soda may be substituted for 2 cups of milk.

Fried Potatoes—Shadow Potatoes  
(Saratoga Chips)

Wash and pare potatoes. Slice thinly (using vegetable slicer) put into a bowl of cold water. Let stand two hours changing water twice. Drain, plunge in a kettle of boiling water, and boil one minute. Drain again, and cover with cold water. Take from water and dry between towels. Fry in deep fat until light brown, keeping in motion with a skimmer. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with salt.

## Potato Curls

Wash and pare large long potatoes. Shape with a potato curler, soak one hour in cold water, dry between towels, fry in deep fat, drain and sprinkle with salt.

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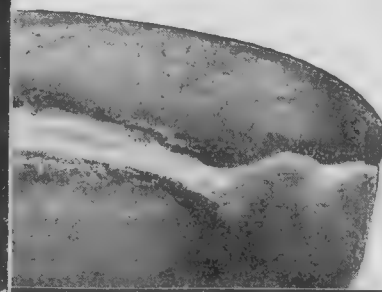
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# WOMAN PIONEER

MRS. G. C. IVES

By Charlotte Gordon

THERE is a wistful charm in the term, "Pioneer woman." In Canada it is a revered one and is applied with a real homage to Mrs. G. C. Ives, of Macleod, Alberta, widow of the late G. C. Ives, one of the well-known settlers of the southern part of the province.

Mrs. Ives has had a life of rich interests with experiences on the Alberta plains that dip back into the last century. She has marched with the pioneers, the far-sighted settlers of the early days who, with energy and vision, brought about a development as dramatic as any romance ever penned. She has seen the great highways opened up, seen towns and cities grow on the prairie stretches, seen the broad acres transformed into golden sweeps of grain, and seen all the enrichments of civilization become a part of the throbbing life of our great west.

In chatting with her one felt that it was listening to the voices of the great silent legion, the mothers who labored, quietly, faithfully, meeting the duties of each day and slowly, surely building for the future which is ours. Forty-one years ago, when the wonderful possibilities of the west were dimly outlined, it

had to devote her energies to learning of a new kind of life lived under the most primitive conditions. Her husband had built a small temporary cabin, 16 by 20 feet, and here the family began their western life. This new home, on a main highway, soon became a centre of hospitality, and Mrs. Ives states that she entertained more people in her small cabin in those days than she ever did under the more modern conditions and larger home of later years, for it was the truly neighborly days. "We were like a big family," said Mrs. Ives.

At the time of her arrival she was one of four white women in the district, and the second year, 1882, she was one of nine women within a radius of 40 miles. She spoke of the visits the women used to have together, driving great distances with their families, to talk and commune together with their own kind. The arrival of a new settler and his wife was the occasion of visiting and a real welcome and, "How we did talk," said Mrs. Ives. "All were hungry to hear of the life away down East, and their lives were brightened by the latest touch with the outside world."

This same neighborly spirit extended itself in times of stress and sickness, and to know that some one needed help was not a question. A couple of the pioneer women of that particular district were remarkable in their services to those who were sick, even acting as dentists, and often, without a doctor's attention, untrained, but gifted with nerve, they helped to bring many of the pioneers out of "the valley of the shadow."

There was a doctor at the police barracks at Fort Macleod, but he was frequently away and the settlers were often a hundred miles from medical help. However, Mrs. Ives states that there were very few accidents in those days, very few deaths, and all cases of sickness were of normal conditions when old-fashioned remedies sufficed. For instance, the good old remedy of sulphur cured many sore throats. Yet Mrs. Ives states that she had periods of deep worry when her children were ill and she did not feel sure that they were wisely treated, but "we always seemed to get through," she said. It was meeting conditions and doing the best they could, that showed the real attitude of mind of the pioneers which has been a vital factor in the up-building of Canada.

Mrs. Ives found the Indian women very kindly and considers that the police did much to improve the conditions for the Indians. The Indian farm 10 miles east of Pincher Creek, largely accomplished its purpose, she considers, in starting the Indian in farming by the course of instruction and supplying of seed grain.

The Bloods, Peigans, Sarcees, Blackfeet and Stoneyes were all given the same course of instruction and it is known what fine crops are raised on the reserves.

The police farm at Pincher Creek was started with the idea of raising horses as well as the grain to feed them, but conditions soon became such that it was easy to purchase horses, grain and hay, so after being in operation for three years, the venture was not continued.

There was a small trading post where Pincher Creek is now built, and the I. G. Baker store at Fort Macleod to serve the district. Fort Macleod was the metropolis, and it was the custom to go twice a year to purchase supplies when a great list would be filled out. However, the stores largely catered to the Indians, and the first year Mrs. Ives could not even purchase the material for a dress, and had to send East for it, waiting six weeks before it arrived.

She did not have the labor saving device of a sewing machine until 1882, when a settler arrived with all his household goods in which a machine was in-



Mrs. G. C. Ives of Macleod, Alta.

required a spirit of adventure to follow a husband of energy and vision to the western plain, hundreds of miles from a railroad. However there has never been a lack of adventure in women and it was not long after the west first saw the scarlet coats of the R. N. W. M. P., that Mrs. Ives arrived from the east with her young family. Her husband came in 1877, as a member of the police force and was stationed at Fort Walsh, and later at the police farm at Pincher Creek, when he took up a homestead, four miles from the present town, then nonexistent.

In August, 1881, Mrs. Ives and family travelled up the Missouri river to Fort Benton, where they were met by Mr. Ives, and started with horses and wagon on the long journey across the plains to the homestead at Pincher Creek. It required about six days to accomplish the 250 miles, and it was a long trip under the very primitive conditions. The mosquitoes were at the worst, almost causing the loss of their horses, but with all the resources of the pioneer, Mr. Ives got them safely through. The country had quite a charm for the Easterners with the great prairie stretches covered with autumn blooms and the keen interest of seeing the buffalo cross their trails once in a while. However, it was about the time that the country had seen the last of the buffalo, and one of the last, large herds was leaving for the south and crossed the river, delaying the boat on which Mrs. Ives travelled to Fort Benton.

Living in a small town near Montreal, Mrs. Ives, with no experience in farming,

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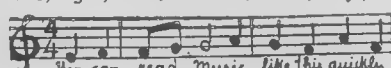
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## WOMAN PIONEER—Continued from page 58

cluded, paying ten cents a pound to have the furniture brought in. With the neighborly instinct of the pioneers, this sewing machine did great service.

Mrs. Ives has a keen appreciation of the work of the R. N. W. M. P., and states, "we had a splendid body of men in those early days, and it seems wonderful now to think that we few settlers, among thousands of Indians who resented our invasion of their lands, were safe and carefully guarded by those 'Riders of the Plains.'"

It was the days of the great prairie fires and at certain seasons there were many spectacular scenes, beautiful, beyond description, fortunately always far enough away, stated Mrs. Ives, and her family and home did not suffer.

She at first thought she could not conform to the primitive conditions, and there was the great loneliness that only the pioneer settlers can know, but, "we were all young," stated Mrs. Ives, "and very busy, and it soon became home to us."

AFTER eleven years of western life, Mrs. Ives went to Eastern Canada to stay for some months, expecting to have her return ticket extended, but states that she became so homesick for the West with its broad spaces, that she did not stay even the duration of her ticket. Then she was conscious of the strange magic in the lure of the prairies and to those who know and love the

residents going in the opposite direction and they would open up the mail bag on the prairie and sort out the portion required. Yet with all these primitive methods, Mrs. Ives states that she never lost a letter or a parcel and she got a great many of both. In the winter, storms would delay the mail as long as six weeks at a time and then there would be a wonderful feast of letters and papers.

With a love of good books, a determination not to let pass the amenities of life, with a wide knowledge of a world beyond the prairies as they were in 1881, Mrs. Ives had much to contribute to the pioneer life of Alberta. Rich in that fine development that comes with serving others long and well, she declares that she has been glad to have lived through the pioneer days and would not have missed all of its simple joys. It is said that life in its essentials is the same in all ages and our fine traditions that were developed out of Canada's early development stand for the enrichment of life today. The women who blazed the trails of Alberta for women were of a distinct type with that energy and vision that had in it the throb and thrill of the open spaces of the West, the women's West.

We are obtaining a ripened perspective of our history in Canada. For the pioneer, time has mellowed the memories of even the hardships endured; for us, it has enriched the background of ac-



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A Belated Snowstorm

West, the memory that lingers longest is that of the great open spaces with its untrammelled freedom.

Rev. John MacLean of literary fame, and Rev. M. R. Trivett were the missionaries to the Blood Indians, each one serving a part of the reserve. They held services, as well as looking after the spiritual side of a very large area. Church and S. S. were held at the different homes and the good men went through untold hardships of bitter cold, bad roads and generally uncomfortable conditions to serve their scattered flock.

There was not a school in the Pincher Creek district until about 1904, and the children from the Ives' farm went on horseback daily to the little school that had sprung up in the settlement. Judge Ives of the Supreme Court of Alberta, is a son, and Mrs. McNeil, wife of Judge E. P. McNeil, is a daughter of Mrs. Ives.

It was thus the age of the settler, and they made the very rough path smooth for those who followed. The pioneer farmer was learning the peculiarities of the soil, the pioneer woman was making a home in the new West with all the secrets of home-making at her finger tips. Women came first as homemakers with new vision, new impetus in their work, acting as mother, housekeeper, seamstress, nurse, doctor, neighbor and never forgetting the spiritual training of their families.

Mrs. Ives spoke of the mail service of the early days when the settlers' mail was brought with the police mail by team from Fort Benton to Fort Macleod, and neighbors delivered it from there. Frequently a settler would return with a big bag of mail for his district. He would meet one of the

complishments in the results we enjoy. Thus in the experiences of Mrs. Ives, we see a new chapter written in Canada's history—the book is the prairie and the writers of the page are the men and women of faith and hope, our Empire-builders.

## THE DAISIES

Dudley H. Anderson

Dear bright eyes that open early  
With the tenderest touch of dawn.  
Twinkling with the dewdrops pearly  
On thy white lids backward drawn,  
How thy shy sweet glances lighten  
Lea and lawn.

Scarce as sweet the silvery veiling  
Comes the evening sky to bless,  
As these emerald grasses paleing  
Into paths of loveliness,  
Dusted with the stars of daisies  
Numberless.

Earth hath nought more sweet and  
simple  
Than these buds of purest ray,  
That the golden meadows dimple  
With the morning's milky way;  
Was there e'er a poet's fancy  
Flowed as gay—

Into lines of beauty rarer  
Than these daisy chains have wrought,  
Dancing to a music fairer  
Than this wayside grass has caught,  
Lifting on their wings of whiteness  
All my thought.

Would my words were simple daisies  
With the meadow green atwined,  
Would my world of measured phrases  
Broke to beauty as divine,  
So I'd woo thee in a language  
Rich as thine.



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# OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS-PATTERNS

Fashion is meeting the approaching season with most inviting styles, new materials and attractive trimmings.

The three piece costume is very popular and this attractive model may be made of silk and cloth. The short jacket will be popular and will be used on youthful suits and costumes.

The popular Spring Coat will be unbelted and have a wide sleeve.

The circular skirt seems to have gained in popularity but the smartly dressed woman will chose straight line dresses for day wear reserving the circular effects for "dressy" and evening wear.

Waists now display a variety of decorations in the way of capes and lace berthas.

Tight sleeves show ruffles, bias flounces, puffs and gauntlets of lace.

The neck line of evening and day gowns too is quite low, rounded, or cut square.

Black and gray velvet, will combine well for an afternoon frock. A dress of gray duvetyne is smart embroidered in self color. Tan crepe and brown satin crepe were combined to make a smart frock with draped overskirt and "kimono" overblouse.

Light and dark blue velours make a smart street dress. It is worn with a short coat of black figured silk trimmed with bands of Kolinsky.

A dress of moire taffeta is pretty in a delicate peach tone.

Mauve velvet made a pretty evening frock. It had long bodice and full skirt, edged with a corded puffing of the material.

A very simple dress is made of crepe romaine. Its only trimming being tiny puffed bands of the material. The bodice is finished with a boat neck and shows tiny lengthwise tucks in yoke effect.



**A Popular Serviceable Style, 4310.**—This is a splendid "athletic" suit. The blouse may be finished in smock style or "bloused" and with hip bands as shown in the small view. It may have wrist length, or elbow sleeves. The bloomers are full and shaped with comfortable lines.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the blouse and 3 1/2 yards for the bloomers.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**A Simple Night Gown And Bed Socks, 4325.**

Two practical styles are here combined. The Gown may be of flannellette, muslin, crepe or cambric. The socks of eiderdown, or flannellette, blanket cloth or quilted satin.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 1 year, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. A 6 year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. One pair of socks require 5/8 yard of material 22 inches wide or wider.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**For Work Or a "Home" Dress, 3809.**—Here is a very comfortable frock, with graceful lines, in one piece style. The pockets are a useful and attractive feature. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or in elbow length. Figured percale, gingham, drill, linen, serge, mohair, sateen, gabardine and taffeta are good for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**A Pretty, Practical Apron and Dust Cap, 4306.**—Rubberized cretonne, gingham, jean, drill and percale are good for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, for the Apron. For the Cap 3/4 yard is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



**A Splendid Style for Slender or Mature Figures 4304.**—Figured and plain silk is combined in this design. One could use wool jersey or serge, with satin or crepe. Braid trimming or self bands will be pleasing for decoration.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40 inch material. For collar, cuffs, belt and vest of contrasting material  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 40 inches wide is required. The width of the skirt at the foot is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**A Pretty Frock For the Little Miss, 4323.**—Figured percale and linene may be combined for this model, or voile or batiste, embroidered as illustrated. The style is nice also for taffeta and crepe. The waist may be finished with the short sleeve, or the puff in peasant style be added, as shown in the smaller view.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. To make this dress for a 4 year size requires 2 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**Blouse Dress For Juniors, 4322.**—One of the season's most popular styles is here portrayed. It is a model that will be good for sports materials, for wash fabrics and for combinations of materials. As shown in this illustration white serge was used, with facing of black sateen. One could have the skirt in striped or checked woollen and the blouse in linen or plain woollen material.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36 inch material for the Blouse, and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards for the Skirt.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**Simplicity and Good Taste Combined, 4305.**—Here is a model that has attractive features, and is withal comfortable. Figured and plain crepe, or the same combination in voile or foulard, or linen and gingham could be used for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make this style for an 18 year size will require  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 32 inch material. The width at the foot is  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards. To make the waist and sleeves of contrasting material requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 32 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**A Pleasing Apron Style, 4098.**—This could be of unbleached muslin with bands or red and black gingham, or of black sateen with self bands, and cross-stitching for a finish.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: Small, Medium, and large. A Medium size requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**A Smart Style for the Growing Girl, 4089.**—English chintz in a pretty rose pattern is here portrayed. Collar and sleeve facings are of organdy. This model is also good for tub silk, taffeta and gingham. The sleeves may be short, or in wrist length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 3 yards of 32 inch material. For collar and sleeve facings as illustrated in large view  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 32 inch material is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**A Very Attractive House Frock, 4302.**—Blue or black sateen with white dots, and with trimming of white linene, would be pleasing for this style. It is also nice for percale and gingham.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 40 inch material. To trim as illustrated will require  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard of 32 inch material. The width at the foot is  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**A Popular Style For Young Children, 4315.**—Checked percale was used for this model, with chambray for trimming. This style also lends itself well to gingham, cretonne, crash and linen. In poncee with cross—or pass-stitching it will make a serviceable, washable dress.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6 year size requires 3 yards of 32 inch material. If collar, bands and facings are to be of contrasting material,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**A Comfortable Sleeping Garment, 4329.**—Madras, cambric, silk or flannellette, could be used for this style. It is finished with centre back and leg seams. The cuff may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes for Boys: 10, 12, 14 and 16 years, and in 3 Sizes for Men: Medium, 38-40, Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches breast measure. To make the garment for a Medium size requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**A Simple Pretty School Frock, 4319.**—Plaid or checked gingham could be combined with chambray or linene for this style. The collar may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a band cuff, or in elbow length, with the shaped cuff illustrated. The dress closes at the side.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36 inch material for the waist and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard contrasting material for the skirt. To make of one material will require 3 yards 36 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**A Stylish Frock for Slender or Mature Figures, 4300.**—Serge with soutache braiding could be used for this design. The style is also good for satin, kasha and taffeta, as well as for combinations of plain and figured materials.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards. For panel, collar and cuffs of contrasting material 2 yards 40 inches wide is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**A Charming Frock For The Growing Girl, 4320.**—Embroidered voile, was chosen for this design, with bands of lace for trimming. This is a good style for "tissue" materials, for silk, dotted or plain Swiss, and crepe. The bertha may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36 inch material. Without the bertha  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**The "Latest" Play Suit Fashion, 4042.**—This garment is made for freedom and comfort at play time. The "toy" pockets will appeal to the young wearer. Gingham with facings of linene, or poncee with chambray for trimming would be attractive. As here shown figured percale and cambric are combined.

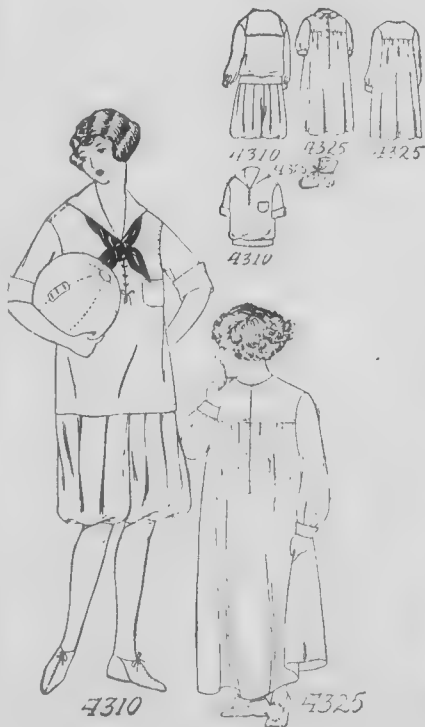
The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 32 inch material. To trim as illustrated requires  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of contrasting material 32 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

**A Stylish Dress in One Piece Style, 4303.**—Taffeta, satin, serge or linen could be used for this model. The vest portions are crossed in double breasted style. The collar may be rolled high or turned low.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot is  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards, with plaits extended.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



## The PORTRAIT of a GENTLEWOMAN

### TODAY, clever women have begun to realize that the secret of being well dressed doesn't lie in looking like everyone else. Un- told possibilities are opened to the woman who will study herself and then proceed to the selection of clothes fashioned in that becoming good taste that will make the very most of her natural charms.

#### Gossard Type Corsetry

WHEN we get down to the all-important subject of corsets, the understanding of your type gains added importance. All scientific corset designing and all satisfactory corset buying is based on just this fundamental difference between one woman and another.

Everyone has heard about the Nine Ideal Figure Types. But perhaps you haven't been quite sure to which type you belong. Would you like to have this important question settled once and for all? Then read Jane Hill's new book; it tells a great deal about dressing to

type, about health and grace and corsets—not much about corsets, but you'll never hear anything more important, so far as being well dressed is concerned, if you

live to be a hundred. A copy of "The Portrait of a Gentlewoman" is yours for the asking if you will send your request to Miss Mary Reid, consulting corset specialist of The Canadian H.W. Gossard Co., Limited, 370B West Adelaide Street, Toronto.

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THE ideal brassiere is the Gossard Longerlyne, developed by the same experts who have made the Gossard Corset—and what can one say that is a higher recommendation than that? They give the coveted longer lines to the figure, magic away extra flesh at the diaphragm, and have added length that prevents them from slipping up over the top of the lowest corsets. You'll find them, and Gossard Corsets, moderately priced at the best stores you know,

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370-B West Adelaide St., Toronto, Can.

Please send me your free book, "The Portrait of a Gentlewoman," and tell me what style corset to buy. I am \_\_\_\_\_ in height, weigh \_\_\_\_\_ pounds, waist \_\_\_\_\_ inches, bust \_\_\_\_\_ inches, hips \_\_\_\_\_ inches.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

## LAND'S END—Continued from page 13



## No straw hat need stay faded

A FADED straw hat is a confession that you are not interested in your clothes. With Colorite you can restore the color of any straw hat, or change the shade, quickly and easily. Anyone can apply it. Anyone can buy it, for it is sold in drug, dry goods, and department stores for 30 cents.

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## FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These  
Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails.

"I sure am. If you'll let me eat all the meat I want for supper I can walk a hundred miles to-morrow."

So Anita fried the steaks, and laughed because her own appetite kept pace with his.

The overland trail. Clambering, sliding into ravines, smothered in underbrush, wet to the waist in streams, mosquitoes in clouds, sweat, heat, hunger. Beside him went the girl, like a creature of the woods, her little feet, flatsoled in the shapeless moccasins, carried her tirelessly. Her shoulders were straight under the pack. Her ragged shapeless garments could not hide the lithe strength and grace of her body. The outward trail. Sweet pine forest, sun steeped fern glades, blue lakes in deep valleys, mountains, brown streams, soft cool rain, the ocean visible from the high peaks. Five days of it, four nights of it, then one slept beside the tiny fire, the other keeping watch. Once a panther cried near at hand, and they heaped on the fire, and waited, on guard until morning. The deer looked with soft eyes glimmering through the darkness at the strange beings who invaded their coverts.

Adam had stooped to examine something on the ground.

"What is it, Steve?"

"Come and see this."

She ran to him. A tree, newly chopped, with the clean chips scattered about the ground.

"We are near a settlement? Look, Steve, there's another!"

"It's a right-of-way—a road. We're in luck, old pal. There must be a construction camp at hand."

"We're getting home!"

Signs of human occupation were more frequent as they progressed. The road of chopped trees kept steadily on, straight to the south-east. There was a ragged sweater, here a broken axe-handle. Anita found the marks of shod horses, Rip sniffed out an old bone. Soon there were wheel-tracks on the ground, and a rough road began to show among the stumps.

"That's a road-gang," said Adam, "and tracks not a day old. See the piles of brush and logs that have been cleared to the side to dry for burning. I wonder why nobody is working?"

Anita guessed the riddle.

"Maybe it's Sunday."

"I bet it is. What do you hear, Rip?"

A strange buzzing, throbbing sound came muffled through the trees to the left.

"It's over that rise, there. Let's go and see."

"Sounds like someone shooting, doesn't it?"

"There are some sharp reports. Now it's stopped. No, there it goes again. Not a forest noise, anyway. I shouldn't wonder if some human wasn't connected with it."

They dropped their packs at the foot of the rise and scrambled to the top. Dense thickets of dogwood barred the way, and the red bark of the arbutus stood like a tall flame among the faded green of the winter cedars. The buzzing rose to a roar, exploded, died.

Panting, they burst through the thickets. Twelve feet below them, a wet macadamized road ran southward through the forest, and just under their feet, a spattered flivver lay, bogged in a mudhole.

Hand in hand they gazed on the symbol of civilization. The driver of the car cranked again with an air of determination, and climbed into his seat. The engine buzzed, roared, shrieked.

Anita squeezed her companion's hand. "Oh, look, Steve. Oh, the dear, brave little thing! See, she's lifting!"

It was true. With the courage of its breed, the little car strained, pulled, lifted, and finally flopped herself out of the mudhole, and stood snorting and shaking on the solid road.

"Stay here, dear. I'll go down and talk with him."

She sat under the dogwoods, and watched his tall figure running down the bank. The flivver's driver looked

up in surprise, but called cheerily, scraping the mud off his clothes. She saw the two men talking and laughing together. Steve pointed towards the bank, and the man nodded. She remembered that once she had despised flivvers. Now—the chariot of the gods.

"He says he'll take us in, Anita. We're only ten miles from a town, and there's a telegraph, and stores and everything. Hurrah, our troubles are ended. Here, he gave me a sandwich. Eat it, while I go back for the packs."

The bread and cheese was nectar. She ate slowly, the warm sun soaking through her rags to her warm flesh. She saw her hands brown, hard and capable. She was superbly conscious of her body, its lean grace and strength; of her mind, keen like the breeze that blew through the forest against her brown face. She heard Adam coming up the bank behind her.

"Oh, God," she breathed, "why don't you show everybody, as you did me, how divine it all is!"

Adam swung the packs over his shoulder, and held out his hand. She still stood concealed behind the dogwoods.

"You're not afraid?" divining her hesitation. "You'll not be sorry, ever?" "Never. I shall always be glad."

He kissed her eager face, and they ran hand-in-hand down the green bank. The driver nodded to her, his friendly smeared face beaming.

"Been prospecting? Run you into town in no time, ma'am. Best little car you ever see for gettin' out of the mud."



Unique Protection for Crops Operated by  
Primitive Farmer of Sumatra

By Frank Burnett

IN Sumatra the native farmers have a great deal more to contend with than those dwelling in more up-to-date countries. But in so far as protecting his crops from the ravages of birds, which are very numerous and destructive in his land, the average farmer in Sumatra can give his white brother at least a valuable pointer, a device which is cheaper than using shotguns.

To accomplish this he erects a strong high pole at the edge of the field to be protected. On the top of this is built a well braced platform, surrounded by a railing. To the platform is fastened two or more bamboo poles, the number varying according to the size of the field. From the bamboo poles long cords reach out in all directions to stakes driven in an upright position around the various boundaries of the field. In this way the whole field is overlaid with a covering of lines. To the cords are attached grotesque paper representations of the spirit of the forest, who has also been previously placated by sacrifices of pigs and hens. To the cords are also fastened bells made out of wood, and wooden rattles. At the first blush of dawn one of the farmer's household ascends the pole to the platform. All day the guardian stands keeping a lookout for the approach of any birds. When any threaten the field, the watcher strikes the bamboo poles which sets in motion all the paper devils, and the wooden bells and rattles.



# CORRESPONDENCE

## Thanks from Flapper

Dear Editor and Readers:

Please, Editor, will you publish this letter of thanks to everyone who so kindly answered my other letter in the December issue? I have been simply swamped with replies, many more than I can answer for a long time, although I shall faithfully try.

I had only one answer from a lady which I was unfortunate to lose, so perhaps she will consider this an answer (everybody is at liberty to do this) and write again.

Hoping the other correspondents have as much luck as I had, once again,

Flapper.

## A Yankee's Views

Dear Editor and Readers:

Will you kindly give a little space to a lonely bachelor. Times being dull and not much to do in winter gives a bachelor lots of time to think over his troubles and mistakes. Some people might say why don't these lonely bachelors get married. Well I will tell you why. I know there are lots of bachelors with the same thought as I have. They don't like to ask a good girl to share their troubles and hardships and big debts, although I am sure some of us would do even better if we could find the right woman to help build a home.

I am a Yankee, came here two and a half years ago when everything was at the highest, paid the highest price for

how deep rooted is their loyalty; it makes one feel strangely stirred to think of all Canada's soldiers achieved. However, there is one thing I have noticed about the Grey Old Mother, namely, she has too many daughters still at home and unmarried especially since the war. There are in England many noble women fully capable of making a happy home for a good man and would welcome the opportunity to go out to Canada. It is only through its home life that an Empire can increase and I think it is to Canada's advantage to take out of the motherland as many women as can be persuaded to seek a home overseas.

I hope to emigrate to Canada some day and prefer B. C. where those fine apples grow. If any of these lonely bachelors will drop me a line, I will answer all letters if possible.

Daughter of the Empire.

## Ladies Please Reply

Dear Editor and Readers:

Have you a little space left on your page where I can slip in a few lines. I have been a reader of The W. H. M. for some time and always find some valuable and interesting reading material in it.

I am a farmer and like it fine. I have worked at several other trades, but I think farming has them all beat. I don't quite understand how some of the young people contract that "City fever". I was born and raised in a city and so had



"The world has no such flower in any land.  
And no such pearl in any gulf—the sea  
As any babe on any mother's knee."  
—SWINBURNE.

Every normal  
**Mother**  
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**Breast-Feed**  
her  
**Baby**  
with the help of  
**LACTAGOL**

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Because in those cases where the mother is able to breast-feed her baby but finds herself suffering from fatigue or overstrain, Lactagol so strengthens her system as to remove all trace of strain and keep her strong and well.

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MANUFACTURED BY

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This view covers nearly two and a half miles solid stooks. Stooking was done by ladies in the picture

everything and by the time I got a crop the prices had dropped below the cost of production. I hope, though, for better times in the future. I have never farmed before, but it is an independent life and I like it. Of course, I was brought up on a farm. I don't expect to make a fortune at farming. All I want is a fair living. Everything has its drawbacks. I have done all kinds of work and have lived in big cities and in small towns both in U. S. and in Canada. One can have a good time in the city if they have plenty of money; if not, the farm is the best. One can live happily wherever he goes if he has the right disposition. A country is what the people make it. I enjoy myself wherever I go. I play, sing, dance, play cards, also go to church and enjoy it all. Now I am not sweet sixteen, have seen twice that and a little more, but I can enjoy myself just as much as those at sixteen and can get around just as fast.

I live in Central Saskatchewan and it is very fine in the summer. If any of the fair sex would care to write I promise to answer all letters. With best wishes to all, I am,

Yankee Doodle Boy.

## An Appreciation

Dear Editor and Readers:

Having been fortunate enough to have your periodical sent to me by a friend in Canada, I wonder if I may have a few words about the fine article on "The Grey Old Mother, Ever Young." I was deeply touched by the splendid tribute paid to our dear homeland and can endorse every word of the sentiments expressed for being deeply interested in the Dominion of Canada, especially since one has seen during the Great War how her fine sons responded to the call of the motherland in her time of need, showing

a chance to learn the pros and cons of both city and country life. I find that the latter excels in many respects.

I wish I had a sister as sympathetic towards her brother as "Tulip". I hope your brother appreciates the sacrifice you made for him. If any lady members care to write to a lonely young bachelor they are welcome to do so.

Jumbo.

## School Marm has Thrills

Dear Editor and Readers,

I hope that you will find a little corner of your paper to insert this letter. I have been an interested reader of your paper for some time now and certainly enjoy it immensely.

I am what you would term a "School Marm." I am teaching out in the country and it is certainly very lonely, especially when one has always been used to a great deal of company. Although it gets lonesome and monotonous at times, it has its thrills and excitements. It makes your heart stand still when you hear wolves yelping near by when on your way to school.

Will some one please take pity on a lonely "school Marm" and write to her? It will certainly be a change to crocheting and sewing.

Buster.

## Skiing

Dear Editor and Readers:

I have been an interesting reader of the W. H. M. for a little over a year and have found it a very good paper. It contains many good and interesting stories. I have followed the Correspondence Page with its many interesting topics and hope the "family" will not be sore over a new intruder. There has been a lot

Continued on page 64

## Spring Has Come!



Our Spring and Summer 1923 Fashion Catalogue is easily the most pretentious that we have ever offered our readers. Its 48 pages depict in an understandable way, the correct fashions for the coming seasons. Aside from its complete arrangement of styles of interest to women, this book also illustrates needful and attractive wearing apparel for every other member of the family. Furthermore, it offers many helpful suggestions of interest to the busy needlewoman—it is a complete family fashion book of practical suggestions arranged by the publishers of The Western Home Monthly for the women of Western Canada.

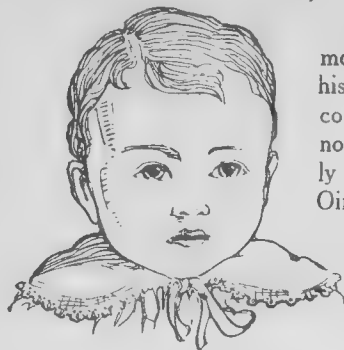
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STOVEL BUILDING WINNIPEG, MAN.

## Eczema Covered Arms of This Healthy Child

Mrs. Alex. Marshall, Sprucedale, Ont., writes:—



Baby Marshall.

"When my little son was three months old he broke out in sores on his chest and arms. We did all we could to heal those terrible sores, but nothing did him much good. Finally I ventured on a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and kept on using it. At last we were rewarded by the steady healing of the sores, and finally he was completely relieved of them. He is now three years old, and has had no return of the trouble since."

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### THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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We carry a full line of hair goods.

Write for Prices.

Parisian Hairdressing & Beauty Parlors

319 Garry St. Winnipeg, Man.

## CORRESPONDENCE—Continued from page 63

said about City vs. Country. Both have their advantages as well as their disadvantages.

With regard to Horses vs. Autos, I may say that last summer there were all kinds of autos around here, but one does not see many of them now except in Garages.

I am very fond of music. I play seven different instruments. I was thinking of that lonely teacher out in the country. If she had not been so far away I might have gone over and helped her play the lonesome hours away.

I like skiing and skating. Is it not great to go out up on the mountains and look over the valleys and see the different farms and homesteads and the river away down in the bottom wending its way to the lakes!

I would like very much to get some correspondence from the fair sex and if by any chance a Scandinavian sees this letter I would be very glad to have a few lines from him or her.

Wishing the editor and readers the best of success, I will sign myself,

A Norwegian.

### Words Wanted

Dear Editor:

I wonder if any of the readers of your paper could send me the words of a recitation that I heard some years ago. It runs something like this:—

The Sabbath day was ended,  
In a village by the sea,  
And the uttered benediction  
Touched the people tenderly.  
As they rose to face the sunlight,  
In the glowing lighted west  
And then hastened to their dwellings  
For God's blessed boon of rest.

I would be very pleased if anyone could give me the balance of this poem.

Emma.

### Averse to Dancing

Dear Editor and Readers:

I have been a reader of the Correspondence Page for several years, but until tonight, I have been unable to summon enough courage to attempt a letter.

I owe my sudden inspiration to "Lonesome 28" who stated in his letter that he did not dance. I had become thoroughly convinced that every reader except myself, liked most of all to "dance, skate, play cards, etc." I see that I am mistaken. While I do not condemn any of the above mentioned amusements entirely, I am greatly opposed to public dancing. You will at once ask, I suppose, why I do not oppose skating on a public rink, as well. This is why. The majority of the undesirable characters who usually compose at least fifty per cent of the attendance at a public dance, do not have enough wholesome courage and ambition to don a pair of skates and expose themselves to the fresh air. They prefer an atmosphere blue with cigarette smoke and modern slang, and often actual cursing, well perfumed by the odor of "home brew."

Mable, I quite agree with you. If any of the girl writers to this page engage in the art of sewing, they fail to mention it. Do not worry in the least about your letters not interesting us bachelors. I will wager that more than one read your letter with a feeling of thankfulness that the girl who can thread a needle and operate a sewing machine is not entirely extinct.

"A Flapper" certainly has my deepest sympathy. Any girl who is capable of teaching school and has a school to teach, and yet is very, very lonely, is surely in need of sympathy. Why not try reading and studying, or some of the many other means of self improvement and entertainment? Please do not be so hard upon those people who seem to think of nothing but work. It is true that the farmers all over America today are working themselves into an early grave. Why? You cannot say that it is greed. Here is something to occupy your thoughts for a time.

You are very curious, no doubt, to know just who should take the liberty to do so much criticizing in his first letter. Simply a farmer's son, living on the prairie farm, five miles from a small village, with no brothers or sisters, and not a single companionable boy or girl within a radius of five miles. Yet, I find so much to occupy my time that the days are only half long enough to suit me.

I do not pretend to be entirely immune to the feeling of loneliness, but do not believe in giving up in despair simply because of a lack of social advantages. Surely no one has become so intelligent that they cannot profitably spend their spare time in the company of books and periodicals! I am sure that there are many readers of this page, like myself, who find themselves young men or young women with only a common school education or less, which is certainly insufficient if one is to enjoy the best things in life, and do a part of the world's work. Home study offers an education to any person who has time to be desperately lonely.

Crank.

### The Noble Life

True worth is in being, not seeming;

In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good—not in the dreaming  
Of great things to do by-and-by.

For whatever men say in blindness,  
And spite of the fancies of youth,  
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure;

We cannot do wrong and feel right;  
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,  
For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,  
The bush for the robin and wren,  
But always the path that is narrow  
And strait for the children of men.

If you are sighing for a lofty work,  
If great ambitions dominate your mind,  
Just watch yourself and see you do not  
shirk

The common little ways of being kind.

If you are dreaming of a future goal,  
When, crowned with glory, men shall  
own your power,  
Be careful that you let no struggling soul  
Go by unaided in the present hour.

If you are moved to pity for the earth,  
And long to aid it, do not look so high  
You pass some poor, dumb creature faint  
with thirst;  
All life is equal in the eternal eye.

If you would help to make the wrong  
things right  
Begin at home; there lies a lifetime toil.  
Weed your own garden fair for all men's  
sight

Before you plan to till another's soil.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Let me do good and never know  
To whom my life a blessing brings;  
E'en as a lighthouse freely flings  
O'er the dark waves a steady glow,  
Guiding the ships, which to and fro  
Flit by unseen with their white wings:  
Let me do good and never know  
To whom my life a blessing brings

As thirsty travelers come and go  
Where some fresh mossy fountain  
springs;

It cools their lips and sweetly sings,  
And glides away with heedless flow;  
Let me do good and never know

To whom my life a blessing brings.

—Canon Wilton.

Go on with your work and be strong,

Halting not in your ways,  
Balking the end half won

For an instant dose of praise.

Stand to your work and be wise,

Certain of sword and pen,

You are neither children nor gods.

But men in a world of men.

—Rudyard Kipling.

### His Special Gift

A school committeeman who lives in a suburb of Boston, says the Transcript of that city, visited one of the schools over which he bears rule, and made something of a speech to the assembled children.

"Now," said the great man, "the thing you want to keep in mind is that you should always seek to do one thing better than anyone else can do it. You can begin to do that right now. Tell me—is there anyone among you who can do that one thing better than anyone else?"

A youngster held up his hand.

"And what is it?"

"I can read my own writing better than anyone else can," said the boy.





## Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

### SOMETHING TO LEARN

#### Said a Blade of Grass

Said a blade of grass to an autumn leaf,  
"You make such a noise falling. You  
scatter all my winter dreams."

Said the leaf indignant, "Low-born and  
low-dwelling!"

Songless, peevish thing! You live not in  
the upper air and you cannot tell  
the sound of singing."

Then the autumn leaf lay upon the earth  
and slept.

And when spring came she waked again  
and—she was a blade of grass.

And when it was autumn and her winter  
sleep was upon her, and above her  
through all the air the leaves were  
falling, she muttered to herself, "O,  
these Autumn leaves, they make such  
a noise! They scatter all my winter  
dreams."

Kahili Gibran.

"What is this life if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare?  
"No time to stand beneath the boughs  
And stare as long as sheep and cows?"

W. H. Davies.

### SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Dear Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner:

I want to have a few minutes talk  
with you to-day about something which  
you all know, which you have  
before you every day and yet many of  
you look at without seeing, and that is,  
Beauty. Now Beauty is a very strange  
thing, because it is something that per-  
haps you may see, and the person stand-  
ing right beside you may not see, al-  
though you may be looking at the same  
object. Beauty is really in the eyes and  
the heart of the persons themselves, and  
I want you to have this beauty in your  
eyes and heart so that this April, this  
fairly month, may mean something very  
wonderful to you. It is more than likely  
that you live on a farm. Around your  
house all winter the snow had piled  
itself in great drifts, and as far as your  
eye could see the world was white. The  
sun sparkled on the snow and made  
millions of diamonds, no priceless crown  
jewels in all the world could be more gor-  
geous. Spring days came and the snow  
melted and now it is April, the beauti-  
ful month and what do we see? Grey  
black prairie stretching for miles, the  
road a dreadful mud puddle, the trees  
black and ugly against the sky; the  
yard and pasture trampled mire. Ugly,  
you will say, all ugly. But wait a  
minute. Have you looked at the sky  
today? There is a wonderful blue in  
it that you will not see again till next  
April. Have you gone close to those  
black trees? What do you find? Silver  
pussy willows bursting their brown  
coats, tiny tiny leaves, poking their shy  
heads out of the sap filled stems. And  
listen! What is that piping whistle,  
that cheery song? Up on the barn ridge  
sits our old friend Mr. Robin, his coat  
redder than ever, his song, it seems,  
more cheery. Something hops across our  
path, wherever did he come from? He  
must have been under the snow all  
winter somewhere, but there he is, and  
even the whips and ridges of snow in  
the sheltered places have not discourag-  
ed the green coated Mr. Frog. And the  
sun—all day long it pours a golden  
radiance everywhere that helps the wind  
to dry the roads, and warms the earth,  
and draws up the sap in the trees, and  
makes us feel like dancing. And over  
the ridge of that hill there is the faint-  
est trace of green along the ground  
among the dried grasses, and it won't  
be long before breaking through in its  
little fur coat comes that dearest of all  
dear things, the crocus. Do you see  
beauty here? Do you hear it? Do you  
feel it? And when you find the beauty  
in April there will be no trouble at all  
in finding it in all the other months, so  
look for it always, and you will miss  
the ugliness and life will be a happy time  
for you.

### SOMETHING SENT IN

A Riddle which Earns a Gold Button

Long man legless came to our door,  
stepless, and said, "Good wife keep in  
your roosters and hens, for dogs and cats  
I care not for them."

Ans. A fish worm.

Sent by Barriek Wright, Hepworth,  
Ont.

Glenwoodville, Alta. February 1, 1923.  
Dear Bobby Burke:—

We take The Western Home Monthly  
and I like very much to read the stories  
in the Cosy Corner. I would love to  
earn one of the gold buttons and become  
a member of the Cosy Corner. In read-  
ing the stories I have not seen any from  
Alberta. I will close wishing you every  
success.

Tarell Sherwood, (Age 12).

Dirt Hills, Sask., Feb. 2, 1923.  
Dear Bobby Burke:

This is my first letter to your club.  
We live ten miles from our town, the  
name is Spring Valley. We live fifty  
miles from Moose Jaw. It is awful cold  
today, and there was a very strong  
wind. It was 22 here this morning,  
but it dropped down to 15 below. Does  
the club have drawing. We take The  
Western Home Monthly. We have just  
got the paper and I saw the Children's  
Cosy Corner, so I thought I would write.  
Well I cannot think of anything more,  
so goodbye,

James E. Kerfoot, age 11 years.

Greenland, Man, Feb. 6, 1923.  
Dear Bobby Burke:—

Will try and write you a few lines.  
I got your gold button as a surprise,  
and was very much pleased with it.

It is nice weather here, but there  
are pretty high snow drifts.

I like reading The Western Home  
Monthly very much. The first thing I  
do when we get the W. H. M. is to turn  
to the Cosy Corner.

I belong to two more clubs and I  
think I like the Cosy Corner and Sunset  
Club best. I also belong to a boys'  
organization, the Lone Scouts of America,  
and like it very much. So I will close  
hoping to get some correspondents.

Your loving member, Willie C. Toews,  
(Age 14).

#### A Gold Button Goes to Janetta

Dear Editor:—

I have been a silent reader of your  
page, but at last I picked up enough  
courage to write. I would like to be-  
come a member of your club. I am a  
member of the Red Cross. I wonder  
how I could earn a gold button, so I  
am sending a numerical puzzle.

My 5, 4, 7, is a metal.

My 7, 2, 5, is a fruit.

My 5, 9, 8, 1, is part of an animal.

My 3, 6, 1, 5, is a mineral.

My whole is the name of a ship.

(A) Lusitania.

I will close wishing the club best of  
luck.

Janetta Burnside, Webb, Sask., Can-  
ada (Age 13).

Hafford, Sask., Feb. 5, 1923.

Dear Mr. Bobby Burke:—

This is my first letter to your most  
interesting club.

We are having lots of fun these days,  
sliding and dancing.

I am in grade IX now, but am not  
going to school, but hope to go before  
long.

I have five brothers and no sisters. I  
live in the country 5 miles from town.

Hoping to see this letter in print, also  
that I may get a badge. I would also  
like to correspond with girls. Wishing  
Bobby Burke and his corner every suc-  
cess, I remain,

Mary Gonda.

A gold button for Barwick's brother.  
Walter Wright of Hepworth, Ont., whose  
letter was very neat.

Continued on page 66

## The Critical Age

—the School Age



William Coppin was a weakly  
child, unable to digest food.  
Now, at 11, he is tall for his  
age and has splendid limbs.  
Virol saved his life.

The School Age is the  
age of growth—of strain  
—of infection. It is the  
age during which the body  
of your child is being built  
for life. The material  
out of which the body is  
built is Food, and Food  
only. Food is not "any-  
thing you can eat." It  
must possess those essen-  
tial properties which are  
so richly contained in  
Virol.

Virol is the building-up  
food for all ages. It has  
been specially designed by  
medical experts to provide  
those elements which are  
most often lacking, and  
to restore the balance in  
diet during the critical  
period of school life and  
adolescence.

# VIROL

Sole Importers: BOVRIL, LTD., 2725, Park Avenue, Montreal.

# ASPIRIN

UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you  
are not getting Aspirin at all



*Genuine*

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of  
Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by  
physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

|           |           |            |
|-----------|-----------|------------|
| Colds     | Headache  | Rheumatism |
| Toothache | Neuralgia | Neuritis   |
| Earache   | Lumbago   | Pain, Pain |

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-  
aceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer  
manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company  
will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

**PUBLICITY** is the power that will keep  
your business humming. An  
advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove  
this to your satisfaction.

## CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Continued from page 65

Hepworth, Ont., Feb. 5, 1923.

Dear Editor and Readers:

I have been a silent reader of your paper for a long time, but I now thought I would write to you, I am sending you a riddle by which I hope I will win a gold button.

I will close wishing the Western Home Monthly best wishes. Walter W. Wright.

## Riddle

Three fourths of a cross with a circle complete. Two semi circles perpendicular doth meet. An angle triangle standing on two feet. Two semi-circles and a circle complete.

Answer, TOBACCO.

Musavich, Man., Feb. 16, 1923.

Dear Editor and Readers:

We have bought the Western Home Monthly for a number of years and I always read the "Cosy Corner," and I like it very much. I am going to send a riddle with this and try to win the gold button. The riddle is like this: What is it that I see and you see, the king seldom, but God never. The answer is "His equal."

Yours truly, Veiga Holm, age 9.

next time he passes you a six. You don't want this so you pass it on. Then he passes you another Jack, and you have four. When you get four of a kind you lay down your cards quietly so the others won't notice, because when one lays down their cards all are supposed to, but some don't notice for quite awhile, that's where the fun comes in. The last one laying down his cards gets a letter under his name. One person has a pencil and paper with all names down, and if James was the last to lay down his cards he would get D under his name being the first letter of donkey. Then John was last next hand, he would get D under his name, then James again, he would get O, making it D. O. It keeps on until one person gets all the letters, D-o-n-k-e-y, then none of the rest can speak to the Donkey, until they are one themselves, or if they do they get a letter added on each time. It is up to the Donkey to try and get them to speak to him. After being Donkey once, if he lays down his cards last again, they start over from D again, and when a person gets Donkey twice, suppose some one else is only Donkey once, the first Donkey can't speak to the one that is Donkey twice,



The boys in the illustration are the six and a half and five year old sons of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Lumb, Cartwright, Man. Both boys play the violin, the elder being able to play for piano and cello accompaniment. The violins were both made by Mr. Lumb.

Clair, Sask.

Dear Editor and Members:—

I am going to describe to you my favorite game at a party. It is played with cards, and is called Donkey. The players sit around a table, then four of every kind is picked out, according to the number of players. If there were eight playing, all the cards from one to eight would be picked out, or if twelve players, all the cards to the king. Every person gets four cards when dealt out, and the object of the game is to get four of a kind. You think what you are going to try and get four of. If you had two Jack's, ace, and two, you would probably try to save up Jack's. Everyone passes a card at the same time to the person on their right, sliding it along the table to him. You give him either the ace or two, which isn't any use to you. Suppose the two. Then the next one passes you a Jack. You keep it, and pass on your ace. Then

or he gets a letter added. It keeps on until some one gets Donkey three times.

When sliding along the cards it must be done quickly as possible so to make it more exciting. When anyone lays down their cards they should keep passing on a card to the next fellow, so that he won't notice. The one on your left will pass you a card, so you pass it on, and maybe he has his cards down, so he passes it on, etc.

## Tipet

Everyone sits around a table. Then one person has a button, and there is one guesser to guess where the button is. All except the guesser put their hands under the table, and the one that has the button either keeps it or passes it on. The one he gives it to does the same. Whichever he likes, and so on. Then there is one person appointed to say "ready," after giving time for the button to be passed around. Of course



**Skin Torment ?**  
Send for This **FREE TRIAL BOTTLE**

It Will Stop the Pain—the Sleepless Nights—the Agony of Itching

## D. D. D. Prescription

is a liquid wash, a scientific compound of the powerful and costly element, chlorbutol. Skin specialists know the great value of this element heretofore used only as expertly mixed and handled by physicians. D. D. D. contains also the soothing oils of wintergreen and thymol. Eczema, psoriasis, bad leg, ringworm, all skin diseases, mild or violent yield to the potent effect of D. D. D. It kills and throws off the disease germs that are deeply buried in the skin. It heals quickly, completely.

### FREE—Send To-day!!

Send to-day for the liberal trial bottle, free. It will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered. Remember this offer is limited. Don't delay. Send to-day. Enclose ten cents to cover postage. D. D. D. Co. Dept. 42 27 Lyall St., Toronto

## The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism

A remarkable book written by an authority who has spent more than 20 years of his life in study, research and experimentation in this distressing disease. One of the many new and startling facts which this distinguished writer clearly sets forth and proves is that Uric Acid never did and never can cause Rheumatism!—That Uric Acid is a natural and necessary part of our blood—found even in every new-born babe—and that without it we could not live!

Every sufferer of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and associated disorders should read it. A limited edition is now being distributed free by the author and fortunately anyone sending name and address to H. P. Clearwater, Ph.D., 40-P Water St., Hallowell, Maine, U.S.A., will receive a copy of this valuable book by return mail, postage paid and entirely free of charge. If not a sufferer yourself cut out this notice and help some afflicted friend by handing it to him.

## STOP! Asthma-Bronchitis

No more sleepless—restless nights. Be free of spells of choking, gasping for breath, tight chest and loss of health thru Asthma and Bronchitis—America's Greatest Treatment—THE ATLAS MEDICINE—does it quickly and easily. Thousands are turning to this treatment and finding out how easy it is to regain health and strength. THE GENUINE ATLAS TREATMENT sets you right, so quickly you are amazed at results. Write at once for a FREE TRIAL, and booklet describing origin of ASTHMA and BRONCHITIS send name and address with your age and description of sickness, direct to ATLAS MEDIC CO., 1793 BYERS BLDG. BUFFALO, N. Y.



## BABY'S OWN SOAP

Boys just love its smooth fragrant lather

**BEST for BABY - BEST for YOU**

## Whooping Cough

ASTHMA, SPASMODIC CROUP, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, INFLUENZA

A household remedy avoiding drugs. Cresolene is vaporized at the bedside during the night. It has become in the past forty years the most widely used remedy for whooping cough and spasmodic croup. When children complain of sore throat or cough use at once.

**Vapo-Cresolene**

Send for descriptive booklet. Sold by Druggists VAPOR-CRESELENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada.

## Goddard's Plate Powder

For polishing Silver



SIX GOLD MEDALS

Sold in boxes—25 cents.

Sample on receipt of 5 cents in stamps From F. L. BENEDICT & CO. 45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

**15 Buys Engel "Art Corners"**

Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums

NO PASTE NEEDED

Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepia, and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK—EASY—ARTISTIC. No mazes, no frills. At photo supply, drug and stat's stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. 25c brings full pkg. and samples from Engel Mfg. Co. Dept. 53R 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

2 lbs cotton quilt REMNANTS \$1, 5 lbs \$2, 10 lbs \$3, 25 lbs \$5. 1 lb silk or velvet patches \$1.50, 2 lbs \$2. 2 lbs cotton remnants good lengths for childrens dresses, aprons, shirts, etc. \$1.50. 1 lb finger-ginger yarn all shades, \$1. A. McCREERY & CO. Importers, CHATHAM, Ont.



## THE DOIN'S OF PUG

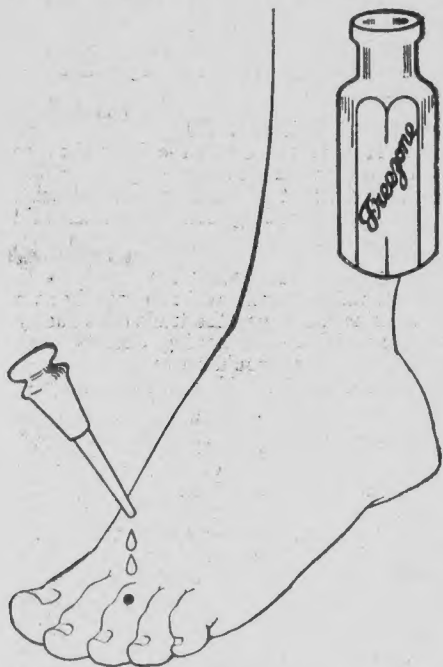
By J. A. Cormack, Winnipeg





# Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your drug-gist sells a tiny little bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

When writing advertisers please mention  
The Western Home Monthly

## sore muscles

Whether they come from bruises or over-work, sore muscles will quickly yield to the soothing effect of Absorbine, Jr.

Rub briskly into the muscles a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. and the inflammation which caused the pain will quickly disappear—and with it the pain. Keep a bottle on hand and be prepared for emergencies.

\$1.25 a bottle at your druggists or postpaid. A liberal trial bottle sent for 10c.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.  
509 Lyman Bldg. Montreal



**Absorbine, Jr.**  
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

## CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Continued from page 66

he can be playing in the game. When he says ready every one puts their hands on the table, their hands being closed, and the guesser tries to guess where the button is. Probably he thinks it is in Jean's right hand, so he says, Tipet, saying where he thinks it is, and every one opens their hands. If he hasn't guessed right, he must guess over again the next time, but if he has guessed right, he takes the button and the one he guessed it from is the guesser.

From Hilda Firby, Clair, Sask., Box 10.

Hilda is a gold button winner too. She has been ill for a long time, and we are very glad she is well enough now to be visiting in the C. C. C., and we hope she will come again soon.

### Something To Do For June

All letters to be sent in before May 5th. We are going to devote our Cosy Corner in June to the best friend of man, the dog. Now I want you to write me a little story telling something about all the different kinds of dogs you know, Setters, Newfoundland, etc. There will be a gold button for the best story, also there will be a button for the best photograph of a dog with a little history of his life attached, and if these stories are very good and very neatly written, it is quite possible that the W. H. M. might give you a prize as well as a button. So do your best.

### SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT

#### To The Victors Belong the Slides

During the Allied occupation of Germany, an amusing encounter took place between a British soldier and a German baroness.

The baroness, writes Miss Violet R. Markham, in *Watching on the Rhine*, told a British officer that one of his men insulted her. Indeed she declared, she had never been so insulted in her life. The officer at once began inquiries and finally learned that the lady had found two British soldiers whistling and sliding down the banisters of her back stairs. She had told them sharply that whistling and sliding on the banisters were verboten. Whereupon Thomas Atkins, genial and undefeated, had turned to her and remarked pleasantly, "Aye, missus, but yer should have won the war, and then yer could have come and slid down our back stairs and whistled."

#### A Questionnaire for Father

"Papa, what do you do all day long at the office?" asked the inquisitive young daughter.

"Oh, nothing," replied her father, deeply absorbed in the evening newspaper.

"Well, then," pursued the little girl, "how do you know when you are through?"

#### Sure to Come Back

A customer walked into a boot shop and asked for a pair of boots. The clerk showed him a satisfactory pair, but the customer said that he had not enough money with him, and asked if he couldn't let three shillings go over until the next day.

The clerk consented, for which, after the stranger had left the shop, the proprietor severely reprimanded him. "You'll never see the man again," he said in conclusion.

"Never fear," replied the clerk. "I wrapped up two boots for the left foot, so he's sure to come back."



*The Renters*

By Hilda Vanesse Baldwin

Said Mr. Sparrow to his wife,  
"My dear, I've found a flat,  
Steam-heated, with electric light.  
What do you think of that?"

It overhangs the tracks a bit,  
Just where the trains come in.  
It's most desirable and cheap,  
If you can stand the din.

The Swallows built and lived in it  
A year, which is not long.  
Now Swallow says he'll let it go  
For just the merest song."

"The merest song? Well, that's a joke,"  
Exclaimed his saucy wife.  
"You never sang the merest song  
In all your blessed life!"

Said Mr. Sparrow loftily  
As loud he cleared his throat.  
"Enough. He'll be contented with  
A promissory note."

I wonder why it is polite  
In shaking hands to give your right;  
I wonder why it is refined  
In passing one, to go behind;  
I wonder why it is well-bred,  
If you must sneeze, to turn your head;  
Perhaps the reason is because  
The Goops, they never have such laws.  
"Goops"—Burgess.

#### To The Point

Teacher. "William, what is an income tax?"  
Willie. "It is when you sit on a tack."  
Teacher. "No; I'm afraid you don't see the point."  
Willie. "You don't, sir; you feel it."  
Boys' Life.

Mose: Dis yar flying business is ah mighty ol' venture.

Rastus: How you make that out, Mose?

Mose: Because I heah that pastor say in church las' Sunday night dat Easu sold hei heirship to Jacob.

Mellow hazes, lowly trailing  
Over wood and meadow, veiling  
Sombre skies, with wildfowl sailing  
Sailor-like to foreign lands;  
And the north-wind, overleaping  
Summer's brink, and floodlike sweeping  
Wrecks of roses where the weeping  
Willows wring their helpless hands.

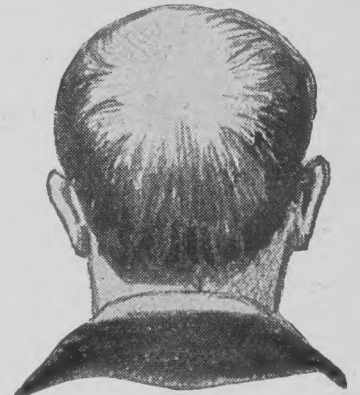
Rich as wine the sunset flashes  
Round the titled world, and dashes  
Up the sloping West and splashes  
Red foam over sky and sea—  
Till my dream of Autumn, paling  
In the splendor all-prevailing,  
Like a sallow leaf goes sailing  
Down the silence solemnly.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## Glands Used To Restore Hair Growth

Science of Gland Therapy Relieves Baldness—New Treatment Restores Health and Growth

Baldness in both men and women is now generally ascribed by scientists to defective functioning of endocrine glands. Hair growth is dependent upon the secretions of these glands—these secretions making possible the assimilation of those elements in the blood which are vital to a luxuriant growth of hair.



Now it is possible for any bald person to have a full, luxuriant growth of hair through the discovery of E. R. Alexander, nationally known scientist. Dr. Alexander, through the concentration of glands, can supply the deficiency of gland secretion and produce a full growth of hair.

This discovery may be easily used in the privacy of your own home. Within a few weeks you will notice new, vigorous hair beginning to come in and with this growth you can gradually restore your hair to its former bright, healthy color.

So confident is Dr. Alexander that you can be relieved of the embarrassment of baldness and retain the normal hair growth by this method that he offers to send a full \$2.00 treatment on free-trial to anyone who will write for it. Use it according to directions, and if at the end of a month you do not find your hair returning with all its former vigor, the treatment does not cost a cent.

SEND NO MONEY—Just your name and address to Alexander Laboratories, 535 Terminal, Toronto, Ont., and this treatment will be mailed at once. When it arrives pay the postman only \$2 and a few cents postage. Try it according to directions and if at the end of a month you are not more than satisfied with results, your money will be refunded at once. A big bank guarantees that Dr. Alexander is reliable and holds \$1,000 cash as a guarantee to return your money if you wish.

Don't suffer the embarrassment of baldness—give the treatment a trial on this liberal offer.

## "The Stream of Life"

A picture with irresistible human appeal and profound spiritual message. Philip Maynard, formerly a country lad, wins material success at the cost of his finer nature. His return to spiritual peace is pictured in touching episodes.

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By J. A. Cormack, Winnipeg





# WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



## Bolshevism and the Wolf at the Door

About the only howling success of which Bolshevism can boast is the wolf at the door.—The Pas Herald.

## Not Confined to Egypt

Another thing to think about is that all the mummies are not in Egypt.—Saskatoon Star.

## An Old-time Accompaniment of Spring

An old-timer is one who can remember when the first sign of spring was a mixture of sulphur and molasses.—Kingston Whig.

## A Difference

At the age of forty an Eskimo woman is very old. In our own country a woman at that age would be about twenty-two.—London Punch.

## Loose, or Missing

A London doctor says that Bolshevism is partly due to bad teeth. We knew there was something loose in their heads.—Brantford Expositor.

## The Horse and the Motor

Old Dobbin had his faults, but it was not necessary to pour hot water on him to get him started on a cold morning.—Belleville Intelligencer.

## Statistical Relief

The per capita debt in the United States is now \$230. A lot of people will be relieved to hear this who thought they owed much more.—New York American.

## The Discriminating William

The former Kaiser has been investing in British bonds, but it is not on record that he is giving any financial help to Germany.—Indianapolis News.

## It Would Appear So

M. Coue says that people on this continent are more susceptible to autosuggestion than Europeans. This is proved by the auto statistics.—Minneapolis Journal.

## Henry and Uncle John

Henry Ford says the distribution of the world's wealth is all wrong. What's the matter, doesn't he want Uncle John Rockefeller to have any?—Hamilton Spectator.

## To Speak English Correctly

"Perfect English" classes are being organized in the schools all over Japan. This sounds like an idea that might be profitably adopted in America.—Seattle Times

## Sovietism, Drought, Famine

"Ten per cent drought, 90 per cent Soviet waste and wantonness," is how the present Count Tolstoi apportions the responsibility for the Russian famine victims.—London Daily Mail.

## This Era of Many New Things

The Bolsheviks are organizing a world-wide campaign against Fascism. And to think that five years ago the world did not know anything about either of them!—Toronto Mail and Empire.

## Was That All?

Times are so hard that people in the United States bought only \$7,618,388 worth of diamonds from England last year.—San Francisco News.

## No Expense Was Spared

One thing, at any rate, is certain in regard to King Tutankhamen, and it is that when he died three thousand odd years ago the Egyptians gave him a first class funeral, on which no expense was spared.—Calgary Herald.

## Presumably

The average weekly attendance at moving-picture houses in the United States is estimated at 50,000,000. Presumably the other 50,000,000 people in the United States occasionally spend an evening at home.—Moose Jaw Times.

## Making Pugilism Pay

It appears that Jack Dempsey will not get mad enough to fight for anything less than half a million dollars. A mere offer of \$25,000 or \$30,000 would only get him sore.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

## Cigarettes Per Capita

Canadians smoke on an average 275 cigarettes per year, against 407 in United States. And Canadians are not particularly anxious to make any attempts to overtake that lead.—St. John Globe.

## Dirty Paper Money

Women's purses, together with the wallets and pockets of men would be cleaner, and the public health would be benefited, if the filthy Dominion and bank bills which should be retired from circulation were replaced by new, clean bills.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

## The Letter Came Through

A letter from a man in Indianapolis to a Winnipeg firm was addressed to "Winter Pegg." Somebody should write to this fellow and tell him to put away his hammer.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

## A Question Unanswerable Now

Speaking of all the digging up that's going on of fellows who have been buried 3,000 years, the point is: who will they be digging up 3,000 years from now?—Prince Albert Herald.

## This Ancient Planet

A petrified tree which you may go down and look at in the National Museum was a living tree casting its shade over some weary mastodon a million years before Tutankhamen was entombed in the Valley of Kings near Thebes.—Ottawa Journal.

## A Chorus Heard in Most Lands

Mussolini, the Premier of Italy, is the son of a blacksmith. The anvil chorus that always accompanies men in places of power and responsibility will remind him of the days back home.—Victoria Colonist.

## The Germs Caught the Police

The fact that a number of city policemen have been ill with influenza rather gives the lie to the captious critic who is fond of declaring that they wouldn't catch anything.—Peterboro Examiner.

## Past and Present

There are a lot of people left who can remember when every little town in the country had its Grand Opera house and Palace livery stable. Now they call them the movies and the garage.—Toronto Telegram.

## He Has Probably Done it Already

It will be disappointing if the cable despatches were not soon to convey the information to a waiting world that Princess Mary's new baby has succeeded in putting his left big toe into his mouth.—Fort William Times-Journal.

## More Severe Methods Needed

A narcotic drug bootlegger with \$1,341 and two pounds of opium in his possession was arrested on a train, and fined \$250 at Moncton, N. B. Does anybody really think that the evil of drug peddling can be stamped out in this way?—Ottawa Citizen.

## What Russia Will Have to Do

The Russian finance minister has been declaring that Russia must export grain to finance herself. This is getting back to elementary economics. You don't finance yourself by exporting theories.—Winnipeg Free Press.

## The Need of the Hudson Bay Route

Without going into the details of what happened to cause the fluctuations of lake freight rates last fall, it is nevertheless apparent that the eastern outlet for western products is far too narrow. Open the Bay!—Crystal City Courier.

## Sudbury's Sherlock Holmeses

The same man is reported as having escaped from the Sudbury police four times in three weeks. The Sudbury police seem, in all fairness, to be entitled to a good deal of credit for the frequency with which they catch him.—Kitchener Record.

## Profession and Practice

A missionary from Africa says there are 40,000,000 professed Christians there, but probably not over 2,000,000 of them are genuine. Wonder how that stacks up against the law of averages on the North American continent?—Duluth Herald.

## He Blames Others, Not Himself

The cable news stated the other day that the former Crown Prince recently had a drive along several miles of the boundary between Holland and Germany. It must have occurred to him, of course, that he would have eventually ruled the country he saw across the frontier, if he had not helped to ruin it.—Glasgow Herald.

## The Greatest Cause of Fires

The most important factor in fire prevention is individual caution. All that Governments and other bodies can do to prevent fires cannot do away with the necessity of every individual seeing to it that no fire starts because of his carelessness.—Journal of Commerce.

## Going Back Farther and Farther

Babylonian temple pre-dating Tut-Ankh-Amen by a couple of thousand years has been uncovered. Next we expect to hear of the digging up of the skeleton of the snake with which Eve had the well known and destructive conversation.—Lethbridge Herald.

## Reviving an Ancient Footwear Style

It is reported that the next decree of fashions for women's footwear will be that shoes patterned after King Tutankhamen's are to be the vogue. One thing is certain, and it is that they will not last as long as the original pair after which they are to be patterned.—New York World.

## Great Britain's Way

We in Britain have to our credit the facts that we were the first country to balance our budget, the first to reduce taxation, the first to meet an external debt, and the first to suggest scaling down the sums still owing to us.—London Express.

## Roumania Is Paying Up

Stock in Roumania's integrity will rise rapidly as a result of its determination to pay the trade debt due by it to Canada, financial action having already been taken toward that end. It would be to the credit of Greece if the same could be said of that country.—Toronto Star.

## Another Socialistic Experiment?

Sixty families, it is announced, are to make an experiment in "Ideal Communism" in a new township in Ontario, some thirty miles south of Fort William. This would seem to be the right way of trying Socialistic experiments, just as scientists work out their ideas and theories in a laboratory before asking for their general acceptance as true and workable.—Halifax Herald.

## Canadian Citizenship

The idea suggested by Dr. Chown, of a special Citizenship Day, when the new citizen should formally and in public, take on him the status of a Canadian, is one which contains more than a germ of inspiration and might elevate the value of being a Canadian in the minds of those who are admitted to the privileges of citizenship.—Weyburn Herald.

## Less Beer in Britain

When the consumption of beer in Great Britain shows a decrease of 50 per cent, as compared with the pre-war consumption, according to figures supplied by the Brewers' Society, does this mean that the movement toward prohibition is gaining strength in that country or not?—Galt Reporter.

## Romance Petering Out

A Port Arthur man has killed a wolf with a length of gas pipe, after chasing the pack with tails between legs. So the north grows less heroic each day. This is the worst blow since somebody discovered that the Indians up in the Hudson Bay country bought wildcat oil stock and used safety razors.—Selkirk Record.

## Excellent Advice

In the "Manual of Citizenship" which the department of immigration and colonization gives to every immigrant entering Canada from the Old Country, the last but by no means least bit of advice given is, "Don't carry a revolver in Canada. It is not only against the law to do so without a special permit, but is unnecessary." It is sound advice.—Estevan Progress.

## An Ancient Ceremonial Form

The Calgary Albertan does not like the words "my Government" in the Speech from the Throne read by the Lieutenant Governor at the opening of the session of the Legislature. What the words mean, of course, is "your Government" that is to say, the Government of the people. But we cling to this and other ancient ceremonial forms long after their meaning is lost.—Toronto Globe.

## Bosh and Nonsense

Anybody who talks about the possibility of Western Canada breaking away from the rest of the Dominion is talking bosh and nonsense. Nobody in Canada would dream of taking it seriously for an instant, but it is the sort of thing that might produce wholly uninformed and solemnly absurd discussion abroad. As a serious proposition, it is mere lunacy. As a joke, it is in bad taste.—Vancouver Province.

## A Claim to Ancient Lineage

If the man in Cairo who claims to be of direct descent from King Tutankhamen could only produce the documents to establish his claim beyond question or doubt, there would be some long faces at the College of Heralds. For after a pedigree going back three thousand years had been established it would hardly seem worth while to bother about family trees rooted no deeper in time than those which date from the Norman Conquest.—Manchester Guardian.

## The Wood Buffalo

The wood buffalo near Fort Smith requires protection, if they are not to become extinct. It is a long while since this was urged upon the Federal authorities, who have at last made a move, setting aside a restricted area, where the animals are to be found, as a national park. It is stated that it is not fit for agricultural purposes, and in any case it is at present so remote from settlement that it could not be put to better purpose.—Edmonton Journal.